

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 11.—27 JULY, 1844.

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From Hood's Magazine.

MR. HOOD.

It is with feelings of the deepest concern that we acquaint our subscribers and the public with the circumstances that have, during the past month, deprived this Magazine of the invaluable services of its Editor. A severe attack of the disorder to which he has long been subject—hemorrhage from the lungs, occasioned by enlargement of the heart (itself brought on by the wearing excitement of ceaseless and excessive literary toil)—has, in the course of a few weeks, reduced Mr. Hood to a state of such extreme debility and exhaustion, that during several days fears were entertained for his life. Nevertheless, up to Thursday the 23d, he did not relinquish the hope that he should have strength to continue, in the present number, the novel which he began in the last; and he even directed his intention to be announced in the advertisements which were sent out, on that day, to the Saturday journals. On the same evening, sitting up in bed, he tried to invent and sketch a few comic designs; but even this effort exceeded his strength, and was followed by the wandering delirium of utter nervous exhaustion. Next morning his medical attendants declared that the repetition of any such attempt, at that critical period of his illness, might cost him his life. We trust that this brief explanation will obtain for Mr. Hood the sympathy and kind indulgence of our subscribers; and, especially, that it will satisfy them of the perfect *bona fides* with which the promise of a contribution from his pen was advertised in the Saturday papers. Mr. Hood, we are happy to say, is now gradually recovering strength; and there is every reason to expect that he will be able, in the next number, to give the promised new chapter and illustrations, at present of necessity deferred.

Conscious of his enfeebled powers and uncertain hand, Mr. Hood threw aside the above-mentioned sketches, as too insignificant for publication. But it has been thought that the contrast of their sprightly humor with the pain and prostration in the midst of which they were produced, might give them a peculiar interest, independent of any merit of their own: suggesting, perhaps, the reflection (never too trite to be repeated, so long as it is too true to be denied) by what harassing efforts the food of careless mirth is furnished; and how often the pleasure of the Many costs bitter endurance to the One.

Disobeying, therefore, for once, the direction of our chief, we have preserved two of these "sick-room fancies," which will enable us to convey, in his own quaint picture-language, to the readers of Hood's Mag, THE EDITOR'S APOLOGIES.

[To represent "Hood's Mag," the original has a magpie in a hood. "The Editor's Apologies"—are labelled vials—bowls—a pill-box—a blister—and leeches. Alas! Poor Yorick!]

AN ANECDOTE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.—In the disastrous retreat which the British army made in Spain, in December, 1808, under the command of Sir John Moore, the army was passing a mountainous tract, when a soldier's wife, whose husband was supposed to have been killed on the field of Alkmaar, was observed struggling up a precipitous mountain-side during a violent snow-storm. She was driving an ass before her, with two panniers on its back, each containing a very young female child, which seemed little likely

to survive the bitter cold to which it was exposed. The poor ass, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and stumbling in consequence of its feet getting clogged with snow, was just about giving up, when an officer observed the great distress the woman was in, went up to her, and clearing the ass's feet of the frozen snow with his knife, handed it a small quantity of hay from the forage wagons, which it devoured greedily. From the great confusion which prevailed at the time, he was unable to render the poor woman any farther assistance. He left her, with very little hope that she and her infant charges would outlive hardships under which hardy men were every day sinking. After this incident, the officer remained in the army for fifteen years, at the end of which time he retired to pass the remainder of his days in his native place, about thirty miles from Edinburgh. One day, as he walked along the street, a woman, whom at first he believed to be a stranger to him, came up, and seizing his hand, began to gaze scrutinizingly in his face. Tears gradually filled her eyes, but she was unable to utter a word for some minutes. At length she found voice to ask his name, and if he recollected rendering assistance to a soldier's wife, with two young children, during the retreat to Corunna. He replied in the affirmative, and she then told him that she was the person whom he had succored on that occasion. She had often, she said, wished to see him again, that she might thank him for his humanity, which had been the immediate means of saving at least her two children from destruction. She had been able, she added, to get to her own country with her children in safety, and she now lived with them in this very place. In conclusion, the officer accompanied her to her house, where he found the two children transformed into two fully grown girls, able and willing to support their mother by their industry. His feelings on the occasion need not, it is presumed, be particularly described.

AGES OF VARIOUS SOVEREIGNS.—Last new year's day the various rulers of the earth bore the following ages:—The king of Sweden, 80; the pope, 78; the king of the French, 70; the emperor of China, 62; the king of Wurtemberg, 62; the king of Bavaria, 57; the king of Denmark, 57; the king of the Belgians, 54; the emperor of Austria, 50; the king of Prussia, 50; the emperor of Russia, 47; the king of Saxony, 46; the king of Sardinia, 45; the king of Naples, 34; the king of the Greeks, 26; the queen of Portugal, 25; the queen of England, 24; the sultan of Turkey, 20; and the queen of Spain, 13.—*Chambers' Journal*.

SONNET ON A YOUTH WHO DIED OF EXCESSIVE FRUIT-PIE.

CURRENTS have checked the current of my blood,
And berries brought me to be buried here;
Pears have pared off my body's hardihood,
And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare.
Fain would I feign my fall; so fair a fare
Lessens not fate, yet 't is a lesson good;
Gilt will not long hide guilt; such thin-washed ware
Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
That lies not as it lies upon my clay,
But, in a gentle strain of unstrained verse,
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey:
Rehearses I was fruit-ful to my hearse,
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd
away!

From the Englishmen's Magazine.

LOVE AND AUTHORSHIP.

"WILL you remember me, Rosalie?"

"Yes!"

"Will you keep your hand for me for a year?"

"Yes!"

"Will you answer me when I write to you?"

"Yes!"

"One request more—O Rosalie, reflect that my life depends upon your acquiescence—should I succeed, will you marry me in spite of your uncle?"

"Yes!" answered Rosalie. There was no pause—reply followed question, as if it were a dialogue which they had got by heart—and by heart indeed they had got it—but I leave you to guess the book they had conned it from.

'T was in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the retiring sun, that Rosalie and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and down. His arm was the girdle of her waist; hers formed a collar for his neck, which a night of the garter—ay, the owner of the sword that dubbed him—might well have been proud to wear. Their gait was slow, and face was turned to face; near were their lips while they spoke; and much of what they said never came to the ear, though their souls caught up every word of it.

Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then, and when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's, before he had been five minutes in the parlor, the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen, she was a child of a very slow growth, and looked the girl when many a companion of hers of the same age began to appear the woman.

When another vacation however came round, and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife, as usual, the door opened slowly and a tall young lady entered, and courtesying, colored and walked to a seat next the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing it was Rosalie.

"Don't you know Rosalie?" exclaimed her father.

"Rosalie!" replied Theodore in an accent of surprise; and approached his little wife of old, who rose and half gave him her hand, and courtesying, colored again; and sat down again without hardly interchanging a word with him. No wonder—she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her; and her bulk had expanded correspondingly, while her features that half a year before gave one the idea of a sylph that would bound after a butterfly, had now mellowed in their expression, into the sentiment, the softness, and the reserve of the woman.

Theodore felt absolutely disappointed. Five minutes before, he was all volubility. No sooner was one question answered than he proposed another—and he had so many capital stories for Rosalie, when she came down—and yet, when Rosalie did come down, he sat as though he had

not a word to say for himself. In short, everything and everybody in the house seemed to have changed along with its young mistress; he felt no longer at home in it, as he was wont; and in less than a quarter of an hour he made his bow and departed.

Now this was exceedingly strange; for Rosalie, from a pretty little girl, had turned into a lovely young woman. If a heart looked out of her eyes before, a soul looked out of them now; her arm, which formerly the sun had been allowed to salute when he liked, and which used to bear the trace of many a kiss that he had given it, now shone white through a sleeve of muslin, like snow behind a veil of haze; her bosom had enlarged its wavy curve, and leaving her waist little more than the span it was, sat proudly heaving above it: and the rest of her form, which, only six months ago, looked trim and airy in her short and close-fitting frock, now lengthening and throwing out its flowing line, stood stately in the folds of a long and ample drapery. Yet could not all this make up for the want of the little wife that used to come and take her seat upon Theodore's knee.

To be sure, there was another way of accounting for the young man's chagrin. He might have been disappointed that Rosalie, when five feet four should be a little more reserved than she used to be when she was only five feet nothing. Romantic young men, too, are apt to fancy odd things. Theodore was a very romantic young man; and having, perhaps, traced for himself the woman in the child—as one will anticipate, in looking at a peach that is just knit, the hue, and form, and flavor of the consummate fruit—he might have set Rosalie down in his mind as his wife in earnest, when he appeared to call her so only in jest.

Such was the case. Theodore never calculated that Rosalie knew nothing about his dreams—that she had no such visions herself; he never anticipated that the frankness of girlhood would vanish, as soon as the diffidence of young womanhood began its blushing reign; the thought never occurred to him that the day would come when Rosalie would scruple to sit on his knee—ay, even though Rosalie should then begin to think upon him, as for many a year before he had thought upon her. He returned from college the fifth time; he found that the woman which he imagined in a year or two she would become, was surpassed by the woman that she already was; he remarked the withdrawal of confidence, the limitation of familiarity—the penalty which he must inevitably pay for her maturing—and he felt repelled and chilled and utterly disheartened by it.

For a whole week he never returned to the house. Three days of a second week elapsed, and still he kept away. He had been invited, however, to a ball which was to be given there the day following; and much as he was inclined to absent himself, being a little more inclined to go, he went.

Full three hours was he in the room without once setting eyes upon Rosalie. He saw her mother and her father, and talked with them; he saw squire this, and doctor that, and attorney such-a-one, and had fifty things to say to each of them; he had eyes and a tongue for everybody, but Rosalie—not a look, or a word, did he exchange with her: yet he was here and there and everywhere! In short he was all communicativeness and vivacity, so that every one remarked

how bright he had become since his last visit to college!

At last, however, his fine spirits all at once seemed to forsake him, and he withdrew to the library, which was lighted up for the occasion as an anti-room, and taking a volume out of the book-case, threw himself into a chair and began to turn over the leaves.

"Have you forgotten your little wife," said a soft voice near him—"it was Rosalie's—"if you have," she added, as he started from his seat, "she has not forgotten you!"

She wore a carnation in her hair—the hue of the flower was not deeper than that of her cheek, as she stood and extended her hands to Theodore, who, the moment he rose, had held forth both of his.

"Rosalie!"

"Theodore!"—He led her to a sofa, which stood in a recess on the opposite side of the room, and for five minutes not another word did they exchange.

At length she gently withdrew her hand from his—she had suffered him to hold it all that time.—"We shall be observed," said she.

"Ah, Rosalie," replied he, "nine months since you sat upon my knee, and they observed us, yet you did not mind it!"

"You know I am a woman now," rejoined Rosalie, hanging her head; "and—and—will you lead off the next dance with me?" cried she, suddenly changing the subject. "There, now; I have asked you!" added she, "which is more than you deserve!"—Of course Theodore was not at all happy to accept the challenge of the metamorphosed Rosalie.

One might suppose that the young lady's heart was interested, and that Theodore was a far happier man than he imagined himself to be. The fact was neither more nor less. Little Rosalie was proud of being called Theodore's wife, because she heard everybody else speak in praise of him. Many a marriageable young lady had she heard declare—not minding to speak before a child—that Theodore was the finest young man in B—; that she hoped Theodore would be at such or such a house where she was going to dine, or spend the evening; nay, that she would like to have a sweetheart like Theodore. Then would Rosalie interpose, and with a saucy toss of the head exclaim, that nobody should have Theodore but Rosalie, for Rosalie was his little wife. 'Twas thus she learned to admire the face and person of Theodore, who more than once paid for her acquired estimation of them: for sometimes before a whole room full of company she would march up to him, and scanning him from head to foot, with folded arms, at length declare aloud, that he *was* the handsomest young man in B—. Then Theodore was so kind to her, and thought so much of anything she did, and took such notice of her! Often, at a dance, he would make her his partner for the whole evening; and there was Miss Willoughby, perhaps, or Miss Millar, sitting down; either of whom would have given her eyes to stand up in a reel with Theodore.

But when the summer of her seventeenth year beheld her bursting into womanhood; when her expanding thoughts, from a bounding, fitful, rill-like current, began to run a deep, a broad, and steady stream; when she found that she was almost arrived at the threshold of the world, and reflected that the step which marks a female's first

entrance into it is generally taken in the hand of a partner—the thought of who that partner might be, recalled Theodore to her mind—and her heart fluttered as she asked herself the question—should she ever be indeed the wife of Theodore!

When, this time, he paid his first visit, Rosalie was as much mortified as he was. Her vexation was increased when she saw that he absented himself: she resolved, if possible, to ascertain the cause; and persuaded her mother to give a ball, and especially invite the young gentleman. He came; she watched him; observed that he neither inquired after her nor sought for her; and marked the excellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the workings of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced—that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied with everybody but Rosalie—Rosalie was the only body that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library; she followed him, found him sitting down with a book in his hand, perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on anything but reading.—She was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but Rosalie. The thought that Rosalie might one day become indeed his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever; a spirit diffused itself through her heart, which had never been breathed into it before, and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew it towards him. She approached him, accosted him, and in a moment was seated with him, hand in hand, upon the sofa!

As soon as the dance was done, "Rosalie," said Theodore, "'tis almost as warm in the air as in the room; will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden?"

"I shall get my shawl in a minute," said Rosalie, "and meet you there;" and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

They proceeded, arm-in-arm, to the farthest part of the garden; and there they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak, as though their hearts could discourse through their hands, which were locked in one another.

"Rosalie!" at last breathed Theodore. "Rosalie!" breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say, "Well?"

"I cannot go home to-night," resumed he, "without speaking to you." Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak; for there he stopped, and continued silent so long, that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

"Had we not better go in?" said Rosalie, "I think I hear them breaking up."

"Not yet," replied Theodore.

"They'll miss us!" said Rosalie.

"What of that?" rejoined Theodore.

"Nay," resumed the maid, "we have remained long enough, and at least allow me to go in."

"Stop but another minute, dear Rosalie!" imploringly exclaimed the youth.

"For what!" was the maid's reply.

"Rosalie," without a pause, resumed Theo-

dore, "you used to sit upon my knee, and let me call you wife. Are those times passed forever! Dear Rosalie!—will you never let me take you on my knee and call you wife again?"

"When we have done with our girlhood, we have done with our plays," said Rosalie.

"I do not mean in *play*, dear Rosalie," cried Theodore. "It is not playing at man and wife, to walk, as such, out of church. Will you marry me, Rosalie?"

Rosalie was silent.

"Will you marry me?" repeated he.

Not a word would Rosalie speak.

"Hear me!" cried Theodore. "The first day, Rosalie, I took you upon my knee, and called you my wife, just as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul; for though you were a child, I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice; recall what you yourself have known of me; inquire of others. To whom did I play the suitor from that day! To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it. Rosalie, was I not always with you! Recollect now! Did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father's house! When there were parties there, whom did I sit beside but you! Whom did I stand behind at the piano-forte but you! Nay, for a whole night, whom have I danced with, but you! Whatever you might have thought *then*, can you believe *now*, that it was merely a playful child that could so have engrossed me! No, Rosalie! it was the virtuous, generous, lovely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child. Rosalie! for five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you! Will you give yourself to me! Will you marry me! Will you sit upon my knee again and let me call you wife?"

Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak, but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished, Theodore still holding her hand. At last, "Ask my father's consent!" she exclaimed, and tried to get away; but before she could effect it, she was clasped to the bosom of Theodore, nor released until the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips!—She did not appear, that night, in the drawing-room again.

Theodore's addresses were sanctioned by the parents of Rosalie. The wedding day was fixed—it wanted but a fortnight to it—when a malignant fever made its appearance in the town: Rosalie's parents were the first victims. She was left an orphan at eighteen, and her uncle, by her mother's side, who had been nominated her guardian in a will, made several years, having followed his brother-in-law and sister's remains to the grave, took up his residence at B—.

Rosalie's sole consolation now was such as she received from the society of Theodore; but Theodore soon wanted consolation himself. His father was attacked by the fever and died, leaving his affairs, to the astonishment of every one, in a state of the most inextricable embarrassment; for he had been looked upon as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of B—. This was a double blow to Theodore, but he was not aware of the weight of it till, after the interment of his father, he repaired, for the first time, to resume his visits to his Rosalie.

He was stepping up without ceremony to the drawing-room, when the servant begged his pardon for stopping him, telling him at the same time, that he had received instructions from his master to show Theodore into the parlor, when he should call.

"Was Miss Wilford there?"

"No."—Theodore was shown into the parlor. Of all savage brutes, the human brute is the most pernicious and revolting, because he unites to the evil properties of the inferior animal the mental faculties of the superior one. And then he is at large. A vicious tempered dog you can muzzle and render innocuous; but there is no preventing the human dog that bites from fleshing his tooth—he is sure to have it in somebody. And then the infliction is so immeasurably more severe!—the quick of the mind is so much more sensitive than that of the body! Besides, the savage that runs on four legs is so inferior in performance to him that walks upon two! 'Tis he that knows how to gnaw! I have often thought it a pity and a sin that the man who plays the dog should be protected from dying the death of one. He should hang, and the other go free.

"Well, young gentleman!" was the salutation which Theodore received when he entered the parlor; "and pray what brings you here?"

Theodore was struck dumb; and no wonder.

"Your father, I understand, has died a beggar!—Do you think to marry my niece?" If Theodore respired with difficulty before, his breath was utterly taken away at this. He was a young man of spirit, but who can keep up his heart when his ship all at once is going down!

The human dog went on. "Young gentleman, I shall be plain with you, for I am a straight-forward man; young women should mate with their matches—you are no match for my niece; so a good morning to you!"—How more in place to have wished him a good halter! Saying this, the straight-forward savage walked out of the room, leaving the door wide open, that Theodore might have room for egress, and steadily walked up stairs.

It was several minutes before he could recover his self-recollection. When he did so he rang the bell.

"Tell your master I wish to speak to him," said Theodore to the servant who answered it. The servant went up stairs after his master and returned.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "to be the bearer of such an errand; but my master desires you instantly to quit the house; and has commanded me to tell you that he has given me orders not to admit you again."

"I must see Miss Wilford!" exclaimed Theodore.

"You cannot, sir!" respectfully remarked the servant; "for she is locked in her own room; but you can send a message to her," added he in a whisper, "and I will be the bearer of it. There is not a servant in the house, Mr. Theodore, but is sorry for you to the soul."

This was so much in season, and was so evidently spoken from the heart, that Theodore could not help catching the honest fellow by the hand. Here the drawing-room bell was rung violently.

"I must go, sir," said the servant, "what message to my mistress?"

"Tell her to give me a meeting, and to apprise

me of the time and place," said Theodore, and the next moment the hall door was shut upon him.

One may easily imagine the state of the young fellow's mind. To be driven with insult and barbarity from the house in which he had been received a thousand times with courtesy and kindness; which he looked upon as his own! Then, what was to be done? Rosalie's uncle, after all, had told him nothing but the truth. His father had died a beggar? Dear as Rosalie was to Theodore, his own pride recoiled at the idea of offering her a hand which was not the master of a shilling! Yet was not Theodore portionless. His education was finished; that term he had completed his collegiate studies. If his father had not left him a fortune, he had provided him with the means of making one himself: at all events, of commanding a competency. He had the credit of being a young man of decided genius too. "I will not offer Rosalie a beggar's hand!" exclaimed Theodore, "I shall ask her to remain true to me for a year; and I'll go up to London and maintain myself by my pen. It may acquire me fame as well as fortune; and then I may marry Rosalie!"

This was a great deal of work to be done in a year; but if Theodore was not a man of genius, he possessed a mind of that sanguine temperament, which is usually an accompaniment of the richer gift. Before the hour of dinner all his plans were laid, and he was ready to start for London. He waited now for nothing but a message from Rosalie, and as soon as the sweet girl could send it, it came to him. It appointed him to meet her in the green lane after sunset. The sun had scarcely set, when he was there: and there, too, was Rosalie. He found that she was Rosalie still. Fate had stripped him of fortune; but she could not persuade Rosalie to refuse him her hand, or her lip; when, half way down the lane, she heard a light, quick step behind her, and, turning, beheld Theodore.

Theodore's wishes, as I stated before, were granted as soon as communicated; and now nothing remained but to say good-by—perhaps the hardest thing to two young lovers. Rosalie stood passive in the arms of Theodore, as he took the farewell kiss, which appeared as if it would join his lips to hers forever, instead of tearing them away. She heard her name called from a short distance, and in a half-suppressed voice; she started, and turned towards the direction whence the preconcerted warning came; she heard it again: she had stopped till the last moment! She had half withdrawn herself from Theodore's arms; she looked at him; flung her own around him, and burst into tears upon his neck!—In another minute there was nobody in the lane.

London is a glorious place for a man of talent to make his way in—provided he has extraordinary good luck. Nothing but merit can get on there: nothing is sterling that is not of its coinage. Our provincial towns won't believe that gold is gold unless it has been minted in London. There is no trickery there; no treating, no canvassing, no intrigue, no coalition! There, worth has only to show itself if it wishes to be killed with kindness! London tells the truth! You may swear to what it says—whatsoever may be proved to the contrary. The cause—the cause is everything in London! Show but your craft, and straight your brethren come crowding around

you, and if they find you worthy, why you shall be brought into notice—even though they should tell a lie for it and damn you. Never trouble yourself about getting on by interest in London! Get on by yourself. Posts are filled there by merit; or if the man suits not the office, why the office is made to adapt itself to the man, and so there is unity after all! What a happy fellow was Theodore to find himself in such a place as London!

He was certainly happy in one thing: the coach in which he came set him down at a friend's whose circumstances were narrow, but whose heart was large—a curate of the Church of England. Strange that, with all the appurtenances of hospitality at his command, abundance should allow it to be said, that the kindest welcome which adversity usually meets with is that which it receives from adversity! If Theodore found that the house was a cold one to what he had been accustomed, the warmth of the greeting made up for it. "They breakfasted at nine, dined at four, and, if he could sleep upon the sofa, why, there was a bed for him!" In a day he was settled, and at his work.

And upon what did Theodore found his hopes of making a fortune, and rising to fame in London?—Upon writing a play. At an early period he had discovered, as his friends imagined, a talent for dramatic composition: and having rather sedulously cultivated that branch of literature, he thought he would now try his hand in one bold effort, the success of which should determine him as to his future course in life. The play was written, presented, and accepted; the performers were ready in their parts; the evening of representation came on, and Theodore, seated in the pit beside his friend, at last, with a throbbing heart, beheld the curtain rise. The first and second acts went off smoothly and with applause.

Two gentlemen were placed immediately in front of Theodore. "What do you think of it?" said the one to the other.

"Rather tame," was the reply.

"Will it succeed?"

"Doubtful."

The third act, however, decided the fate of the play; the interest of the audience became so intense, that at one particular stage of the action, numbers in the second and third rows of the side boxes stood up, and the clapping of hands was universal, intermingled with cries of "bravo!" from every part of the theatre. "T will do," was now the remark, and Theodore breathed a little more freely than he had done some ten minutes ago. Not to be too tedious, the curtain fell amid shouts of approbation, unmingled with the slightest demonstration of displeasure, and the author had not twenty friends in the house.

If Theodore did not sleep that night, it was not from inquietude of mind—contentment was his repose. His most sanguine hopes had been surpassed; the fiat of a London audience had stamped him a dramatist; the way to fortune was open and clear, and Rosalie would be his.

Next morning as soon as breakfast was over, Theodore and his friend repaired to the coffee-room. "We must see what the critics say," remarked the latter. Theodore, with prideful confidence—the offspring of fair success, took up the first morning print that came to his hand. *Theatre Royal* met his eye. "Happy is the successful dramatist!" exclaimed Theodore to himself; "at night

he is greeted by the applauses of admiring thousands, and in the morning they are repeated, and echoed all over the kingdom, through the medium of the press! What will Rosalie say when her eye falls upon this!"—And what, indeed, would Rosalie say when she read the utter damnation of her lover's drama, which the critic denounced from the beginning to the end, without presenting his reader with a single quotation to justify the severity of his strictures.

"'Tis very odd!" said Theodore.

"'Tis very odd indeed!" rejoined his friend, repeating his words. "You told me this play was your own, and here I find that you have copied it from half a dozen others that have been founded upon the same story."

"Where?" inquired Theodore, reaching for the paper.

"There!" said his friend, pointing to the paragraph.

"And is this London!" exclaimed Theodore.

"I never read a play, nor the line of a play, upon the same subject. Why does not the writer prove the plagiarism?"

"Because he does not know whether it is or is not a plagiarism," rejoined the other. "He is aware that several other authors have constructed dramas upon the same passage in history; and—to draw the most charitable inference, for you would not suspect him of telling a deliberate lie—he thinks you have seen them, and have availed yourself of them."

"Is it not the next thing to a falsehood," indignantly exclaimed Theodore, "to advance a charge, of the justness of which you have not assured yourself?"

"I know not that," rejoined his friend; "but it certainly indicates a rather superficial reverence for truth; and a disposition to censure, which excludes from all claim to ingenuousness the individual who indulges it."

"And this will go the round of the whole kingdom!"

"Yes."

"Should I not contradict it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"'Tis beneath you; besides, the stamp of malignancy is so strong upon it, that, except to the utterly ignorant, it is harmless; and even these, when they witness your play themselves, as some time or another they will, will remember the libel, to the cost of its author and to your advantage. I see you have been almost as hardly treated by this gentleman," continued he, glancing over the paper which Theodore had taken up when he entered the room. "Are you acquainted with any of the gentlemen of the press?"

"No; and is it not therefore strange that I should have enemies among them?"

"Not at all."

"Why?"

"Because you have succeeded. Look over the rest of the journals," continued his friend; "you may find salve, perhaps, for these scratches."

Theodore did so, and in one or two instances salve, indeed, he found; but upon the whole he was in little danger of being spoiled through the praises of the press. "Why," exclaimed Theodore, "why do not letters enlarge the soul, while they expand the mind? Why do they not make men generous and honest? Why is not every literary man an illustration of Juvenal's axiom?"

"Teach a dog what you may," rejoined his friend, "can you alter his nature, so that the brute shall not predominate?"

"No," replied Theodore.

"You are answered," said his friend.

The play had what is called a run, but not a decided one. Night after night it was received with the same enthusiastic applauses; but the audiences did not increase. It was a victory without the acquisition of spoils or territory. "What can be the meaning of this?" exclaimed Theodore: "we seem to be moving, and yet do not advance an inch!"

"They should paragraph the play as they do a pantomime," remarked his friend. "But then a pantomime is an expensive thing; they will lay out a thousand pounds upon one, and they must get their money back. The same is the case with their melo-dramas: so, if you want to succeed to the height, as a play wright, you know what to do."

"What?" inquired Theodore.

"Write melo-dramas and pantomimes!"

Six months had now elapsed, and Theodore's purse, with all his success, was rather lighter than when he first pulled it out in London. However, in a week, two bills which he had taken from his publisher would fall due, and then he would run down to B—, and perhaps obtain an interview with Rosalie. At the expiration of the week his bills were presented, and dishonored! He repaired to his publisher's for an explanation—the house had stopped! Poor Theodore! They were in the gazette that very day! Theodore turned into the first coffee room to look at a paper: there were, indeed, the names of the firm! "I defy fortune to serve me a scurvier trick!" exclaimed Theodore, the tears half starting into his eyes. He little knew the lady whose ingenuity he was braving.

He looked now at one side of the paper, and now at the other, thinking all the while of nothing but the bills and the bankrupts' list. *Splendid Fête at B—* met his eye, and soon his thoughts were occupied with nothing but B—; for there he read that the young lord of the manor, having just come of age, had given a ball and supper, the former of which he opened with the lovely and accomplished Miss Rosalie. The grace of the fair couple was expatiated upon; and the editor took occasion to hint, that a pair so formed by nature for each other might probably, before long, take hands in another, a longer, and more momentous dance. What did Theodore think of fortune now?

"O that it were but a stride to B—!" he exclaimed, as he laid down the paper, and his hand dropped nerveless at his side. He left the coffee house, and dreamed his way back to his friend's; gigs, carriages, carts, rolled by him unheeded; the foot-path was crowded, but he saw not a soul in the street. He was in the ball-room at B—, and looking on while the young lord of the manor handed out Rosalie to lead her down the dance, through every figure of which Theodore followed them with his eyes with scrutinizing glance, scanning the countenance of his mistress. Then the set was over, and he saw them walking arm-in-arm up and down the room: and presently they were dancing again; and now the ball was over, and he followed them to the supper room, where he saw the young lord of the manor place Rosalie beside him. Then fancy changed the scene from the supper-room to the church, at the

altar of which stood Rosalie with his happy rival; and he heard the questions and responses which forge the mystic chain that binds for life; and he saw the ring put on, and heard the blessing which announces that the nuptial sacrament is complete! His hands were clenched; his cheek was in a flame; a wish was rising in his throat—"Good news for you," said some one clapping him on the back; "a letter from Rosalie lies for you at home. Why are you passing the house?" 'T was his friend.

"A letter from Rosalie!" exclaimed Theodore. Quickly he retraced his steps, and there on his table lay, indeed, the dear missive of his Rosalie.

"Welcome, sweet comforter!" ejaculated Theodore, as he kissed the ciphers which his Rosalie's hand had traced, and the wax which bore the impress of her seal—"welcome, O welcome! You come in time; you bring an ample solace for disappointment, mortification, poverty—whatever my evil destiny can inflict! You have come to assure me that they cannot deprive me of my Rosalie!"

Bright was his eye, and glistening while he spoke; but when he opened the fair folds that conveyed to him the thoughts of his mistress, its radiance was gone!

"THEODORE,
"I am aware of the utter frustration of your hopes. I am convinced that at the end of a year you will not be a step nearer to fortune than you are now; why then keep my hand for you! What I say briefly, you will interpret fully. You are now the guardian of my happiness—as such I address you. Thursday—so you consent—will be my wedding-day.

"ROSALIE."

Such was the letter, upon the address and seal of which Theodore had imprinted a score of kisses before he opened it. "Fortune is in the mood," said Theodore, with a sigh so deeply drawn, that any one who had heard it would have imagined he had breathed his spirit out along with it—"Fortune is in the mood, and let her have her humor out! I shall answer the letter; my reply to her shall convey what she desires—nothing more! she is incapable of entering into my feelings, and unworthy of being made acquainted with them; I shall not condescend even to complain."

"ROSALIE,
"You are free!

"THEODORE."

Such was the answer which Theodore despatched to Rosalie. O the enviable restlessness of the mind upon the first shock of thwarted affection! How it turns every way for the solace which it feels it can nowhere meet with, except in the perfect extinction of consciousness. Find it an anodyne!—you cannot. A drug may close the eye for a time, but the soul will not sleep a wink; it lies broad awake to agony, distinct, palpable, immediate, howsoever memory may be cheated to lose for the present the traces of the cause. Then for the start, the spasm, the groan, which, while the body lies free, attest the presence and activity of the mental rack! Better walk than go to sleep!—A heath, without a soul but yourself upon it!—an inkblack sky, pouring down torrents,—wind, lightning, thunder, as though the vault above was cracking and disparting into fragments!—anything to mount above the pitch of your own soli-

tude, and darkness, and tempest, and overcome them, or attract and divert your contemplation from them, or threaten every moment to put an end to them and you!

Theodore's friend scarcely knew him the next morning. He glanced at him, and took no further notice. 'T was the best way; though people there are who imagine that it rests with a man in a fever, at his own option to remain in it, or become convalescent.

Theodore's feelings were more insupportable to him the second day than the first. He went here and there and everywhere; and nowhere could he remain for two minutes at a time at rest. Then he was so abstracted. Crossing a street he was nearly run over by a vehicle and four. This for a moment awakened him. He saw London and B—upon the pannels of the coach. The box-seat was empty; he asked if it was engaged "No." He sprung up upon it, and away they drove. "I'll see her once more," exclaimed Theodore; "it can but drive me mad, or break my heart."

Within a mile of B—a splendid barouch passed them. "Whose is that?" inquired Theodore.

"The young lord of the manor's," answered the driver. "Did you see the lady in it?"

"No."

"I caught a glimpse of her dress," said the driver. "I'll warrant she is a dashing one! The young 'squire, they say, has a capital taste!" Theodore looked after the carriage. There was nothing but the road. The vehicle drove at a rapid pace and was soon out of sight. Theodore's heart turned sick.

The moment the coach stopped he alighted; and with a misgiving mind he stood at the door which had often admitted him to his Rosalie. 'T was opened by a domestic whom he had never seen before. "Was Miss Wilford within?" "No." "When would she return?" "Never. She had gone that morning to London to be married!" Theodore made no further inquiries, neither did he offer to go, but stood glaring upon the man more like a spectre than a human being. "Anything more?" said the man, retreating into the house and gradually closing the door, through which now only a portion of his face could be seen. "Anything more?" Theodore made no reply; in fact he had lost all consciousness. At last the shutting of the door, which, half from panic, half from anger, the man pushed violently to, aroused him. "I shall knock at you no more!" said he, and departed, pressing his heart with his hand, and moving his limbs as if he cared not how, or whither they bore him. A gate suddenly stopped his progress; 't was the entrance to the green lane. He stepped over the stile—he was on the spot where he had parted last from Rosalie—where she had flung her arms about his neck and wept upon it. His heart began to melt, for the first time since he had received her letter: a sense of suffocation came over him, till he felt as if he would choke. The name of Rosalie was on his tongue; twice he attempted to articulate it, but he could not. At last it got vent in a convulsive sob, which was followed by a torrent of tears. He threw himself upon the ground—he wept on—he made no effort to check the flood, but let it flow till forgetfulness stopped it.

He rose with a sensation of intense cold. 'T was morning! He had slept! Would he had

slept on! He turned from the sun, as it rose without a cloud, upon the wedding morn of Rosalie.—"T was Thursday. He repassed the stile; and in a few minutes was on his road to London, which he entered about eleven o'clock at night, and straight proceeded to his friend's. They were gone to bed.

"Give me a light," said Theodore, "I'll go to bed."

"Your bed is occupied, Sir," replied the servant.

"Is it!" said Theodore. "Well, I can sleep upon the carpet." He turned into a parlor, drew a chair towards the table, upon which the servant had placed a light, and sat down. All was quiet for a time. Presently he heard a foot upon the stair; 'twas his friend's, who was descending, and now entered the parlor.

"I thought you were a-bed," said Theodore.

"So I was," replied his friend, "but hearing your voice in the hall, I rose and came down to you." He drew a chair opposite to Theodore. Both were silent for a time; at length Theodore spoke.

"Rosalie is married," said he.

"I don't believe it."

"She is going to be married to the young lord of the manor."

"I don't believe it."

"She came to town with him yesterday."

"I don't believe it."

Theodore pushed back his chair, and stared at his friend.

"What do you mean?" said Theodore.

"I mean that I entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of your grounds for concluding that Rosalie is inconstant to you."

"Did I not read the proof of it in the public papers?"

"The statement may have been erroneous."

"Did not her own letter assure me of it?"

"You may have misunderstood it."

"I tell you I have been at B—; I have been at her house. I inquired for her, and was told she had gone up to London to be married! O my friend," continued he, covering his eyes with his handkerchief, "'tis useless to deceive ourselves. I am a ruined man! You see to what she has reduced me. I shall never be myself again! Myself! I tell you I existed in *her* being more than in my own. She was the soul of all I thought, and felt, and did; the primal, vivifying principle! She has murdered me! I breathe, it is true, and the blood is in my veins, and circulates; but everything else about me is death—hopes! wishes! interests!—there is no pulse, no respiration there! I should not be sorry were there none anywhere else! Feel my hand," added he, reaching his hand across the table, without removing the handkerchief from his eyes, for the sense of his desolation had utterly unmanned him, and his tears continued to flow. "Feel my hand. Does it not burn? A hearty fever, now, would be a friend," continued he, "and I think I have done my best to merit a call from such a visitor. The whole of the night before last I slept out in the open air. Guess where I made my bed. In the green lane—the spot where I parted last from Rosalie!"—He felt a tear drop upon the hand which he had extended—the tear was followed by a pressure of the lip. He uncovered his eyes, and turning them in wonderment

to look upon his friend—beheld Rosalie sitting opposite to him!

For a moment or two he questioned the evidence of his senses—but soon was he convinced that it was indeed reality; for Rosalie quitting her seat, approached him, and breathing his name with an accent that infused ecstasy into his soul, threw herself into his arms, that doubtfully opened to receive her.

Looking over her father's papers Rosalie had found a more recent will, in which her union with Theodore had been fully sanctioned, and he himself constituted her guardian until it should take place. She was aware that his success in London had been doubtful; the generous girl determined that he should no longer be subjected to incertitude and disappointment; and she playfully wrote the letter which was the source of such distraction to her lover. From his answer she saw that he had totally misinterpreted her: she resolved in person to disabuse him of the error; and by offering to become his wife, at once to give him the most convincing proof of her sincerity and constancy. She arrived in London the very day that Theodore arrived in B—. His friend, who had known her from her infancy, received her as his daughter; and he and his wife listened with delight to the unfolding of her plans and intentions, which she freely confided to them. Late they sat up for Theodore that night, and when all hopes of his coming home were abandoned, Rosalie became the occupant of his bed. The next night, in a state of the most distressing anxiety, in consequence of his continued absence, she had just retired to her apartment, when a knock at the street door made her bound from her couch, upon which she had that moment thrown herself, and presently she heard her lover's voice at the foot of the stairs. Scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, descended, opened the parlor door unperceived by Theodore, and took the place of their friendly host, who, the moment he saw her, beckoned her, and resigning his chair to her, withdrew.

The next evening a select party were assembled in the curate's little drawing-room, and Theodore and Rosalie were there. The lady of the house motioned the latter to approach her, she rose and was crossing Theodore, when he caught her by the hand and drew her upon his knee.

"Theodore!" exclaimed the fair one, coloring.

"My wife!" was his reply, while he imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

They had been married that morning.

NOVEL HOT-BED.—It is stated in the report of the Midland Mining Commission, that near Dudley, in Staffordshire, early potatoes are raised for the London market in ground heated by the steam and gases emitted from an old colliery which has been on fire for many years. This is a much more direct and economical application of internal heat than that proposed by our Parisian neighbors, who are at present laboring to procure naturally heated water from a depth of 3000 feet, wherewith to warm the green-houses and menageries of the Garden of Plants—presuming that water from that depth will be raised to 100 or 104 degrees of Fahrenheit, by the central or internal heat of the earth.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From the London Magazine.

THE SON AND HEIR.

I do not wish to mention how the following pages came into my possession. I scarcely know to whose history they relate; but have at times imagined to that of an Earl of A———, whose story bore some resemblance to the circumstances here mentioned. These papers, few as they are, seem evidently imperfect, and were, I should think, hastily and carelessly written. I have inquired in vain after those which are wanting, for the conclusion is certainly abrupt and unsatisfactory.—CYRIL.

AUGUST THE 1ST, A. D. 16**.

I do heartily thank my God, that I have at last determined to write down in detail many circumstances connected with the event which has made my life on earth a state of shame and misery. I am a less wretched creature than I have been; but there is no rest for my wounded spirit, till it shall please the blessed God to take me from this world. I dare to hope that death will take, with my poor mortal body, the load of guilt and anguish, which now lieth heavy on my spirit. I found not this hope in myself; I knew not of it, till I read of One who washeth with his blood the guilty conscience; who with his searching spirit visits the loathsome chambers of the heart; and although his light showeth there sins long forgotten, or all unobserved till then, each one bearing a visible form and substance; yet there is a peace that the world knoweth not, which cometh often where that purest light hath shined long. Do I dream? or hath not this light, this sacred peace, come into my sad heart? The light and peace are but one spirit, but the nature of that spirit is such, that, till it hath purged from the sight its dull and mortal mists, the soul seeth nothing but its dazzling brightness. Then gradually doth the light take unto itself a form, even that dove-like form which descended visibly on the head of the meekest and holiest son of man.

What I am about to write, I wish to be seen; I would make my story a warning to others. I would wish my crime to be known, my memory to be execrated in this world, if by means of my example the remorse which I feel might be spared to another; if the remembrance of my guilt might cool the boiling blood, and stop the mad fury, of some individual whose disposition may resemble mine.

My youth was passed in the thoughtless and extravagant gaiety of the French court. My temper was always violent; and I returned home one morning, long after midnight, frantic with rage at some imaginary insult which I had received. My servant endeavored to speak to me as I entered the house, but I repulsed him violently, and rushed up to my room. I locked the door, and sat down instantly to write a challenge. My hand trembled so much that it would not hold the pen: I started up and paced the room: the pen was again in my hand, when I heard a low voice speaking earnestly at the door, entreating to be admitted. The voice was that of my father's old and favorite servant. I opened the door to him. The old man looked upon me with a very sorrowful countenance, and I hastily demanded the reason of his appearance. He stared at me with surprise, and spoke not: he walked to the table where I had sat down, and took from it a letter which in my rage I had not noticed. It announced to me the dangerous illness of my father; it was written by my mother, and intreatingly besought me instantly to return to them. Before dawn I was far from Paris. My father's residence was in the north of England. I arrived here only in time to follow the corpse of my beloved father to the grave. Immediately on my return from the funeral, my mother sent to me, requesting my attendance in her own apartment. Traces of deep-seated grief were fresh upon her fine countenance, but she received me with calm seriousness. Love for her living child had struggled with her sor-

row for the dead; and she had chosen that hour to rouse me from the follies, from the sins of my past life. My mother was always a superior creature. I felt, as I listened to her, the real dignity of a Christian matron's character. She won me by the truth, the affection, the gentleness of her words. She spoke plainly of my degrading conduct, but she did not upbraid me. She set before me the new duties which I was called upon to perform. She said, "I know you will not trifle with those duties. You are not your own, my son; you must not live to yourself; you profess the name of Christian, you can hold no higher profession. God hath said to each of us, 'My son, give me thine heart.' Have you given your heart and its desires to God? Can you be that pitiful creature—a half Christian? I have spoken thus, because I know that if you have clear ideas of your first duties, and do strive to perform them, then will your relative duties be no longer lightly regarded. Oh my son, God knows what I feel in speaking to you thus in my heaviest hour of affliction, and I can only speak as a feeble and perplexed woman. I know not how to counsel you, but I do beseech you to think for yourself, and to pray earnestly to God for his wisdom and guidance." Before I left my mother's presence, she spoke to me also on my master passion, anger, mad ungovernable rage. She told me that even in the early years of my childhood, she had trembled at my anger,—she confessed that she had dreaded to hear, while I was absent, that it had plunged me into some horrid crime. She knew not how just her fears had been; for had not my father's death recalled me to England, I should probably have been the murderer of that thoughtless stripling who had unknowingly provoked me, and whom I was about to challenge to fight on the morning I left Versailles.

My mother did not speak to me in vain. I determined to turn at once from my former ways, to regulate my conduct by the high and holy principles of the religion I professed, and to reside on my own estate in habits of manly and domestic simplicity.

About three years after I had succeeded to the titles and possessions of my forefathers, I became the husband of the lady Jane N———e, and I thought myself truly happy. Two years passed away, and every day endeared my sweet wife to my heart, but I was not quite happy. We had no child; I had but one wish; one blessing seemed alone denied—the birth of a son. My thoughts, in all their wanderings, reverted to one hope—the birth of a son—an heir to the name, the rank, the estates of my family. When I knelt before God, I forgot to pray that he would teach me what to pray for; I did not entreat that his wisdom would direct me how to use what his goodness gave. No, I prayed as for my life, I prayed without ceasing, but I chose the blessing. I prayed for a son—my prayers were at last granted; a son was born to us—a beautiful healthy boy. I thought myself perfectly happy. My delight was more than ever to live in the pleasant retirement of my own home, so that year after year passed away, and only settled me down more entirely in the habits of domestic life. My boy grew up to be a tall and healthy lad; his intellect was far beyond his years; and I loved to make him my companion, as much from the charming freshness of his thoughts, as from the warmth of my attachment towards the child. I learned to wonder at the satisfaction I had once felt in mere worldly society, as I studied the character of my son. He was not without the faults which all children possess, which are rooted deep in human nature; but in all his faults, in his deceit—and what child is not taught deceit by his own heart?—there was a charming awkwardness, an absence of all worldly trick, which appeared then very new to me. I used all my efforts to prevent vice from becoming habitual to him; I strove to teach him the govern-

ment of himself, by referring not only every action, but every thought, to one high and holy principle of thinking and acting to God; and I strove to build up consistent habits on the foundation of holy principle. I was so anxious about my son that I did not dare to treat his faults with a foolish indulgence. I taught him to know that I could punish, and that I would be obeyed; yet he lived with me, I think, in all confidence of speech and action, and seemed never so happy as when he sat at my feet, and asked me, in the eagerness of his happy fancies, more questions than I could, in truth, answer. I cannot go on speaking thus of those joyous times which are gone forever—I will turn to a darker subject—to myself.—While I gave up my time, my thoughts, my soul's best energies to my child, I neglected myself, the improvement of my own heart and its dispositions. This may seem strange and improbable to some. It may be imagined that the habits of strict virtue which I taught to my son would, in the teaching, have been learnt by myself; and that, in the search after sound wisdom for him, I must have turned up as it were many treasures needed by myself. It would be so in most instances perchance; it was not so in mine. The glory of God had not been my first wish when I prayed for a son. I had imposed upon myself in thinking that I acted in the education of my child upon that sacred principle. It was honor among men that I looked for. I had sought to make my son everything that was excellent, but I had not sought to make *myself* fit for the work I undertook. My own natural faults had been suffered by me to grow almost unchecked, while I had been watchful over the heart of my child. Above all, the natural infirmity of my character—anger, violent, outrageous anger, was at times the master, the tyrant of my soul. Too frequently had I corrected my child for the fault which he inherited from me; but how had I done so? When passionately angry myself, I had punished my boy for want of temper. Could it be expected that Maurice would profit by my instructions, when my example too often belied my words? But I will pass on at once to my guilt.

The countess, my mother, had given to Maurice a beautiful Arabian horse. I loved to encourage the boy in all manly exercises. While a mere child he rode with a grace which I have seldom seen surpassed by the best horsemen. How nobly would he bear himself, as side by side on our fleet horses, we flew over the open country! Often, often do I behold in memory his clear sparkling eyes glancing with intelligence; his fair brow contracted with that slight and peculiar frown, which gives assurance that the mind shares in the smile of the lips. Often do I see before me the pure glow flooding over his cheek, the waves of bright hair floating away from his shoulders, as he galloped full in the face of the fine free wind.

My boy loved his Araby courser, as all noble-spirited boys love a favorite horse. He loved to dress, and to feed, and to caress the beautiful creature; and Selim knew his small gentle hand, and would arch his sleek and shining neck when the boy drew nigh, and turn his dark lustrous eye with a look like that of pleased recognition on him, when his master spoke.

My child was about eleven years old at the time I must now speak of. He usually passed many hours of the morning in the library with me. It was on the 17th of June, a lovely spring morning, Maurice had been very restless and inattentive to his books. The sunbeams dazzled his eyes, and the fresh wind fluttered among the pages before him. The boy removed his books, and sat down at a table far from the open window. I turned round an hour after from a volume which had abstracted all my thoughts. The weather was very hot, and the poor child had fallen fast asleep. He started up at once when I spoke. I asked him if he could say his lesson? He replied, "Yes," and brought the book instantly; but he scarcely knew a word, and he seemed careless, and

even indifferent. I blamed him, and he replied petulantly. I had given back the book to him, when a servant entered, and told me that a person was waiting my presence below. I desired the boy, somewhat with an angry tone, not to stir from the room till I returned, and then to let me hear him say his lesson perfectly. He promised to obey me. There is a small closet opening from the library; the window of this closet overlooks the stable. Probably the dear child obeyed me in learning perfectly his lesson; but I was detained long; and he went to the closet in which I had allowed him to keep the books belonging to himself. A bow and arrows which I had lately given him were there; perhaps the boy could not resist looking on them; they were lying on the floor when I entered afterwards. From that closet Maurice heard the sound of a whip—he heard quick and brutal strokes falling heavily. Springing up, he ran to the window; beneath he saw one of the grooms beating, with savage cruelty, his beautiful and favorite little courser. The animal seemed almost maddened with the blows; and the child called out loudly to bid the man desist. At first the groom scarcely heeded him, and then smiling coldly at the indignant boy, told him that the beating was necessary, and that so young a gentleman could not understand how a horse should be managed. In vain did my child command the brutal fellow to stop. The man pretended not to hear him, and led the spirited creature farther away from beneath the window. Instantly the boy rushed from the room, and in a few moments was in the yard below. I entered the library shortly after my son had left it. The person who had detained me brought news which had much disconcerted, nay displeased me. I was in a very ill humor when I returned to the room where I had left Maurice; I looked vainly for him, and was very angry to perceive that my request had been disobeyed; the closet door was open; I sought him there. While I wondered at his absence, I heard his voice loud in anger. For some moments I gazed from the window in silence. Beneath stood the boy, holding with one hand the reins of his courser, who trembled all over, his fine coat and slender legs reeking and streaming with sweat: in his other hand there was a horse-whip, with which the enraged boy was lashing the brutal groom. In a voice of loud anger, I called out. The child looked up; and the man who had before stood with his arms folded, and a smile of calm insolence on his face, now spoke with pretended mildness, more provoking to the child, but which then convinced me that Maurice was in fault. He spoke, but I silenced him, and commanded him to come up to me instantly. He came instantly, and stood before me yet panting with emotion, his face all flushed, and his eyes sparkling with passion. Again he would have spoken, but I would not hear. "Tell me, sir," I cried; "answer me one question; are you right or wrong?" "Right," the boy replied proudly. He argued with me—my fury burst out. Alas, I knew not what I did! but I snatched the whip from his hand—I raised the heavy handle,—I meant not to *strike where* I did. The blow fell with horrid force on his fair head. There was iron on the handle, and my child, my only son, dropt lifeless at my feet. Ere he fell, I was deadly cold, and the murderous weapon had dropt away from my hand. Stiffened with horror, I stood over him speechless, and rooted awhile to the spot. At last the yells of my despair brought others to me—the wretched groom was the first who came. I saw no more, but fell in a fit beside my lifeless child.

When I woke up to a sense of what passed around me, I saw the sweet countenance of my wife bent over me with an expression of most anxious tenderness. She was wiping away the tears from her eyes, and a faint smile broke into her face as she perceived my returning sense.

I caught hold of her arm with a strong grasp, and

lifted up my head; but my eyes looked for the body of my child—it was not there. "Where is it?" I cried. "Where is the body of my murdered boy?" When I spoke the word "murdered," my wife shrieked—I was rushing out—she stopped me, and said, "He is not dead—he is alive." My heart melted within me, and tears rained from my eyes. My wife led me to the chamber where they had laid my child. He was alive, if such a state could be called life. Still his eyelids were closed; still his cheeks, even his lips, were of a ghastly whiteness; still his limbs were cold and motionless. They had undressed him, and my mother sat in silent grief beside his bed. When I came near, she uncovered his fair chest, and placed my hand over his heart; I felt a thick and languid beating there, but the pulse of his wrists and temples was scarcely perceptible. My mother spoke to me. "We have examined the poor child," she said, "but we find no wound, no bruise, no marks of violence. Whence is this dreadful stupor? No one can answer me." "I can answer you," I said; "no one can answer but myself. I am the murderer of the child. In my hellish rage I struck his blessed head."—I did not see the face of my wife, or my mother—as I spoke I hung my head; but I felt my wife's hand drop from me; I heard my mother's low heart-breaking groan. I looked up, and saw my wife. She stood before me like a marble figure, rather than a creature of life; yet her eyes were fixed on me, and her soul seemed to look out in their gaze.—"Oh my husband," she cried out at length, "I see plainly in your face what you suffer. Blessed God, have mercy, have mercy on him! he suffers more than we all. His punishment is greater than he can bear!" She flung her arms round my neck; she strove to press me nearer to her bosom; but I would have withdrawn myself from her embrace. "Oh, do not shame me thus," I cried: "remember, you *must* remember, that you are a mother." "I cannot forget that I am a wife, my husband," she replied, weeping. "No, no, I feel for you, and I must feel *with* you in every sorrow. How do I feel with you now, in this overwhelming affliction." My mother had fallen on her knees when I declared my guilt; my wife drew me towards her; and rising up, she looked me in the face. "Henry," she said, in a faint deep voice, "I have been praying for you, for us all. My son, look not thus from me." As she was speaking the surgeon of my household, who had been absent when they first sent for him, entered the chamber. My kind mother turned from me, and went at once with him to the bedside of the child. I perceived her intention to prevent my encountering the surgeon. She would have concealed, at least for a while, her son's disgrace; but I felt my horrid guilt too deeply to care about shame. Yet I could not choose but groan within me, to perceive the good man's stare, his revolting shudder, while I described minutely the particulars of my conduct towards my poor boy. I stood beside him as he examined the head of my child. I saw him cut away the rich curls, and he pointed out to me a slight swelling beneath them; but in vain did he strive to recover the lifeless form; his efforts were, as those of my wife and mother had been, totally without success. For five days I sat by the bedside of my son, who remained, at first, still in that death-like stupor, but gradually a faint life-like animation stole over him; so gradually indeed, that he opened not his eyes till the evening of the fourth day, and even then he knew us not, and noticed nothing. Oh, few can imagine what my feelings were! How my first faint hopes lived, and died, and lived again, as the beating of his heart became more full and strong; as he first moved the small hand, which I held in mine, and at last stretched out his limbs. After he had unclosed his eyes, he breathed with the soft and regular respiration of a healthy person, and then slept for many hours. It was about noon on the

fifth day that he awoke from that sleep. The sun had shone so full into the room, that I partly closed the shutters to shade his face. Some rays of sunshine pierced through the crevices of the shutter, and played upon the coverlid of his bed. My child's face was turned towards me, and I watched eagerly for the first gleam of expression there. He looked up, and then around him without moving his head. My heart grew sick within me, as I beheld the smile which played over his face. He perceived the dancing sunbeam, and put his fingers softly into the streak of light, and took them away, and smiled again. I spoke to him, and took his hand in my own; but he had lost all memory of me, and saw nothing in my face to make him *smile*. He looked down on my trembling hand, and played with my fingers; and when he saw the ring which I wore, he played with that, while the same idiot smile came back to his vacant countenance.

My mother now led me from the room. I no longer refused to go. I felt that it was fit that I should "commune with my own heart, and in my chamber, and be still."—They judged rightly in leaving me to perfect solitude. The calm of my misery was a change like happiness to me. A deadness of every faculty, of all thought and feeling, fell on me like repose.—When Jane came to me I had no thought to perceive her presence. She took my hands tenderly within hers, and sat down beside me on the floor. She lifted up my head from the boards, and supported it on her knees. I believe she spoke to me many times without my replying. At last I heard her, and rose up at her entreaties. "You are ill, your hands are burning, my beloved," she said. "Go to bed, I beseech you. You need rest." I did as she told me. She thought I slept that night, but the lids seemed tightened and drawn back from my burning eyeballs. All the next day I lay in the same hot and motionless state, I cannot call it repose.

For days I did not rise. I allowed myself to sink under the weight of my despair. I began to give up every idea of exertion.

My mother, one morning, came to my chamber. She sat down by my bedside, and spoke to me. I did not, could not, care to notice her who spoke to me. My mother rose, and walked round to the other side of the bed, towards which my face was turned. There she stood and spoke again solemnly. "Henry," she said, "I command you to rise. Dare you to disobey your mother? No more of this unmanly weakness. I must not speak in vain, I have not needed to command before. My son, be yourself. Think of all the claims which this life has upon you; or rather, think of the first high claim of Heaven, and let that teach you to think of other duties, and to perform them! Search your own heart. Probe it deeply. Shrink not! Know your real situation in all its bearings. Changed as it is, face it like a man; and seek the strength of God to support you. I speak the plain truth to you. Your child is an idiot. You must answer to God for your crime. You will be execrated by mankind, for *your* hand struck the mind's life from him. These are harsh words, but you can bear them better than your own confused and agonizing thoughts. Rise up and meet your trial.—Tell me simply, that you obey me. I will believe you, for you never yet have broken your word to me." I replied immediately, rising up and saying, "I do promise to obey you. Within this hour I will meet you, determined to know my duties, and to perform them, by the help of God." Oh! with what a look did my noble mother regard me, as I spoke. "God strengthen you, and bless you," she said; "I cannot now trust myself to say more." Her voice was feeble and trembling now, her lip quivered, and a bright flush spread over her thin pale cheek: she bent down over me and kissed my forehead, and then departed.

Within an hour from the time when my mother left me, I went forth from my chamber with a firm step, determined again to enter upon the performance of my long-neglected duties. I had descended the last step of the grand staircase, when I heard a laugh in the hall beyond. I knew there was but one who could *then* laugh so wildly; and too well I knew the sound of the voice which broke out in tones of wild merriment ere the laugh ceased. For some moments my resolution forsook me. I caught hold of the balustrade to support my trembling limbs, and repressed with a violent effort the groans which I felt bursting from my heart—I recovered myself, and walked into the hall. In the western oriel window, which is opposite the door by which I entered, sat my revered mother: she lifted up her face from the large volume which lay on her knees, as my step sounded near; she smiled upon me, and looked down again without speaking. I passed on, but stopped again to gaze on those who now met my sight. In the centre of the hall stood my wife, leaning her cheek on her hand. She gazed upon her son with a smile, but the tears all the while trickled down her face. Maurice was at her feet, the floor around him strewn over with playthings, the toys of his infancy, which he had for years thrown aside, but had discovered that very morning, and he turned from one to the other as if he saw them for the first time, and looked upon them all as treasures. An expression of rapturous silliness played over the boy's features, but, alas! though nothing but a fearful childishness was on his face, all the child-like bloom and roundness of that face were gone. The boy now looked indeed older by many years. The smiles on his thin lips seemed to struggle vainly with languor and heaviness, his eyelids were half closed, his cheeks and lips colorless, his whole form wasted away. My wife came to me, and embraced me; but Maurice noticed me not for many minutes. He looked up at me then, and, rising from the ground, walked towards me. I dreaded that my mournful appearance would affright him, and I stood breathless with my fears. He surveyed me from head to foot, and came close to me, and looked up with pleased curiosity in my face, and then whistled as he walked back to his toys, whistled so loudly, that the shrill sound seemed to pierce through my brain.

AUGUST THE 15TH.

This day I have passed some hours with my poor boy. He is changed indeed. All his manliness of character is gone; he has become timid and feeble as a delicate girl. He shrinks from all exertion; he dislikes bodily exercise.—The weather was so delightful this morning that I took Maurice out into the park; he gazed round upon the sky, and the trees, and the grass, as if he had never looked upon them before. The boy wandered on with me beyond the boundaries of the park into the forest; he made me sit down with him on the bank of a narrow brook, and there he amused himself with plucking the little flowers that grew about in the grass, and throwing them into the water. As we sat there, I heard afar off the sounds of huntsmen; soon after a young stag came bounding over the hill before us, and crossed the stream within twenty yards of the spot where we sat. The whole heart of the boy would once have leapt within him to follow in the boldest daring of the chase; but now he lifted up his head, and stared at the stag with a look of vacant astonishment. The whole hunt, with the full rush and cry of its noisy sport, came near. Up sprang the boy all panting, and ghastly with terror. "Make haste, make haste," he cried out, as I rose; "take me away;" he threw his arms round me, and I felt the violent beating of his heart as he clung to me. I would have hurried him away; but as the dogs and the huntsmen came up close to us, the boy lost all power of moving. I felt him hang heavily on me, and, raising his face from

my shoulder, I saw that he had fainted. I took him in my arms, and carried him along the banks of the stream till we were far from all sight and sound of the chase; and then I laid him on the grass, and bathed his face and hands with water. He recovered slowly, and lay for some minutes leaning his head upon my bosom, and weeping quietly; his tears relieved him, and he fell asleep: I raised him again in my arms, and carried him still asleep to his chamber.

AUGUST THE 19TH.

My poor injured child loves me. I cannot tell why, but for the last few days he has seemed happier with me than with any other person. He will even leave his mother to follow me. I feel as if my life were bound up in him; and yet to look on him is to me a penance, at times almost too dreadful to be borne. How he did sit and smile to-day among the books, for whose knowledge his fine ardent mind once thirsted! They are nothing to him now. He had been before amusing himself by watching the swallows which were flying and twittering about the windows; when, taking up a book, I tried to read. Maurice left the window, and sat down on the low seat where he had been used to learn his lessons. He placed a book on the desk before him, and pretended to read; he looked up, and our eyes met. Again he bent his head over the volume: I had a faint hope that he was really reading; and, passing softly across the room, I looked over his shoulder. The pages were turned upside down before him, and he smiled on me with his new, his idiot smile: he smiled so long, that I almost felt as if he wished to give a meaning to his look, and mock the anguish which wrung my heart.

AUGUST THE 20TH.

I had ordered the Arabian horse to be turned out, and this morning I took Maurice to the meadow where Selim was grazing. The little courser raised up its head as we approached, and, recognizing its master, came towards us. Maurice had not noticed the horse before, but then he retreated fearfully, walking backwards. The sagacious animal still advanced, and, turning quickly, the boy fled from him; but the sportive creature still followed, cantering swiftly after him.—Maurice shrieked loudly like a terrified girl. Groaning with the heaviness of my grief, I drove away the once favorite horse of my poor idiot boy.

SUNDAY, AUGUST THE 30TH.

I have just returned from divine service in the chapel attached to my house. While the chaplain was reading the psalms, Maurice walked softly down the aisle and entered my pew. He stood before me, with his eyes fixed on my face. Whenever I raised my eyes, I met that fixed but vacant gaze. My heart melted within me, and I felt tears rush into my eyes—his sweet but vacant look must often be present with me—it seemed to appeal to me, it seemed to ask for my prayers. Sinner as I am, I dared to think so. It must be to all an affecting sight to see an idiot in the house of God. It must be a rebuke to hardened hearts, to hearts too cold and careless to worship there, it must be a rebuke to know that one heart is not *unwilling*, but *unable* to pray. Bitterly I felt this as I looked upon my child. He stood before me, a rebuke to all the coldness and carelessness which had ever mingled with my prayers. His vacant features seemed to say, "You have a mind whose powers are not confused—you have a heart to feel, to pray, to praise, and to bless God. The means of grace are daily given to you; the hopes of glory are daily visible to you." Oh! God, my child stood before me as a more awful rebuke, as a rebuke sent from Thee. Did not his vacant look say also, "Look upon the wreck which your dreadful passions have made? Think upon what *I was*? Think upon what *I am*?" With a broken heart I listened to the words of life;

for while I listened, my poor idiot child leaned upon me, and seemed to listen too.—When I bowed my head at the name of Jesus, the poor boy bowed his. They all knelt down; but just then, I was lost in the thoughtfulness of my despair: my son clasped my hand, and when I looked around I perceived that we alone were standing in the midst of the congregation. He looked me earnestly in the face, and kneeling down, he tried to pull me to kneel beside him. He seemed to invite me to pray for him; I did fall on my knees to pray for him, and for myself; and I rose up, hoping that for my Saviour's sake, my prayers were heard, and trusting that our Heavenly Father feedeth my helpless child with spiritual food that we know not of—

CHEERING SENTIMENTS.

[From a work of which we have already spoken favorably—*"Letters from New York,"* by Maria Child.]—*Chambers' Journal.*

LET science, literature, music, flowers, all things that tend to cultivate the intellect or humanize the heart, be open to "Tom, Dick, and Harry;" and thus, in process of time, they will become Mr. Thomas, Richard, and Henry. In all these things the refined should think of what they can impart, not of what they can receive. As for the vicious, they excite in me more of compassion than of dislike. The great Searcher of hearts alone knows whether I should not have been as they are, with the same neglected childhood, the same vicious examples, the same overpowering temptation of misery and want. If they will but pay to virtue the outward homage of decorum, God forbid that I should wish to exclude them from the healthful breeze and the shaded promenade. Wretched enough are they in their utter degradation; nor is society so guiltless of their ruin, as to justify any of its members in un pitying scorn.

And this reminds me that in this vast emporium of poverty and crime there are, morally speaking, some flowery nooks and "sunny spots of greenery." I used to say I knew not where were the ten righteous men to save the city; but I have found them now. Since then, the Washington Temperance Society has been organized, and active in good works. Apart from the physical purity, the triumph of soul over sense implied in abstinence from stimulating liquors, these societies have peculiarly interested me, because they are based on the law of love. The pure is inlaid in the holy, like a pearl set in fine gold. Here is no "fifteen-gallon-law," no attendance upon the lobbies of legislatures, none of the bustle or manœuvres of political party; measures as useless in the moral world as machines to force water above its level are in the physical world. Serenely above all these stands this new genius of temperance—her trust in Heaven, her hold on the human heart. To the fallen and the perishing she throws a silken cord, and gently draws him within the golden circle of human brotherhood. She has learned that persuasion is mightier than coercion; that the voice of encouragement finds an echo in the heart, deeper, far deeper, than the thunder of reproof.

The blessing of the perishing, and of the merciful God who cares for them, will rest upon the Washington Temperance Society. A short time since, one of its members found an old acquaintance lying asleep in a dirty alley, scarcely covered with filthy rags pinned and tied together. Being waked, the poor fellow exclaimed, in piteous tones, "Oh don't take me to the police office—please don't take me there." "Oh no," replied the missionary of mercy; "you shall have shoes to your feet, and a decent coat on your back, and be a man again. We have better work for you to do than to lie in prison. You will be a temperance preacher yet."

He was comfortably clothed, kindly encouraged,

and employment procured for him at the printing-office of the Washington Society. He now works steadily all day, and preaches temperance in the evening. Every week I hear of similar instances. Are not these men enough to save a city? This society is one among several powerful agencies now at work to teach society that it *makes its own criminals*, and then, at prodigious loss of time, money, and morals, punishes its own work.

The other day I stood by the wayside while a Washingtonian procession, two miles long, passed by. All classes and trades were represented with appropriate music and banners. Troops of boys carried little wells and pumps; and on many of the banners were flowing fountains and running brooks. One represented a wife kneeling in gratitude for a husband restored to her and himself; on another, a group of children were joyfully embracing the knees of a reformed father. Fire companies were there with badges and engines; and military companies with gaudy colors and tinsel trappings. Towards the close came two barouches, containing the men who first started a temperance society on the Washingtonian plan. These six individuals were a carpenter, a coach-maker, a tailor, a blacksmith, a wheelwright, and a silver-plater. They held their meetings in a carpenter's shop in Baltimore, before any other person took an active part in the reform. My heart paid them reverence as they passed. It was a beautiful pageant, and but one thing was wanting to make it complete; there should have been carts drawn by garlanded oxen, filled with women and little children bearing a banner, on which was inscribed, *WE ARE HAPPY NOW!* I missed the women and the children; for, without something to represent the genial influence of domestic life, the circle of joy and hope is ever incomplete.

But the absent ones were present to my mind; and the pressure of many thoughts brought tears to my eyes. I seemed to see John the Baptist preparing a pathway through the wilderness for the coming of the holiest; for like unto his is this mission of temperance. Clean senses are fitting vessels for pure affections and lofty thoughts.

SONG OF THE SESSION.

AIR—"Green grow the Rushes, oh!"

THERE'S nought but talk on every han';
On every night that passes, oh!
'Tis wonderful how Members can
Behave so much like Asses, oh!
Loud bray the Asses, oh!
Loud bray the Asses, oh!
While business waits amid debates;
And so the Session passes, oh!

All this delay, from day to day
Arrears of work amasses, oh!
By sun on sum, till August's come,
When Statesmen look like Asses, oh!
Loud, &c.

The Income Tax upon our backs,
With leaden weight is pressing oh!
And Ireland's grief demands relief,
The Debtors' wrongs redressing, oh!
Loud, &c.

The Poor-Law Bill is standing still,
While gentlemen are jawing, oh!
At fists and foils in private broils,
Each other clapper-clawing, oh!
Loud, &c.

Give them their hour to spend at night,
In altercation dreary, oh!
And England's good and England's right,
May gang all tapdalteerie, oh!
Loud, &c.

Punch.

From the Gallery of Portraits.

WICLIF.

THE village of Wiclif, distant about six miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, had long been the residence of a family of the same name, when it gave birth, about the year 1324, to its most distinguished native. The family possessed wealth and consequence; and though the name of the Reformer is not to be found in the extant records of the household, it is probable that he belonged to it. Perhaps the spirit of the times, and zeal for the established hierarchy, may have led it to disclaim the only person who has saved its name from absolute obscurity.

John Wiclif was first admitted at Queen's College, Oxford, but speedily removed to Merton, a society more ancient and distinguished, and adorned by names of great ecclesiastical eminence. Here he engaged in the prescribed studies with diligence and success. In scholastic learning he made such great proficiency as to extort admiration from some who loved him not; and the direction in which his talents were turned is indicated by the honorable appellation, which he early acquired, of the Evangelic or Gospel Doctor. The terms, "profound," "perspicuous," "irrefragable," were applied to mark the respective peculiarities of Bradwardine, of Burley, and of Hales; and so we may infer, that the peculiar bent of Wiclif's youthful exertions was towards the book on which his subsequent principles were founded, and that he applied the ambiguous fruits of a scholastic education, not to enlarge the resources of sophistry, but to illustrate the treasures of truth. And on the other hand, in the illustration of those oracles, and in the accomplishment of his other holy purposes, it was of good and useful service to him that he had armed himself with the weapons of the age, and could contend with the most redoubtable adversaries on the only ground of argument which was at all accessible to them.

In 1356 he put forth a tract on "The Last Age of the Church," which was the first of his publications, and is on other accounts worthy of mention. It would appear that his mind had been deeply affected by meditation on the various evils which at that period afflicted the world, especially the pestilence which had laid waste, a few years before, so large a portion of it. He was disposed to ascribe them to God's indignation at the sinfulness of man; and he also believed them to be mysterious announcements of the approaching consummation of all things. Through too much study of the book of the Abbot Joachim, he was infected with the spirit of prophecy; and, not contented to lament past and present visitations, he ventured to predict others which were yet to come. All however were to be included in the fourteenth century, which was to be the last of the world. That Wiclif should have been thus carried away by the prevalent infatuation, so as to contribute his portion to the mass of vain and visionary absurdity, was human and pardonable: but in his manner of treating even this subject, we discover the spirit and the principles of the Reformer. Among the causes of those fearful calamities, among the vices which had awakened to so much fierceness the wrath of the Almighty, he feared not to give foremost place to the vices of the clergy, the rapacity which *ate up the people as it were bread*, the sensuality which infected the earth with its savor, and "smelt to heaven." Here was the

leaven which perverted and corrupted the community; here the impure source whence future visitations should proceed. "Both vengeance of sword, and mischiefs unknown before, by which men in those days shall be punished, shall befall them, because of the sins of their priests." Thus it was that in this singular work, of which the foundation may have been laid in superstition, Wiclif developed, notwithstanding a free and unprejudiced mind, and one which dared to avow without compromise, what it felt with force and truth.

The mendicant orders of friars were introduced into England in the year 1221; and they presently supplanted the ancient establishments in the veneration of the people, and usurped many of the prerogatives, honors, and profits of the sacerdotal office. As long as they retained their original character, and practised, to any great extent, the rigid morality and discipline which they professed, so long did their influence continue without diminution, and the clamors of the monks and the priests assailed them in vain; but prosperity soon relaxed their zeal and soiled their purity, and within a century from the time of their institution, they became liable to charges as serious as those which had reduced the authority of their rivals. Accordingly, towards the middle of the following century, the contest was conducted with greater success on the part of the original orders; and some of the leading prelates of the day took part in it against the Mendicants. Oxford was naturally the field of the closest struggle, and the rising talents of Wiclif were warmly engaged in it. About the year 1360, he is generally believed to have first proclaimed his hostility "against the orders of friars;" and he persisted, to the end of life, in pursuing them with the keenest argument and the bitterest invective, denouncing them as the authors of "perturbation in Christendom, and of all the evils of this worlde; and these errors shallen never be amended till the friars be brought to freedom of the Gospel and clean religion of Jesu Christ."

In the year 1365, Urban V. renewed the papal claim of sovereignty over the realm of England, which was founded on the submission rendered by John to Innocent III. The claim was resisted by Edward III., and the decision of his parliament confirmed, in the strongest language, the resolution of the monarch. A zealous advocate of papacy ventured to vindicate the pretension of the Vatican, and challenged Wiclif to reply to his arguments. He did so; and his reply has survived the work which gave it birth. It is not however remarkable for any power of composition, still less can it be praised for grace or accuracy of style; but it stands as a rude monument of his principles, and proves that even then he was imbued with that anti-papal spirit which more splendidly distinguished his later years. Still, he was not yet committed as the adversary of Rome; and in a dispute, in which he was engaged with the Archbishop of Canterbury at this very time, he appealed from the decision of the Primate to the authority of the Pope.

Seven years afterwards, at the age of forty-eight, Wiclif was raised to the Theological Chair at Oxford; and from this period we may date the most memorable of his spiritual achievements. For it is a question whether, had he died before that time, his name would have come down to us distinguished by any peculiar characteristic from

those of the other divines and doctors of his age; but when he turned this eminence into a vantage-ground for assailing the corruptions of his church, and thus recommended the expressions of truth and justice by the authority of academical dignity, his language acquired a commanding weight, and his person a peculiar distinction, which the former would never have possessed had he remained in an inferior station, nor the latter, had he not employed his station for the noblest purposes: purposes which, though they were closely connected with the welfare and stability of the Roman Catholic communion, were seldom advocated from the pulpits of her hierarchy, or the chairs of her professors. Had Wiclif been no more than an eminent and dignified theologian, he would have been admired, perhaps, and forgotten, like so many others. Had he been only a humble pleader for the reformation of the church, his voice might never have been heard, or it might have been extinguished by the hand of persecution: but his rank removed him above the neglect of his contemporaries; and his principles, thus acquiring immediate efficacy, have secured for him the perpetual respect of a more enlightened and grateful posterity.

At this time the various profitable devices, by which the Vatican turned into its own channels the wealth and patronage of the church, were come into full operation. By its provisions and reservations, and other expedients, it had filled many valuable benefices with foreign ecclesiastics; these, for the most part, were non-resident, and spent in other countries the rich revenues which they derived from England. This system had been vigorously opposed both by kings and people, but with little effectual success; for the Pope commonly contrived to repair the losses which he had sustained in the tempest during the interval which succeeded it. In 1374, Edward III. despatched an embassy to Avignon to remonstrate on these subjects with Gregory XI., and procure the relinquishment of his pretensions. The Bishop of Bangor was at the head of this commission, and the name of Wiclif stood second on the list. The negotiation was protracted, and ended in no important result; and the various arts of the Vatican triumphed over the zeal of the reformer, and, as some believe, over the honesty of the bishop. Howbeit, Wiclif obtained on that occasion a nearer insight into the pontifical machinery, and beheld with closer eyes the secret springs which moved it. And if he carried along with him into the presence of the vicar of Christ no very obsequious regard for his person, or reverence for his authority, he returned from that mission armed with more decided principles, and inflamed with a more determined animosity. At the same time his sovereign rewarded his services at the Papal court by the prebend of Aust, in the collegiate church of Westbury, in the diocese of Worcester; and soon afterwards by the rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire.

After this period, his anti-papal opinions were more boldly declared, and he became more and more distinguished as an advocate for the reformation of the church. The suspicions of the hierarchy were aroused; and whatever reasons prelates might have had for sometimes siding with their sovereign against the usurpations of the pope, they were ill-disposed to listen to the generous remonstrances of a private reformer. Accordingly, at a convocation held February 3, 1377, they summoned him to appear at St. Paul's,

to clear himself from the fatal charge of holding erroneous doctrines. Had Wiclif trusted to no other support than the holiness of his cause—had he thrown himself, like Huss and Jerome of Prague, only on the mercy and justice of his ecclesiastical judges—it might have fared as ill with him as it did with his Bohemian disciples. But his principles, recommended as it would seem by some private intercourse, had secured him the patronage of the celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, under whose protection he presented himself on the appointed day before the assembled bishops. A tumultuous scene ensued: and after an undignified and indecent dispute between the Duke and the Bishop of London, the meeting dispersed without arriving at any conclusion, or even entering on any inquiry respecting the matter concerning which it was convened. The process against Wiclif was however suspended; and this good result was at least obtained, though by means more in accordance with the violent habits of the age, than with the holiness of his cause.

In the course of the same year, while the pope was endeavoring to reëstablish and perpetuate his dominion in fiscal matters over the English, and the Parliament struggling to throw it off altogether, Wiclif was again called forth as the advocate of national independence; and he argued with great force and boldness against the legality of the papal exactions. In this treatise, he entered more generally into the question, as to what were the real foundations, not only of papal but of spiritual pretensions; he pressed the gospel of Christ as the last appeal in all reasonings respecting the church of Christ; and he contrasted the worldliness and rapacity of his vicar with the principles of the religion, and the character of its divine founder. The name and example of Christ were never very pleasing objects of reflection to the hierarchy of that age; and the argument with which they loved to repel such ungrateful suggestions was, the personal oppression of those who ventured to advance them. Accordingly, the storm gathered; and four bulls were issued forth with against the doctrines and person of Wiclif. "His holiness had been informed that John Wiclif, rector of the church of Lutterworth, and Professor of the Sacred Page, had broken forth into a detestable insanity, and had dared to assert opinions utterly subversive of the church, and savoring of the perversity and ignorance of Marsilius of Padua, and John of Ganduno, both of accursed memory." It was then ordained that he should be apprehended and imprisoned; and in an address to Edward III., the arm of the flesh was invoked to coöperate with the spiritual authorities for the suppression of this monstrous evil. One of these bulls was addressed to the University of Oxford; and what may seem singular, it found there a spirit so far in advance of the bigotry of the age, that a question was raised whether it should be received, or indignantly rejected. After long hesitation, it was received; but still no readiness was shown to comply with its requisitions, nor were any measures taken to punish or degrade the reformer.

Howbeit, in the beginning of the year following, Wiclif presented himself at Lambeth, before the tribunal of the Papal commissioners, to meet the various charges of heretical pravity. We have no room to doubt the wishes and intentions of his judges. But on this occasion he was rescued from them, for the second time, by extraneous circumstances. The populace of London, among whom

his opinions may have made some progress, and by whom his name was certainly respected, interrupted the meeting with much clamor and violence, and showed a fierce determination to save him from oppression. And at the same time, while the delegates were confounded by this interference, a message was delivered to them from the Queen Mother, prohibiting any definitive sentence against Wiclif. Thus unexpectedly assailed, and from such different quarters, the prelates immediately softened their expressions, and abandoned their design; and Wiclif returned once more in safety to the propagation of his former opinions, and to the expression of others which had not yet been broached by him.

The sum of those opinions might be given with tolerable accuracy, though some of them were not perhaps propounded with perfect distinctness, and others have been made liable to consequences which were disclaimed by their author. In the first place, he rejected every sort of pretension, tenet, or authority, which did not rest on the foundation of Scripture: here he professed to fix the single basis of his whole system. Accordingly he denounced, with various degrees of severity, many of the popular observances of his church. He rejected auricular confession; and declared pardons and indulgences to be no better than anti-christian devices for augmenting the power and wealth of the clergy, at the expense of the morality of the people. He paid no respect to excommunications and interdicts; he pronounced confirmation to be an unnecessary ceremony, invented for the aggrandizement of the episcopal dignity; he reprobated the celibacy of the clergy, and the imposition of monastic vows. And in his contempt for the outward ceremonies of the church, even to the use of sacred music, he anticipated by more than two centuries the principles of the Puritans. In like manner, he maintained that bishops and priests, being one and the same order according to their original institution, were improperly distinguished; and that the property claimed by the clergy, being in its origin eleemosynary, was merely enjoyed by them in trust for the benefit of the people, and was disposable at the discretion of the secular government.

So long as Wiclif confined himself to the expression of these opinions, though he ensured the hatred of the hierarchy, he might reckon on a powerful party both at the court and among the people. The objects for which he contended were at least manifest, and his arguments generally intelligible. But he was not content with this limited field. In his solicitude to assail all the holds of papacy, and denounce all its pernicious errors, he entered, in the year 1331, into a controversy respecting the nature of the Eucharist. His opinion on this mysterious question seems to have approached very nearly to that of Luther. He admitted a real presence; but though he did not presume to determine the manner, he rejected the doctrine of Transubstantiation in the Roman Catholic sense. This was ground sufficient for a new clamor, louder and more dangerous than all that had preceded it; not that there was stronger argument on the side of his opponents, but because the subject, being more obscure, was more involved in prejudice; it was more closely connected with the religious feelings and deepest impressions of his hearers; it affected, not their respect for a sensual and avaricious hierarchy, but their faith in what they had been taught to

consider a vital doctrine essential to salvation. And thus it proved, not perhaps that his enemies became more violent, but that his friends began to waver in their support of him. The lower classes, who had listened with delight to his anti-sacerdotal declamations, trembled when he began to tread the consecrated ground of their belief. His noble patrons, if they were not thus sensibly shocked, perceived at least the impolicy of contending in that field; and John of Lancaster especially commanded him to retire from it.

With the sincerity of a zealot he persisted, and in the course of May, 1382, a Synod was held by Courtney, who had been just promoted to the primacy, and the heresies of Wiclif became, for the third time, the subject of ecclesiastical consultation. We have no space to pursue the details of these proceedings. The result was, that he was summoned to answer, before the Convocation at Oxford, respecting certain erroneous doctrines, the most prominent of which was that regarding the Eucharist. He prepared to defend them. And it was then that the Duke of Lancaster, who had been his faithful protector throughout all his previous troubles—whether it was that he sincerely differed with Wiclif on that particular question, or whether he was unwilling to engage in a struggle with the whole hierarchy, supported by much popular prejudice, for the sake of an abstract opinion which might appear to him entirely void of any practical advantage—withdrew his support, and abandoned the reformer to his own resources. Yet not then was his resolution shaken. In two Confessions of Faith, which he then produced, he asserted his adherence to his expressed doctrines. And though one of them is so perplexed with scholastic sophistry, as to have led some to imagine that it was intended to convey a sort of retractation, yet it was not so interpreted by his adversaries, six of whom immediately entered the lists against it. Neither did it persuade his judges of his innocence. He was condemned—but not, as the annals of that age would have led us to expect, to death. And whether the praise of this moderation be due to the prelates who forebore so far to press their enmity, or to the state, which might have refused to sanction the vengeance of the prelates, Wiclif was merely condemned to banishment from the University of Oxford. He retired in peace to his rectory at Lutterworth, and there spent the two remaining years of his life in the pursuit of his theological studies and the discharge of his pastoral duties.

The greater part of the opinions by which he was distinguished were so entirely at variance with the principles and prejudices of his age, that our wonder is not at their imperfect success, but at their escape from immediate extinction. Having thus escaped, however, and taken root in no inconsiderable portion of the community, they were such as to secure, by their own strength and boldness, their own progress and maturity. Neither was their author neglectful of the methods proper to ensure their dissemination. For, in the first place, by his translation of the Sacred Book on which he supposed them to rest, he increased the means of ascertaining their truth, or at least the spuriousness of the system which they opposed. In the next, he sent forth numerous missionaries, whom he called his "Poor Priests," for the express purpose of propagating his doctrines; and thus they acquired some footing even in his own generation. In succeeding years, the sect of Lol-

lards, in a great measure composed of his disciples, professed and perpetuated his tenets; and by their undeviating hostility to the abuses of Rome, prepared the path for the reformation.

Nor were the fruits of his exertions confined to his native country. It is certain that his works found their way, at a very early period, into Bohemia, and kindled there the first sparks of resistance to the established despotism. The venerable Huss proclaimed his adherence to the principles, and his reverence for the person, of the English reformer; and he was wont in his public discourses to pray, that "on his departure from this life, he might be received into those regions whither the soul of Wiclif had gone; since he doubted not that he was a good and holy man, and worthy of a heavenly habitation." The memory of Huss is associated by another incident with that of his master. The same savage council which consigned the former to the flames, offered to the other that empty insult, which we may receive as an expression of malignant regret that he had been permitted to die in peace. It published an edict, "That the bones and body of Wiclif should be taken from the ground, and thrown far away from the burial of any church." After a long interval of hesitation, this edict was obeyed. Thirty years after his death, his grave was violated, and his ashes contemptuously cast into a neighboring brook. On this indignity, Fuller makes the following memorable reflection:—"The brook did convey his ashes in Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblems of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

The date of Wiclif's death renders the authenticity of his portraits in some degree uncertain, and we are not able to trace the history of any which exist. But that some memorials were preserved in his features, in illuminations or otherwise, we may conclude from the general resemblance which is to be traced in two different pictures of him—that from which our print is engraved, and that at King's College, Cambridge, engraved in "Rolt's Lives of the Reformers," and Verheiden, "Præstantium Theologorum Effigies, &c." 1602.

THE RESURRECTION.

My life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My Lord is life, he'll raise
My flesh again, e'en mine—
Sweet truth to me,
I shall arise;
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day,
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth to me, &c.

My Lord! his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound;
At whose most welcome call,
My grave shall be unbound!
Sweet truth to me, &c.

I said sometimes with tears,
Ah, me! I'm loath to die;
Lord, silence thou these fears,
My life's with thee on high.
Sweet truth to me, &c.

What means my beating heart
To be thus shy of death?
My life and I shant part,
Though I resign my breath!
Sweet truth to me, &c.

Then welcome harmless grave,
By thee to heaven I'll go;
My Lord! his death shall save
Me from the flames below.
Sweet truth to me,
I shall arise!
And with these eyes,
My Saviour see.

From the Church of England Magazine.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

BY MRS. H. W. RICHTER.

"His dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the flood unto the world's end."—PSALM lxxii. 8.

O word of truth to cheer
The waiting pilgrim's ear;
A light to trusting faith forever given:
Stretching from sea to sea
That kingdom yet shall be,
Tinging the clouds of earth with rays from heaven.

Lo! to each distant shore,
With darkness brooding o'er,
The message of eternal life is borne:
O'er India's idol fanes,
Where darkness ever reigns,
Soon shall be ushered in the glorious morn.

Where sculptured fragments lie
Beneath the glowing sky
Where dark oblivion spreads a murky pall,
O'er-mastering time holds sway,
And slowly to decay
The heathen temples each to ruin fall!

Tribes of the desert far,
Behold the Morning Star
With beams of ever-living truth shall shine;
And every mountain dell
The chorus glad shall swell,
And spread the tidings of that peace divine.

For he shall ever reign,
And death and sin and pain
Shall cease: his promise ever sure will be.
Hasten, O Lord, the hour
When all shall own thy power,
And humbly waiting souls may thy salvation see.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WHITE LEAD.—The great amount of mortality among painters and manufacturers of paint, arising from the deleterious effluvia of white lead, is well known, and has frequently directed the attention of chemists to the discovery of an innocuous substitute. Hitherto the attempt has been fruitless; at least so far as we are aware, no other substance has taken the place of the common pigment. It would appear, however, from the report of the Paris Academy of Sciences, that M. de Ruolz has at length succeeded in producing a preparation possessing all the economical properties of white lead, without partaking of its offensive character. This substance is the oxide of antimony, which is distinguished by the following qualities:—Its color is very pure white, rivalling the finest silver white; it is easily ground, and forms with oil an unctuous and cohesive mixture; compared with the white lead of Holland, its property of concealing is as 46 to 22; and mixed with other paints, it gives a much clearer and softer tone than white lead. It may be obtained, according to M. de Ruolz, from the natural sulphuret of antimony, and at a third of the cost of ordinary white paint.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MONSTER-MISERY OF LITERATURE.

BE under no apprehension, gentle public, that you are about to be kept in suspense touching the moral of our argumentation, as too often in the pamphlets addressed in Johnsonian English to Thompsonian understandings, wherein a pennyworth of matter is set forth by a monstrous quantity of phrase. We mean to speak to the point; we mean to enlighten your understanding as by the smiting of a lucifer-match. Refrain, therefore, from running your eye impatiently along the page, as you are doing at this moment, in hopes of discovering, italicized, the secret of the enigma; for we have no intention of keeping you another moment ignorant that the monster-misery of literature is—guess! Which of you hath hit it? The monster-misery of literature is—THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

In this devout conviction, devote we to the infernal gods the memory of the Athenian republic, the first keeper of a circulating library. Every tyro is aware that this Sams or Ebers of antiquity lent out to Ptolemy of Egypt, for a first-rate subscription of fifteen talents, the works of Euripides, Eschylus, and Sophocles; thereby affording a precedent for the abominable practice, fatal to bookmakers and booksellers, which has converted the waters of Castalia into their present disgraceful puddle!

Every scribbler of the day who has a Perryman pen in hand, is pleased to exercise it on the decline of the drama; one of the legitimate targets of penny-a-liners. But how inadequately are the goose quills, and ostrich quills, phoenix quills, and roc quills, of the few standard critics of the age, directed towards the monstrous abuse of public patience which will render the Victorian age the sad antithesis of the Elizabethan, in the literary history of the land! Content so long as they can get a new work, *tale quale*, as a peg whereon to hang the rusty garments of their erudition, not a straw care they for the miserable decline and fall of the great empire of letters; an empire overrun by what Goths—what Huns—what Vandals!—by the iniquitous and barbarous hosts of circulating libraries!

It has been agreed for some centuries past, that the only modern Mæcenæ is the publisher. The days of patrons are past; and the author is forced to look for the reward of his labor to the man who, by selling the greatest number of copies to the public, can bestow the greatest number of pounds upon his pains. In order to augment this amount, the bibliopole naturally consults the taste of his customers; and nearly the sole remaining customers of the modern bookseller are—the circulating libraries. For what man in his senses who, for an annual mulct of half-a-dozen sovereigns, commands the whole range of modern literature, would waste his substance in loading his house with books of doubtful interest? Who that, by a message of his servant into Bond street, procures the last new novel cut and dry, instead of wet from the press, and demanding the labor of the paper-knife, would proceed to the extremity of a purchase? And the result is, that Messrs. Folio and Duodecimo, in order to procure satisfactory orders from the circulating libraries of the multitudinous cities of this deluded empire, issue orders to their helots, Mr. Scribblescrawl and Mrs. Wiredrawn, requiring them to produce per annum so many sets of three volumes, adapted to the atmosphere wherein they are fated to flourish.

It is an avowed fact, that the publishers of the day will purchase the copyrights of only such works as “the libraries will take;” which libraries, besotted by the mystic charm of three volumes, immutable as the sacred triad of the Graces or Destinies, would negative without a division such a work as the Vicar of Wakefield were it now to undergo probation. Robinson Crusoe, or Paul and Virginia, would be returned unread to their authors, with a civil note of “extremely sorry to decline,” &c. “The Man of Feeling” would be made to feel his insignificance. “Thinks I to Myself” might think in vain; and the “Cottagers of Glenburnie” retain their rural obscurity. So much for the measure of the maw of the circulating library. Of its taste and palate it is difficult to speak with moderation; for those of Caffraria or Otaheite might be put to the blush.

The result, however, of this fatal ascendancy is, that not a publisher who has the fear of the “Gazette” before his eyes, presumes to hazard a guinea on speculations in the belles-lettres. Poetry is seldom, if ever, published except at the cost of the poet; and the foreman of one of the leading London houses is deputed to apprise aspiring rhymesters, that “his firm considers poetry a mild species of insanity”—*Anglice*, that it does not suit the appetite of the circulating library! For, behold! this despot of bookmakers must have length, breadth, and thickness, to fill the book boxes dispatched to its subscribers in the country, as well as satisfy in town the demands of its charming subscriber, Lady Sylvester Daggerwood, and all her daughters.

It happens that the said Lady Sylvester does not like Travels, unless “nice little ladylike books of travels,” such as the Quarterly informed us last year, in a fit of fribbledom, were worthy the neat little crowquills of lady-authors. Nor will she hear of Memoirs, unless light, sparkling, and scandalous, as nearly resembling those of Grammont as decency will allow. Essays she abominates; nor can she exactly understand the use of quartos, unless, as Swift describes the merit of

“A Chrysostom to smooth his band in”—

to serve for flattening between the leaves her rumpled embroidery or netting!

Now you are simply and respectfully asked, beloved public, what must be the feelings of a man of genius, or of any sensible scholarly individual, when, after devoting years of his life to a work of standard excellence—a work such as in France would obtain him access to the Academy, or in Russia or Prussia a pension and an order of merit—he is told by the publisher, who in Great Britain supplies the place of these fountains of honor and reward, that “the public of the present day has no taste for serious reading;” for Messrs. Folio and Duodecimo cannot, of course, afford to regard a few dons of the universities, or a few county bookclubs, parsonically presided, as representatives of the public! What the disappointed man, thus enlightened, must think of “glorious Apollo” when he goes to bed that night, we should be sorry to conjecture!

“The public of the present day”—*Angl.*, the subscribers to the circulating libraries—constitute, to his cultivated mind, a world unknown. The public *he* has been wasting his life to address, is such a public as was addressed by Addison, by Swift, by Steele, or by the greater writers of the days of Elizabeth. “Bless his fine wits,” we

could laugh at his misconception, were we not rather inclined to cry! In instances easy to be cited, (but that there were miching malecho in the deed,) insult has been added to injury, and the anguish depicted in the face of the mortified man of letters been assuaged by friendly advice to "try his hand at something more saleable—something in the style of Harrison Ainsworth or Peter Priggins!"

O ye Athenians! to what base uses have we come, by the influence of your malpractices of old!

But all this is far from the blackest side of the picture. You have seen only the fortunes of the rejected of the circulating libraries; wait till you have studied the fate of their favorites—victims whom, like the pet-dogs of children, the publishers force to stand on their hind-legs, and be bedizened in their finery; or pet pussy-cats, whom they fondle into wearing spectacles and feeding on macaroones, instead of pursuing their avocations as honest mousers. The favorite author of the circulating libraries has a great deal to envy in the treadmill!

In the days when there existed a reading, in place of a skimming public—in the days when circulating libraries were not—the writer who followed his own devices in the choice of the subject, plot, title, treatment, and extent of his book, and made his labor a labor of love, had some chance of being cherished as the favorite of the fireside; installed on the shelf, and taken down, like Goldsmith, or Defoe, or Bunyan, for an hour's gossip; cried over by the young girl of the family, diverting the holiday of the school-boy, and exercising the eyesight of the good old grandmother. But how is this ever to be achieved now-a-days? Who will ever be thumbed over and spelled over as these have been!

"Invent another Vicar or another Crusoe," say the critics, "and you will see."

We should not see! No bookseller would publish them, because "no circulating library would take them;" for these bibliopoles know to a page what will be taken. Several of them have got, and several others have had, the conduct of a circulating library on their hands; and so far from venturing to present a single-volumed or double-volumed work to their subscribers, they would insist upon the dilution of the genius of Oliver or Daniel into the adequate number of pages ere they risked paper and print. O public! O dear, ingenuous public! Think how you might have ceased to delight in even the cosmogonyman, if his part had been a hundred times rehearsed in your ears; or what the matchless Lady Blarney and the incomparable Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, (I love, as old Primrose says, to repeat the whole name,) might have become, as the "light conversationists" of three octavo volumes! Shakspeare was forced to kill Mercutio early in the play, lest Mercutio should kill him. We feel a devout conviction that Miss Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs would have burked Goldsmith!

And then the incomparable Robinson! Conceive the interlarding of a funny Mrs. Friday to eke out matter, with a comical king of the Cannibal islands "to lighten the story"—according to circulating library demand! Unhappy Defoe! thy standing in the pillory had been as nothing compared with such a condemnation!

We beseech you, therefore, deluded public, when assured by critical misleadment that such

writers no longer exist, do, as you are often requested to do by letters in the newspapers—from parties remanded by the police-offices for some hanging matter—"suspend your judgment," or you will deserve credit for very little. We promise you that there *are* giants on the earth in these days, ay, and famous giants of their cubits! But when a giant is made to drivel, his drivings are very little better than those of a pigmy! And we swear to you, (under correction from the parish vestry, which is entitled to half-a-crown an oath,) that the circulating libraries would make a driveler of Seneca! Under the circulating library tyranny, Johnson himself would have been forced to break up his long words into smaller pieces, to supply due volume for three volumes.

Above all, we have no hesitation in declaring that the circulating libraries are indictable for manslaughter, in the matter of the death of Scott. They killed him, body and soul! In better times, when books were bought, not hired, the sale of the first half dozen of his mighty novels would have sufficed both the public and the author for thrice as many years. They would have been purchased by all people of good condition, as the works of Richardson were purchased, and read, and conned, and got by heart. But behold! the circulating libraries "wanted novelty." It suited them better to invest their capital in half a dozen new and trashy books; such as extend their catalogue from No. 2,470 to 2,500; instead of half a dozen copies of the one sterling work, which increases their stock in trade and diminishes their stock in consols, but leaves the catalogue, which is the advertisement of their perfections, halting at No. 2,470.

Now, as it happened that the same boss of constructiveness which has endowed our language with such a world of creations from the pen of Scott, betrayed him also into inventiveness *per* force of brick and mortar—just as the same bent of genius which created the *Castle of Otranto*, created also that other colossus of lath and plaster, *Strawberry Hill*—the author of the Scotch novels was fain to sacrifice to the evil genius of the times; and behold! as the assiduous slave of the circulating libraries, he extinguished one of the greatest spirits of Great Britain. But for the hateful factory system of the twice three volumes per annum, he would have been still alive among us—happy and happy-making, in a green old age—watching over the maturity of his grandchildren, and waited upon by the worship of the land.

Therefore again we say, as we said a short time ago—O ye Athenians! what have ye not to answer for in the consequence of your malpractices of old!

The only great success of the day in works of fiction, (for the laurels of Bulwer have been spindled among the rest by the factitious atmosphere of the circulating libraries,) is that of Boz. And we attribute, in a great measure, the enormous circulation of his early works, to their having set at defiance the paralyzing influence of the monster-misery. Shilling numbers were as the dragon's teeth. They rose up like armed men, and slew the circulating librarians. People were forced to buy them if they wanted to read them; and they were bought. Those who desired to read "Night and Morning," were not forced to purchase it, and it was not bought; and the circulation of the two works consequently remains as 2,000 to 35,000 copies.

The state and prospects of authors, however, concerns you less, dear public, than the state and prospects of literature. You are a contemplative body of men, and can see into a millstone as far as most nations. You make leagues and anti-leagues for the sake of your morsel of bread; and teach the million to sing to your own tune; and, weary of keeping your heads above water, tunnel your way below it; nor will you allow the suffering shirtmakers of your metropolis to be put upon, nor Don Carlos, nor Queen Pomaré, nor any other victim of oppression. You applauded Alice Lowe, and shook hands with Courvoisier at the gallows; and it is clear you stand no nonsense, and bear no malice.

Be so good, therefore, as seriously to consider what sort of figure you will cut in the eyes of posterity, if this kind of thing is suffered to go on.

There is not one publisher in the three kingdoms (we throw down the gauntlet) who would give an adequate sum of money for any new historical work. There is not one publisher in the three kingdoms who would give even a moderate sum for a poem. We state the case liberally; for our conviction is, that they would refuse one poor half-crown. So much for the *prospects*; for, without a premium production is null.

As regards the state of literature, take out your pencils, (you all carry pencils, to calculate either the long odds or the odds on 'Change,) and make out a list of the works published during the last five years, likely to be known, *even by name*, a hundred years hence! It is some comfort to feel, that *by sight* they cannot be known—that few of them will survive to disgrace us—that the circulating libraries possess the one merit of wear and tear for the destruction of their filthy generation, like Saturn of old; for it would grieve us to think of even the trunks of the two thousandth century being lined with what lines the brains of our contemporaries. So that in the year of grace two thousand and forty-four, we shall have the Lady Blarney of Kilburn Square (the Grosvenor Square of that epoch) inquiring of the Miss Carolina Wilhelmia Amelia Skeggs of Croyden Place (the Belgium Square)—“My dear soul, what *could* those poor people do to amuse themselves! They had positively *no* books! After Scott's time till the middle of the nineteenth century not a single novelist; after the death of Byron, not a poet! I believe there was an historian of the name of Hallam, not much heard of; and the other day, at a bookstall, I picked up an odd volume of an odd writer named Carlyle. But it is really curious to consider how utterly the belles-lettres were in abeyance.”

To which, of course, Miss C. W. A. S.—(even Dr. Panurge could not get through the whole name again!)—“My dear love! they had Blackwood's Magazine, which, like the Koran after the burning of the Alexandrian library, supplied the place of ten millions of volumes!”

But, alas! some Burchell may be sitting by, to exclaim “Fudge!” Some groper into archives will bring forth one of those never-to-be-sufficiently-abominated catalogues of Bond and other streets, showing that, on a moderate calculation, twenty books were published per diem, which, at the end of three months, possessed the value of so many bushels of oyster-shells!

And then, pray, what will you have to say for yourselves, O public! from your tombs in Westminster Abbey, or your catacombs at Kensal

Green! Which among you will dare to come forward, with blue lights in his hand and accompanied by a trombone, like the ghost of Ninus in Semiramide, and say—“We warned these people to write for immortality. We told them it was their duty to stick in a few oaks for posterity, as well as their Canada poplars and Scotch firs. It was not our fault that they chose to grow nothing but underwood. It was the fault of the circulating libraries, which, instead of allowing the milk of human genius to set for cream, diluted it with *malice prepense*, and drenched us with milk and water even to loathing!”

No, dear public! you will put your hand in your breeches' pocket like a crocodile, as you do now, and say nothing. You are fully aware how much of the fault is your own; but you are stultified and hardened to shame. With the disgrace of your National Gallery, and National Regency Buildings, and Piccolo Palace, and all your other vulgarisms and trivialities on your shoulders, you bully your way out of your disgrace of duncehood, like Mike Lambourne on forgetting his part in the Kenilworth pageant. “For your part, you can do very well without book-learning. You've got Shakspeare, and if with that a nation can't face the literature of Europe, the deuce is in it! With Cocker's arithmetic and Shakspeare, any public that knows what it's about, may snap its fingers at the world!”

Such, such are the demoralizing results of the ascendancy of the circulating libraries! Such is the monster-misery of literature!

Again, therefore, we say, confound those fifteen talents! What have ye not to answer for, O ye Athenians! in the consequences of your malpractices of old!

LORD BROUGHAM.

“Too vain to follow, yet too rash to rule,
A brilliant advocate, a ready tool;
True to no party, constant to no end,
A reckless enemy, and dangerous friend;
Feared in the senate, in the boudoir prized,
He apes the fashion which his youth despised;
With lords and ladies his delight to mix,
And play the lover's part at sixty-six!
The man whose eloquence made Canning cower
Now prattles glibly in a lady's bower!”

THE PSALMS OF DAVID; printed as they are to be sung or said in churches. Burns, London.—This is a very elegant specimen of the old English style of printing, with ornamental borders round its page; it is worked both in black and red ink, and affords a striking example of the elegance and taste now so universal in the getting up, as it is technically termed, of books at the present day. The music for the Psalms is also prefixed to the work.

UNCLE SAM'S PECULIARITIES. 2 vols. Mortimer, London.—This is a republication, in two volumes, of a series of papers, which originally appeared in “Ainsworth's Magazine,” and “Bentley's Miscellany.” They were written, it appears, from memoranda made by a mercantile tourist during twelve months' sojourn in the United States, and afford a very interesting and lively picture of the habits, manners, and domestic life of our American brethren. The satire, though to the point, is good-tempered, and Jonathan himself may laugh at the pleasant character in which he is occasionally made to appear.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

Bernardine.—I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke.—O, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bernardine.—I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Measure for Measure.

"It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom Fortune has left to shift for themselves!" Such was my feeling ejaculation when, full of penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and, for the most part, pecked up, the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather jacket so tightly that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand and were pretty nearly out at the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of everything, and, amongst the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends, amongst whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required but little explanation, for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls nor title-deeds; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking, I wanted application; for another I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice:—Insure your life for a few thousands; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live forever; and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits, and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an Insurance Office, where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed certain little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labors of the Inquisition, amongst whom the surplus arising from absentees would likewise be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share and ogled that of his absent neighbor, I surmised that some of my fellow-sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable

of penetrating every crevice of their constitutions, by noses which could smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast high. How, indeed, could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed when surrounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another! Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labors of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural lives, were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in foundation for such a project. In vain did the board endeavor to persuade them that they were half dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, swore that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as eels themselves. Alas! they were first ordered into an adjoining room, which I soon learnt was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some, indeed, had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees: another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with anything like satisfaction was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom Death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, sir?" inquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest man in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No.—The rheumatism.—Nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"Oh, he died young; but then he was killed in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No: they were all killed in rows too."

"Pray, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"May be I shall, some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, never fear! I am the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which is not often."

"What, sir, you can drink a little?"

"Three bottles, with ease."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face and look apoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Devil a bit. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles——"

"Never you mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose amongst the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The words "row"

and "three bottles" ran, hurry-scurry, round the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but, as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to show herself and be entitled to twenty thousand pounds, for which her late husband had insured his life.

"Zounds," thought I, "twenty thousand pounds and a widow!"

"Ah, madam!" observed the chairman, "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favorable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external teguments, "allow me to introduce Mr. —, a particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not of your dying sort."

The directors turned their eyes towards me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a good broad chest," said one. "I dare say your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders too," said another. "Not likely to be knocked down in a row."

"Strong in the legs, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third. "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be farther examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I reentered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" inquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand that lady to her carriage," I responded; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number —, sir, in — street," said John; and away they went. —

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why, I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarum way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox-hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity for your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely, make it a stipulation."

"Your wife?"

"Yes. That pretty, disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but, if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought of me against the purchase-money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said the cormorant, his features again straining their buck-skins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, *gratis*."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before had it not been for the Epsom Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust to the world, would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day, I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half-way up stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing-room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of sportive Cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle-doves. The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but heart's-ease and love-lies-bleeding; the very canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise-shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants; and would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen years' purchase. Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked round, for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in a tone with what I had

before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Grey," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half-finished drawing of Apollo, which was, equally without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewn the seductive tones of Moore, Campbell, and Byron. "This witch," thought I, "is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus!" I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple grey, wholly without ornament, and her dark brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognize, me. I was not quite prepared for this, and, in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breakings forth of a young and buoyant spirit, under ridiculous circumstances, for the encouragement of volatile coquetry; and, for a moment, I was in doubt whether I should not apologize and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down! "Madam," I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father and her lamented husband, absence and the East Indies, liver complaints, and life insurance; with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation, and preter-plu-perfect impertinence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father or his promising little heir apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Ah! madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural! I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage. He had not time—he had not time, madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you."

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Grey and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef d'œuvre*. "Permit me, however, to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of the Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest too, and a trifle stronger on the legs, as they say at the Insurance Office."—The widow looked comically at the recollections which I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile; and this, in turn, expanded into a

laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty on the stilts; but put us upon fair ground, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalized, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eyes sedulously upon the pavement, to be sure that the coal-holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived, I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigncy in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going missionary to New Zealand. I wrote to him, in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow fever or devoured by cannibals, but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months, at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand, and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite, my anecdote of New Zealand irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves till it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for my increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogized my modesty till it was well nigh burnt to a cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third and the fourth and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and, at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, at once, to decide the question with the insurance office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come, now, will it please you to be candid,

and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father and the liver complaint, and heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

"Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so—and then so.—What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered. "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor, swindling, disreputable vagabond,——but I love you to my soul."

The work dropped upon her knee.

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend.

DEAR SIR,—It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies or a missionary in New Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there.

ROMANCE OF A BEDSTEAD.—The inn where Richard III. abode during his brief sojourn at Leicester, even the very bed on which he there reposed, are not exempt from the tales of horror which are associated with the memory of this prince. On his departure for Bosworth it appears from the result that he must have left many articles of value, either too cumbersome to be removed, or in themselves ill-suited for a temporary encampment, at the house of entertainment where he had been abiding, and which, as being the chief hostelry in Leicester, was distinguished by the appellation of Richard's badge, "the Silvery Boar:" but on his defeat and death, and the dispersion of his followers, the victorious army, with the infuriated rage which in all ages accompanies any popular excitement, compelled the owner of the inn to pull down the emblem of the deceased king, and to substitute the blue for the white boar. The apartments which the king had occupied were pillaged and ransacked, and the hangings of the richly-carved bed on which he had slept during his stay in the town were torn off, and either carried away as booty with other portable articles, or were destroyed on the spot. The bedstead, however, being large and heavy, and apparently of no great value, was suffered to remain undisturbed with the people of the house; thenceforth continuing a piece of standing furniture, and passing from tenant to tenant with the inn; for King Richard and his secretary being both slain, and all his confidential friends executed, imprisoned, or exiled, it could not be known that the weight of the bulky wooden framework left in his sleeping apartment arose from its being in reality the military chest of the deceased monarch. It was at once his coffer and his couch. Many years, however, rolled on before this singular fact became known, and then it was only accidentally discovered, owing to the circumstance of a piece of gold dropping on the floor when the wife of the proprietor was making a bed which had been placed upon it. On closer examination a double bottom was discovered, the intermediate space between which was found to be filled with gold coin to a considerable amount.

The treasure thus marvellously obtained, although

carefully concealed, helped in time to elevate the humble publican, "a man of low condition," to the proud station of chief magistrate of his native town. But at his death the vast riches that accrued to his widow excited the cupidity of menials connected with her establishment; and the wilful murder of their mistress, in 1613, led to the execution of her female servant, and of seven men concerned with her in the ruthless deed: thus adding another tragedy to the many of higher import which are inseparably connected with the recollection of this unhappy prince.

The inn itself, rendered so remarkable as the last abiding place of the last monarch of the middle ages, "a large, handsome, half-timber house, with one story projecting over the other," remained for upwards of three centuries unchanged, an interesting relic alike of the architecture of its period as of the remarkable epoch which it perpetuated. But in the year 1836, although undecayed, uninjured, and defying the ravages of time, this venerable fabric was razed to the ground, to the regret of all who hold sacred such historical memorials, and hallow the relics which link bygone ages with the present time. Its site, with the appellation of an adjoining thoroughfare to which it formed an angle, and which still retains the name of "Blue Boar-lane," together with the description and delineation of its picturesque appearance, are now all that connects King Richard with this interesting memorial of his last days at Leicester.

Not so, however, the bedstead. That appendage to the inn, although three hundred and fifty years have elapsed since it was used by the sovereign, is still in existence, and in the most perfect state of preservation. Richly and curiously carved in oak, with fleur-de-lis profusely scattered over it, its panels inlaid with black, brown, and white woods, the styles consisting of Saracenic figures in high relief, it proves, from the singularity of its construction, the true purpose for which it was designed, every portion of it but the body being fabricated to take to pieces and put up at will; so that for travelling it speedily became transformed into a huge chest, although ingeniously framed for the twofold purpose which led to its preservation. This relic, insignificant in itself, is the only known memorial connected with the personal history of Richard III.—*Caroline Halsted's Richard III.*

COINAGE OF SAXE COBURG GOtha.—A late duke, over whom, at his death, so many eulogiums were uttered in this country as so virtuous a prince, was universally known in Germany by the title of the Falschmünzer—that is, the coiner of false money—because to pay his debts he coined a mass of bad money, and then issued an order that what was paid away out of the country should never come in again, and what remained in it should never be taken again by government. Many of his own officers are said to have suffered severely by this act, having considerable quantities in their hands. Much of this money is still in existence in other states, and is paid among the coin to strangers. When you offer to put it away again, they say, "Oh, that is a Coburger! it is good for nothing." To what traveller in Germany has not this occurred? It did to me many a time, till I began to know the face of a Coburger.—*Honitt's German Experiences.*

WOMAN'S DESTINY.

Is not the life of woman all bound up
In her affections?—What hath *she* to do
In this bleak world alone?—It may be well
For *man* on his triumphal course to move
Uncumbered by soft bonds; but *we* were born
For love and grief.

Mrs. Hemans.

From the Examiner.

Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon, during the first three years of his captivity on the Island of St. Helena. By Mrs. ABELL, late Miss Elizabeth Balcombe. Murray.

WE have read this little volume with the greatest pleasure. The time is past when it would have been the rage of the season in which it appeared: but its contents are better suited to the calmer and steadier interest which now centres in the character of Napoleon.

Mrs. Abell's father held a government appointment in St. Helena, and lived in the prettiest private house of the island, at the time of its selection for the place of the ex-emperor's exile. When Napoleon rode through his rocky prison the day after he landed from the *Northumberland*, he took so great a fancy to Mr. Balcombe's cottage that a temporary residence there until Longwood should be ready was arranged at his earnest request. The writer of this book, Mr. Balcombe's youngest daughter, was then little more than a child, but remarkable for her prettiness and vivacity. Perhaps these attracted Napoleon less than a habit of wilfulness, and a disposition to sprightly mischief, which Mrs. Abell very frankly confesses. The fallen emperor had a ready sympathy for qualities of this kind, and met them with congenial playfulness. His games of romp with little Miss Balcombe, and particularly his *debut* in blind-man's buff, were the earliest European gossip of the illustrious exile.

The lady now writes of that curious incident of her life, with recollections as vivid, after the lapse of twenty-nine years, as of events of yesterday. But she intimates that her memory has had assistance from notes committed to paper at the time. "Could these recollections of the emperor," she adds, "have been published without her name, they would long ago have appeared; but feeling that the sole merit to which they could lay claim consisted in their being faithful records of him, and that if produced anonymously, there would be no guarantee for their truth; being, moreover, desirous to shun publicity, and unequal to the task of authorship; the undertaking has been postponed from time to time, and perhaps would have been delayed still longer, but for the pressure of calamitous circumstances, which compels her to hesitate no longer, but with all their imperfections on their head to send these pages at once into the world."

We observe with regret what is here implied, but it gives a tone of feeling to the book which harmonizes well with its not unaffecting anecdotes of fallen greatness. We do not care, at this time, to offer much meed of sympathy to the sufferings and reverses of Napoleon. But perhaps there are some considerations which time will reiterate and admit hereafter, in excuse of the turbulent ambition which of himself made its last and greatest victim. He was at the head of a revolutionary country, of a restless and excited people; with power which was based on victories, and only by victory sustainable. He had none of the supports of the old tyrannies, to which his career gave the terrible shock they still so sorely suffer from. That solitary good may be remembered amid the disastrous errors and capital crimes he committed; some of which were doubtless forced upon him, by the alternative that so often, however falsely,

seemed to present itself, of unbounded supremacy or utter annihilation.

At any rate, the nearer the approach that is made to the really private recesses of Napoleon's life, the better we must think of his heart. It is the comfort of our common nature to feel this, not of him only, but of even worse military despots than he was. It is the charm of Mrs. Abell's book. Even in his best good humor, Napoleon could not always divest himself of a certain playful show of malice, and we have observed what first attracted him in Miss Balcombe. But there is less of it in her *Recollections* than in any we remember. Napoleon was ordinarily so much of an actor, even in private relations, that his heart was absolutely known to few. The good city of Paris made such peculiar claims upon him, that even as husband and father he was commonly at work with his *rôle*. But his first few months at St. Helena were favorable to sincerity. He had not lost the hope of a possible return to the world: the deepest anguish of his fall had not struck him: those questions which more than any other perplexed and confused his life—*What will history tell? What will posterity think? What will they say at Paris?*—had not been revived with added bitterness by his paltry disputes with Sir Hudson Lowe.

To these first few months Mrs. Abell's *Recollections* chiefly relate, and we have found in them a most lively, curious, and pleasing picture of Napoleon. There is in them a charming verisimilitude and warmth of feeling. They are written with the grace, cordiality, and unaffectedness, of a sensible, earnest, and accomplished woman.

THE FIRST EVENING AT MR. BALCOMBE'S.

"He then asked me to sing, and I sang, as well as I could, the Scotch song, 'Ye banks and braes.' When I finished, he said it was the prettiest English air he had ever heard. I replied it was a Scottish ballad, not English; and he remarked, he thought it too pretty to be English: 'their music is vile—the worst in the world.' He then inquired if I knew any French songs, and among others, 'Vive Henri Quatre.' I said I did not. He began to hum the air, became abstracted, and, leaving his seat, marched round the room, keeping time to the song he was singing. When he had done, he asked me what I thought of it; and I told him I did not like it at all, for I could not make out the air. In fact, Napoleon's voice was most unmusical, nor do I think he had any ear for music; for neither on this occasion, nor in any of his subsequent attempts at singing, could I ever discover what tune it was he was executing."

It is Bourrienne, we think, who observes in his ill-natured way that Napoleon never thought of singing or the chase, for neither of which had he the smallest natural taste, until he assumed the imperial purple. It was then, as he was showing the world the powers of empire which were born in him, that he resolved to exhibit himself no less fitted, as by instinct, for the pleasures supposed to be royal.

NAPOLEON'S HOWL.

"Shortly after his arrival, a little girl, Miss Legg, the daughter of a friend, came to visit us at the Briars. The poor child had heard such terrific stories of Bonaparte, that when I told her he was coming up the lawn, she clung to me in an agony of terror. Forgetting my own former fears, I was cruel enough to run out and tell Napoleon of the child's fright, begging him to come into the house. He walked up to her,

and, brushing up his hair with his hand, shook his head, making horrible faces, and giving a sort of savage howl. The little girl screamed so violently, that mamma was afraid she would go into hysterics, and took her out of the room. Napoleon laughed a good deal at the idea of his being such a bugbear, and would hardly believe me when I told him that I had stood in the same dismay of him. When I made this confession, he tried to frighten me as he had poor little Miss Legg, by brushing up his hair, and distorting his features; but he looked more grotesque than horrible, and I only laughed at him. He then (as a last resource) tried the howl, but was equally unsuccessful, and seemed, I thought, a little provoked that he could not frighten me. He said the howl was Cossack, and it certainly was barbarous enough for anything."

AN UNLOOKED-FOR ENEMY.

"He took a good deal of exercise at this period, and was fond of taking exploring walks in the valley and adjacent mountain. One evening he strolled out, accompanied by General Gourgaud, my sister, and myself, into a meadow in which some cows were grazing. One of these, the moment she saw our party, put her head down and (I believe) her tail up, and advanced *à pas de charge* against the emperor. He made a skilful and rapid retreat, and leaping nimbly over a wall, placed this rampart between himself and the enemy. But General Gourgaud valiantly stood his ground, and, drawing his sword, threw himself between his sovereign and the cow, exclaiming, 'This is the second time I have saved the emperor's life.' Napoleon laughed heartily when he heard the general's boast, and said, 'He ought to have put himself in the position to repel cavalry.' I told him the cow appeared tranquilized, and stopped the moment he disappeared, and he continued to laugh, and said, 'She wished to save the English government the expense and trouble of keeping him.'"

BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.

"Napoleon then taking his hat, waved it suddenly before my eyes, and the shadow and the wind it made, startling me, I drew back my head: 'Ah, leetle monkee,' he exclaimed in English, 'you can see pretty well.' He then proceeded to tie another handkerchief over the first, which completely excluded every ray of light. I was then placed in the middle of the room, and the game began. The emperor commenced by creeping stealthily up to me, and giving my nose a very sharp twinge; I knew it was he, both from the act itself and from his footstep. I darted forward, and very nearly succeeded in catching him, but bounding actively away, he eluded my grasp. I then groped about, and, advancing again, he this time took hold of my ear and pulled it. I stretched out my hands instantly, and in the exultation of the moment screamed out, 'I have got you—I have got you; now you shall be blindfolded!' but to my mortification it proved to be my sister, under cover of whom Napoleon had advanced, stretching his hand over her head."

NAPOLEON'S ENGLISH.

"The emperor's English, of which he sometimes spoke a few words, was the oddest in the world. He had formed an exaggerated idea of the quantity of wine drunk by English gentlemen, and used always to ask me, after we had had a party, how many bottles of wine my father drank, and then laughing, and counting on his fingers, generally made the number five. One day, to annoy me, he said that my countrywomen drank gin and brandy; and then added, in English, 'You laike verree mosh dreenk, Mees, sometimes brandee, geen.'"

Our concluding extracts are from the sadder time of the residence at Longwood.

"The officer first appointed to exercise surveillance over him when at Longwood was a Captain Poppleton, of the 53rd regiment. It was his duty to attend him in his rides, and the orders given on these occasions were, 'that he was not to lose sight of Napoleon.' The latter was one day riding with Generals Bertrand, Montholon, Gourgaud, and the rest of his suite, along one of the mountainous bridle-paths at St. Helena, with the orderly officer in attendance. Suddenly the emperor turned short round to his left, and spurring his horse violently, urged him up the face of the precipice, making the large stones fly from under him down the mountain, and leaving the orderly officer aghast, gazing at him in terror for his safety, and doubt as to his intentions. Although equally well mounted, none of his generals dared to follow him. Either Captain Poppleton could not depend on his horse, or his horse was unequal to the task of following Napoleon—and, giving it up at once, he rode instantly off to Sir George Cockburn, who happened at the time to be dining with my father at the Briars. He arrived breathless at our house, and, setting all ceremony aside, demanded to see Sir George, on business of the utmost importance. He was ushered at once into the dining-room. The admiral was in the act of discussing his soup, and listened with an imperturbable countenance to the agitated detail of the occurrence, with Captain Poppleton's startling exclamation of 'Oh! sir, I have lost the emperor.' He very quietly advised him to return to Longwood, where he would most probably find General Bonaparte. This, as he prognosticated, was the case, and Napoleon often afterwards laughed at the consternation he had created."

The result of this absurd and dishonorable, because quite unnecessary, system of espionage is well known. Napoleon forebore his exercise and fell into the illness which ended with his life. Mrs. Abell thus describes the view from Longwood and one of his "favorite pastimes."

"On the opposite side, the eye rested on a dismal and rugged-looking mountain, whose stupendous side was here and there diversified by patches of wild samphire, prickly pears, and aloes, serving to break but slightly the uniform sterility of the iron-colored rocks, the whole range of which exhibited little more than huge apertures of caverns, and overhanging cliffs, which, in the early years of the colonization of the island, afforded shelter to herds of wild goats. I remember hearing Madame Bertrand tell my mother, that one of Napoleon's favorite pastimes was to watch the clouds as they rolled over the highest point of that gigantic mountain, and as the mists wreathed themselves into fantastic draperies around its summit, sometimes obscuring the valleys from sight, and occasionally stretching themselves out far to sea, his imagination would take wing, and indulge itself in shaping out the future from these vapory nothings."

She was herself witness to another of the resources left him:

"We found him in the billiard-room, employed looking over some very large maps, and moving about a number of pins, some with red heads, others with black. I asked him what he was doing? He replied that he was fighting over again some of his battles, and that the red-headed pins were meant to represent the English, and the black to indicate the French. One of his chief amusements was going through the evolutions of a lost battle, to see if it were possible by any better manœuvring to have won it."

Her account of the change in his appearance after this change in the habits of his life, is melancholy in the extreme. "His face was literally the

color of yellow wax, and his cheeks had fallen in pouches on either side his face. His ankles were so swollen that the flesh literally hung over his shoes; he was so weak that without resting one hand on a table near him, and the other on the shoulder of an attendant, he could not have stood." So he passed the last three wretched years of his life: finding in occasional tidings of generous sympathy and kindness from Holland House, the solitary ray of hope that broke across the gloom.

"Napoleon, when speaking of her ladyship, always called her 'La bonne Lady Holland,' and expressed himself very grateful for her kindness and attention to him, when abandoned by the world in that desolate island. He remarked that all the members of the family of the great Fox abounded in liberal and generous sentiments. In speaking of that statesman he used to say, 'He was sincere and honest in his intentions, and had he lived, England would not have been desolated by war; he was the only minister who knew the interests of his country.'"

We shall be glad to learn that Mrs. Abell's pleasing little volume has been as successful as it deserves to be.

From the Spectator.

MR. HAY'S WESTERN BARBARY.

MR. HAY, a son of the British consul at Tangier, undertook a tour to the Sheikh of the most famous tribe of Arab horse-dealers in Morocco, with the object of purchasing a barb for the queen. The expedition was not immediately successful; owing, as the chieftain informed Mr. Hay privately, to the insecurity of property; less care being now taken of the breed, as the emperor paid them the compliment of selecting any remarkable animal, forgetting to pay for it. But if her majesty was disappointed in the barb, it was the means of procuring Mr. Hay's book; which so far as the lieges are concerned is a better thing.

The tour of the gentleman in search of a horse was not very extensive; reaching only from Tangier to LARAICHE, or EL ARACHE,* a decayed seaport town on the Atlantic, lying between Tangier and the once dreaded Sallee. Neither were his personal adventures very considerable; involving little more than some sporting-scenes, the incidents of the road among as wild a people as exists short of savageness, and the novelty of the characters he encountered. The interest of Mr. Hay's narrative arises from his lively though rather artificial mode of recounting, and still more from his thorough knowledge of the language and manners of the people, among whom he has been in a measure bred. To a certain extent, the tour is a means by which Mr. Hay puts forward his observations upon Moorish character, and exhibits Moorish manners and superstitions. Scarcely has the party left the town when they are overtaken by a traveller: they salute each other after the old Spanish fashion; journey together; and the stranger tells the tale of a celebrated robber, curiously illustrative of Moorish life and romance. By-and-by, the consular party fall in with a band of hunters, whom they join; and after their sport, as they sit round the repast, they tell their tales of the chase; the "son of the English" contributing a former adventure, which had made some noise among the Nimrods of Western Barbary. In this manner the whole

journey proceeds; its narrative frequently varied by the introduction of native story-tellers and their stories, or by Mr. Hay's reminiscences of former adventures, or anecdotes of Moorish life. This, no doubt, gives somewhat of an artificial character to the composition; and Mr. Hay's manner, as we have said, is not quite free from that defect; but it dramatizes the character of the people, and the book is animated, varied, readable, and fresh. We are made to apprehend the Moors better. We see more fully some of those traits which Shakspeare infused into Othello, and which he most probably derived orally from traders to Morocco or returned captives. The following example at first sight looks like a piece of obdurate revenge; but it really seems to have been dictated by a barbarian sense of duty. "No, Heaven forefend! I would not kill thy soul."—"Nought I did in hate, but all in honor."

EXECUTION IN MOROCCO.

Another instance of capital punishment was attended with the following singular circumstances. A Moor of the village of Sharf, had shot with a pistol, in the market at Tangier, a fellow-villager, whom he suspected of being too intimate with his wife. The brother of the murdered man set out immediately for Meknas, where the Sultan was then residing, and claimed the life of the murderer. The Sultan heard the case; acknowledged the justice of the demand; and summoning the plaintiff into his presence, delivered the following curious decision.

"We grant you our permission to take the life of the murderer of your brother with the same instrument of death with which he was assassinated, and on the same spot, and at the same hour of the day. But," added the sultan, "why seekest thou also to be a manslayer? Accept the price of blood, which is lawful unto true believers, and we will guarantee you its payment from our Shereefian hands, and two hundred mitzâkel shall be the sum."

To this the plaintiff replied, "Can that sum purchase me a brother?"

"Go thy way," said the Sultan; "we have heard and understood: a letter will be given you by the vizier in which our mandate shall be written."

Furnished with the sentence of death, the man returned to Tangier, and presented it to the governor.

On the same day of the week and at the same hour, the murderer was brought out of prison, and seated on the very spot where he had taken his fellow-villager's life, while crowds of people attended to witness his death.

The pistol was now given to the brother of the murdered man; when, having loaded it, he went up to the criminal, walked slowly in a circle round him, and said, "In the presence of God and man, I call upon you to answer me truly: didst thou slay my brother?"

To this the criminal replied, "I did."

One of the multitude, now stepping forward, addressed the brother of the murdered man: "Accept the price of blood," said he, "and I promise you one hundred ducats in addition, which those here assembled will gladly give."

"Worthless words," said the villager; and again he walked round his victim. Again he asked him the same question, and again the same reply was given. A second offer was now made, of two hundred ducats; and again the villager, walking round the criminal, repeated his question, adding, "Say what thou believest; I am about to take thy life."

"That God is God, and Mahomed is the prophet of God!" responded the criminal.

Hardly were these words out of his mouth, when the pistol was discharged. It had been placed at the small of his back, being the same spot where he had shot

* In some older maps it figures as "Arrais."

the man for whom he was now about to die: but the wretched criminal, although mortally wounded, did not expire for some hours.

From other stories in the book, this certain punishment, it would appear, chiefly obtains for murder in towns. Had the first man been wily enough to shoot his victim in the country, no one would have interfered, as involving a blood-feud; and the next of kin might have watched his opportunity to shoot the murderer with impunity, till some one else killed him in turn. From a slightly marked trait in one tale of a blood-avenger, this custom seems of itself enough to keep a people backward in the most necessary arts, and totally opposed to learning and science, which require leisure and a free mind. A gentleman with a blood-feud on his hands seems to have quite enough to do to look about him, without occupying his mind with abstract speculations.

The principle involved in the following anecdote is not new, but it shows the difficulties to be contended with in Morocco by a gentleman in search of a horse.

THE ARAB AND HIS BARB.

It is not always that the Arab is ready to part with his horse, if a good beast, whatever price may be offered; though money among the degraded people of Morocco will work miracles. A circumstance which proved this occurred to me about four years ago, when accompanying poor John Davidson some few days' journey into the interior.

As we were proceeding between Mehedee and Rabat, we were joined by a troop of mounted Arabs, one of whom was riding a mottled gray, the handsomest barb I ever saw.

Riding up to the man, I entered into conversation with him; and having put him in good humor by praising his steed, I told him I would make him rich if he would sell me the mottled gray.

"What is your price?" said the Arab.

I offered a hundred and fifty *mitzâkel*, about twenty pounds sterling; a large sum in the interior.

"It is a good price," said the Arab; "but look," said he—and he brought his horse on the other side of me—"look at this side of him; you must offer more."

"Well, come," I said, "you are a poor man and fond of your horse; we won't dispute about the matter; so give me your hand. What say you? two hundred?"

"That is a large price, truly," said the Arab, his eyes glistening; and I thought the horse was mine. But my eagerness, I suppose, had been too apparent; so the Arab thought I might go still further; and, shaking the bridle off he went at full speed. The mottled gray curled its tail in the air, and vanished to a speck in no time. I turned to speak to Davidson, and the next moment the Arab was at my side; and, patting the neck of his gray, he said, "Look at him—see—not a hair is turned! What will you give me now?"

Davidson prompted me to offer even four hundred ducats rather than let the animal go. Again I began bargaining, and offered three hundred. On this the Arab gave his hand, and, thanking me, said,—“Christian, I now can boast of the price you have offered; but it is in vain that you seek to tempt me, for I would not sell my horse for all the gold you or any other man possesses.” Having said this, he joined his companions.

Calling the kaid or chief of our escort, I asked him if he knew the rider of the gray; adding, that I supposed he must be rich, as he had refused so large a sum. The kaid said, “All I know is, that he is a great fool; for he possesses nothing in the world but that horse, which he bought when a colt, selling his tent, flocks, and even his wife, to buy it.”

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I remember, on one occasion, travelling in this country with a companion who possessed some knowledge of medicine: we had arrived at a dooar, near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the “rebellers against God.” My friend, who spoke a little Arabic, turning round to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said, “Who taught you that we are disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer, and judge for yourselves;” he then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed—“May God curse me, if ever I curse again those who hold such belief; nay more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold.”

MOORISH ART OF INGENUOUSLY TORMENTING.

The most horrible tortures are resorted to for forcing confession of hidden wealth. The victim is put into a slow oven, or kept standing for weeks in a wooden dress; splinters are forced between the flesh and nail of the fingers; two fierce cats are put alive into his wide trousers, and the breasts of his women are twisted by pincers. Young children have sometimes been squeezed to death under the arms of a powerful man, before the eyes of their parents.

A wealthy merchant at Tangier, whose *auri sacra fames* had led him to resist for a long time the cruel tortures that had been employed against him, yielded at length to the following trial: he was placed in the corner of a room wherein a hungry lion was chained in such a manner as to be able to reach him with his claws, unless he held himself in a most constrained and unnatural position.

It may gratify equestrian loyalists to learn that a horse was at last obtained for the queen. In consequence of our author's visit to the Sheikh of Ibdowa, a young filly was subsequently sent to Tangier, unexceptionable in her points, but unbroken, and of so violent a temper that Mr. Hay nearly broke his neck in trying to break her in. She was therefore deprived of the high honor intended for her. His father, the consul, then took up the matter; and the veteran succeeded, in the course of a mission, on which he was sent to the emperor.

From the Examiner.

Here is an original and very delightful book of travels and adventures, such as Mr. Murray might have issued in a large two-guinea quarto some five-and-twenty years since, published in a small two-columned quarto for half a-crown.

Mr. Hay, whose father has been many years British Consul-General at Tangier, undertook the brief expedition which forms the groundwork of this volume, “for the purpose of procuring for her Majesty Queen Victoria, a barb of the purest blood from some of the breeders of horses in the region round Larache.” The barb he failed to find; but he saw such striking pictures of wild Arab life, heard so many curious anecdotes of the various tribes in that little-visited region, and has recorded what he heard and saw with so much liveliness and spirit in this pleasant book, that his equine failure is more than amply compensated.

Mr. Hay had the enormous advantage of a previous intimate acquaintance with the language and character of the Barbary tribes. Availing himself of his residence at Tangier he had hunted in the interior, made himself at home among its wandering troops of sportsmen, knew their Mogrebbin

thoroughly, and was already half a Moor. Mr. Borrow's relish for the gypsy slang, was not greater than Mr. Hay's for the romantic Arab exaggeration. We suspect him of anything but a perfect distrust of even those conversational powers of lions, boars, and hyenas, which his Moorish friends and fellow-travellers here so happily commemorate.

The tale of the Boar and two Lions is told in the best Borrow manner. The narrator is a hale, hoary old hunter, with more than eighty winters on his head, whom Mr. Hay's escort met in the thick of a boar-chase, amidst wild cries to the dogs to keep clear of the boar in which the old man's voice was the loudest. *My children—My dearest—Take care—He sees you—He is an Infidel—A Nazarene—He will have his revenge—None but the one God—*were this Nimrod's endearing cautions to his canine friends. The tale afterwards told is a reminiscence of his youth. He was on the watch one moonlight night, he says, by a rock which overhung a marsh, when the marsh was entered by a noble, stately, magnificent boar.

"I could now see by the bright moon, as he neared my station, that his bristles were white with age, and his tusks gleamed like polished steel among the dark objects round him. I cocked my gun, and waited his approach to the fountain.

"Having whetted his ivory tusks, he began to root; but he appeared to be restless, as if he knew some enemy was at hand; for every now and then, raising his snout, he snuffed the air.

"I marvelled at these movements, for as the breeze came from a quarter opposite to my position, I knew I could not be the object of the boar's suspicions.

"Now, however, I distinctly heard a slight noise near the edge of the marsh: the boar became evidently uneasy; and I heard him say with a clear voice, for you must know they were formerly men, 'I hope there is no treachery.'

"This he repeated once or twice, and again began to root."

The boar's suspicion is quite correct. A huge lion was all this while creeping, cat like, towards him. The battle that ensued is then splendidly told, up to the burying of the boar's triumphant and victorious snout in the lion's body. Whereupon—the old hunter continues—

"Blood indeed flowed from the sides of the boar, but his bristles still stood erect as he triumphed over the sultan of the forest, and now he seemed to be getting bigger and bigger. 'God is great!' said I, as I trembled with dread: 'he will soon reach me on the rock.' I threw myself flat on my face, and cried out 'There is no other God but God, and Mohamed is his prophet!' I soon recovered my courage, and looked again. The boar had returned to his natural size, and was slaking his thirst in the fountain. I seized my gun, but, reflecting, said within myself, 'Why should I kill him? He will not be of any use to me; he has fought bravely, and left me the skin of a lion, and perhaps he may be a Jin; so I laid down the gun, contenting myself with thoughts of the morrow.

"The boar had left the fountain, and was again busied rooting in the marsh, when another slight noise, as of a rustling in the wood, attracted my notice, and I could perceive the smooth head of a lioness looking with surprise and horror at the body of her dead mate.

"What! treachery again!" said the boar in a low tone.

"God is great!" said the lioness: 'but he shall pay for this! What! a pig! an infidel! to kill a lion!

One spring, and I will do for him.' Having said these words, she advanced boldly. The boar stood prepared, grinding his teeth with rage. She paused, and again retreated to the wood, and I could hear her say, 'O God! all-merciful Creator! What an immense boar! what an infidel! what a Christian of a pig!'

"May God burn your great-great-grandmother," said the boar.

"On hearing the creature curse her parent, she again stopped, and, lashing her tail, roared with a voice that the whole wood echoed, and she said, 'There is no conqueror but God.'

"The boar stamped his hoofs, and gnashed his tusks again with rage; his grisly bristles, red with the blood of her mate, stood on end; then, lowering his snout, he rushed headlong against the lioness, who, springing aside, avoided the dread blow. A cloud came over the moon; I could not see distinctly, but I heard every blow of the paw and every rip of the tusk. There was a dead silence; again the cloud had passed, and the heavens were clear, and I saw the lioness with her fore paws on the body of the boar.

"I seized my gun, and aimed at her head; that was her last moment.

"The morning dawned. I descended from the rock. The claw of the lioness still grasped in death the body of the boar. Many severe wounds showed that the boar had again fought bravely."

A number of stories, given in the same rich style, beguile the way to Larache: the various narrators being set before us, vividly as the things they tell. The hero of the most important legends is one Alec Boufrakee, an immortal thief of Barbary; by the mingled humor and tragedy of whose adventures, the Turpins and the Sheppards are a long way distanced.

Of an interest and fulness hardly less rich are the personal adventures of Mr. Hay himself in the course of the expedition. But how he visits a Moorish Cid, and gets into a scrape at the great man's harem, and gets out of it, and at last, after other escapes of as hair-breadth fineness, sits down in the thatched dwelling of the Sheikh of the tribe of Ibdowa, where he had reason to expect he should find the pure barb he was in search of—we have no time to tell the reader.

"During breakfast I spoke to the sheikh of the wonders of my own country; and told him, to his astonishment, that we had many millions of Mahomedan subjects within our dominions; that our sultan was a young damsel, and that all the vast British empire was under her command. The old sheikh laughed heartily at the idea of a maiden sovereign, and asked if she was pretty, and if she appeared before men. I then gave a description of our queen; and told him her Majesty had eyes like a gazelle and lips of coral, and that she could marry whom she pleased.

"Upon this the Arab said, 'Why does not the Sultan of Morocco, Mulai Abderrahman, ask her in marriage?'

"A party of mounted Bedouins galloping up interrupted our conversation, and relieved me from the necessity of answering this difficult question.

"The horsemen proved to be a son of the sheikh and his attendants, on their way to a marriage some half-day's journey from the Doar of Ibdowa. They were all superbly dressed; their garments presenting a great contrast to their daily attire, which is in general of a mean appearance.

"The sheikh, pointing to his son, who was a particularly handsome youth, said, 'I have a good mind to send Abdallah to England. He is of Shereefian descent. Who knows but your sultana might order him to wed her!'

Abdallah has lost his chance in that respect. But he should visit us notwithstanding. Why should n't he be welcomed as warmly as other particularly handsome, and not so harmless, potentates. He seems to us to be just as well entitled to see our races, our review, and our Sheriff Moon, as they are.

Mr. Hay, speaking from experience of a long residence in Tangier, gives but a sorry account of it.

"Such is the ignorance of European art among all classes in this country, that, some years ago, a resident of Tangier having in his possession an astronomical telescope which inverted the objects, and having exhibited it to some Moorish neighbors, it was bruited about that the Nazarene possessed a glass through which he looked at the Moorish women on their terraces, and that this instrument had the power of turning the ladies upside down! Information was sent to the court, showing the impropriety of Christians being allowed to make use of such magic art; whereupon a mandate was despatched from the sultan to the governor of Tangier, directing that the importation of such instruments should be strictly prohibited."

From the Spectator.

WILLIAM HOWITT'S GERMAN EXPERIENCES.

It is known, from the nature and dates of their works, that the Howitts have resided in Germany for some years past, with the object, we now learn, of educating the children. During their sojourn, much was seen of German domestic life, and what may be termed daily business character, and many observations made upon the regulations and influence of the governments, which could not well be introduced into their generally descriptive books, but were too important to be lost. Mr. Howitt has therefore determined to methodize his German experiences; addressing himself as well to those who stay at home as to those who contemplate a residence in the country.

The part addressed to the intended sojourner in Germany is by far the most specific and practical, though rather tainted by a bitter controversial-like spirit. The conclusion to which Mr. Howitt comes is, that no advantage is obtained by a residence in Germany, except for the education of children. This is gotten so cheap that the saving you can make in your living, slender as it is, pays for the education, leaving this item clear gain to a family; and so good that the like could not be obtained in England for boys under 100*l.* a year, or 80*l.* a year for girls. Our author then proposes suggestions for having something like a similar economy in different parts of England where rent is cheap; forgetting that the circumstances of the country do not run in curricula. In Germany he recommends a day-school. The saving in a boarding-school there is not so much; and pay what you will, you cannot have the domestic management and the food which English children require and pine for. Mr. Howitt most emphatically, and it would seem justly, enters his caveat against placing the young at a foreign boarding-school; but boarding-schools are what he evidently contemplates for England. Again, as regards modern languages, it is not the masters, but the constant conversation of children with one another, that gives a practical mastery; so with music, it is not the mere lesson, but the musical atmosphere of the

country that makes the ready musician. These advantages, scheme as you may, cannot be obtained in England; whence it follows, that if you want a German education you must go to Germany. In gaining this, we fancy that the national characteristics for athletic exercises and manly sports will be lost, as well as manliness of character. According to Mr. Howitt, a German is not a free man, either civilly, politically, or in the commonest domestic acts. He would seem to be incapable of *doing* anything except smoking, dancing, and drinking, without the interference of the police; and perhaps all those may be done according to rule. Bury and marry he clearly cannot without orders; and these are the regulations touching so small a thing as gunnery in miniature.

POLICE INTERFERENCE IN GERMANY.

An Englishman is just arrived in a German town, with half-a-dozen youths under his care, for the finishing of their education. Some of these youths are nearly grown to manhood. They have their guns and pistols, and practise at a mark, or at birds, in their tutor's garden. A flock of sparrows settles on a tree; they fire at them. A man in a neighboring garden raises his head, and gazes sternly and significantly at them. Presently arrives a policeman, with a long printed paper of regulations against the shooting of birds, with all the pains and penalties. The youths lay aside the fowling-piece, and amuse themselves with shooting at the sparrows with pellets of putty, sent from a sarbacan or blow-gun, blown by the mouth. Presently appears again the grave servant of justice, with another long printed paper, showing how strictly it is forbidden to kill *singing*-birds, with a list of those which are decided by the wisdom of government to be singing-birds, and the various fines for such offences, mounting up in severity from a tomtit to a nightingale, the penalty for whose death is five florins, or 8*s.* 4*d.* Guns and blow-guns being thus spiked by the police, the unfortunate youths betook themselves into the open wood behind the house, where they supposed they could molest no one, and amused themselves with firing at a mark with a pistol. At the very first crack, however, out steps a wood-policeman, in his long drab coat with green collar, seizes the pistol, pockets it, and walks off. Astounded at this proceeding, the youths for some time desisted from all sorts of shooting; but, tempted one day by a handsome brass cannon in a shop-window in the city, (what do these shopkeepers sell little brass cannon for?) they immediately conclude that with cannons you may shoot. People do not shoot singing-birds, at all events, with *cannon*. They therefore bought the cannon; and to avoid all possible offence, they carried it into the mountains, and far up there, in a rocky hollow, they commenced firing their cannon at a mark on the wall of a precipice. Bang goes the little cannon, back it flies with the shock—out starts a policeman, and puts it in his pocket!

The patience of the youths was now exhausted. They demanded, "What! cannot we even fire a child's cannon?" The reply was, "Nein, das ist am strengsten verboten." "No, that is most strictly forbidden." The youths, with English spirit, protested against the seizure of their cannon. "Good! good!" was the answer, and the next day they were summoned to the Amt-house, and, on the clearest showing of the printed regulations, fined ten shillings.

Upon German honesty and truth Mr. Howitt cries nought, nought. An English family intending to settle is cheated from the beginning to the end of the chapter. The innkeeper opens the ball, though Mr. Howitt thinks him about the

fairest of the lot. The Commissionaire, who is feed all round, dupes you in all cases. Lodging-house-keepers cheat you if they can; they are sure to entrap you, from your ignorance of German law and usage. The tradesmen impose upon you; your servants fleece you at market, and rob you at home; whilst the bulk of the titled are "impertinent;" and every one in Germany in public function has a title, the statistics varying from one person in five in Bohemia to a general average of one in twenty-five; but as the wife derives a title from her husband, and little children may be put aside, the statistics can give no idea of German wealth in titles. German friends are of no use; they will give you no information, or rather they will give you false information; "German truth" consisting in telling lies for Germans. Your best chance consists in a knowledge of the language and of an English resident family. If there be one, and you know them not, still go; it is your only hope of learning anything accurately. But do what you will, you must pass a novitiate; it took William and Mary three years to beat down to German charges. After all, there are mysteries to the economist in German living, which seem as puzzling as the mystery of life to the physiologist.

"There is a mystery which always puzzles the English. The German professors and other official people have often notoriously small salaries. You are told, for instance, that a German professor, with an income of 2,000 gulden—that is, about 180*l.* per annum—can live very well. Men of this income are pointed out to you. They live in houses as good, they have a family as large, who dress as well as yours. You see them at all public balls, concerts, and other places of amusement. They make their annual pleasure-tour to the baths or elsewhere. They drive about in hired carriages very freely, go to all entertainments at any distance in them, and appear dressed excellently. The ladies have always plenty of jewelry; they dress in satins and velvets on these occasions, and at home they have stocks of clothes which astonish you. They, in fact, heartily despise the small stores of all English people. But you, who do not exceed these people in any apparent article of expense, and who do not indulge in many particulars which they do, find that, at the lowest ebb of your economical discoveries, you cannot live for less than 7,000 gulden; and compare this sum with the expenditure of any or all of your English acquaintances, and you find it is the average or below it. All are in wonder over the mystery of German management, and not a mortal can dive into it. After the most unwearied efforts on our parts for three long years, we leave the penetration of this standing arcanum to some future genius in discovery."

Harsh as are the conclusions of Mr. Howitt, we make no doubt they are founded on facts, sublimated by a fiery temperament. We only question whether he has allowed sufficient for foreign habits and customs, which being strange seem to many wrong; or for the manner in which different classes, much more different peoples, take advantage of one another and deem it "all fair." That fine sense of honesty which approaches honor only obtains among persons of the same grade as to sympathy, if not condition. Abstract justice, we fear, is an abstraction as regards classes, and is only to be found among individual minds.

The second part of the book extends to the government, institutions, jurisprudence, and state education of Germany; with some comparisons as

to what we have imported from that country and what we ought to have imported, as well as digressions touching centralization, free trade, and the condition-of-England question. It is of necessity much less useful to individuals than the first part, and in any sense its character is more mixed. There is a singular union of shrewd and able remarks, clothed in forcible language, with mere prejudices, expressed in the commonplaces of party cant, with a violence that almost approaches vulgarity.

JERUSALEM AT SUNSET.—We generally resorted to the city as the sun declined. Solemn, sepulchral, is the character then impressed on the mind. Here is a city still to the eye extensive and populous, but no voice arises from its wide area and the hills and valleys around. The evening breeze rustles among its hoary trees, sweeping sadly the bleak rocky surface of the ground. The red light glances over the city, touching its domes and minarets with a last dying gleam, and the dreary hills are broken into grand masses of purple and vermilion, while the glen below, where sleep millions of the sons of Israel, and the sad groves which shrouded the agony of Christ, are sinking into the shades of night.

Such is the hour to view Jerusalem, alone, seated under some ancient tree, memorial of her past burden of glory and guilt. Then, looking eastward over the far horizon of Moab and the desert, glowing in the sun's last rays, complete the indelible impressions of a scene that for its associations is unequalled in the world. Our survey of Olivet would be incomplete without visiting Bethany, (which is, in fact, at its eastern extremity,) the village to which Jesus so often retired to visit the hospitable family of Lazarus. The path continues from the crest of Olivet, and, as we lose sight of Jerusalem, presents us with a succession of pleasing landscapes. The approach is through the open cornfields: the white roofs of the sequestered village are seen among groves of olives, which mark nearly the extremity of cultivation, before we reach the solitudes of the desert. There are, on the right, the remains of a building of the middle ages, and on the bleak hill beyond the more extensive ruins of a castle or convent, overlooking the Dead Sea and the Moab mountains. In the village is shown a tomb which tradition has selected as that of Lazarus. The pilgrim will linger about this pastoral spot, recalling the walks through the corn-fields, where Jesus plucked the ears of corn by the wayside, or imagining the sister of Lazarus coming forth to meet him, and conduct him to the tomb of his friend. Of all the walks about Jerusalem, this to Bethany, over the Mount of Olives, is the most picturesque in itself, and the most pleasing in its recollections.—*Bartlett's Jerusalem.*

SONNET.

I GAZED upon a landscape—all delights
That Eden e'er comprised, yea more, were there;
But one thing lacked there—and a gloom like night's
Hung o'er that prospect, in itself so fair.
The sun burst forth!—then temple, tower, and town,
Rock, stream, lake, hill—as if with rapture rife—
Glory and gladness from his face drew down,
Caught the glad ray, and kindled into life!
Even so, methought, in skies more clear than these,
In scenes more fair, 'mid pleasures more profound,
Something would lack—nor heav'n itself would
please
With glory's source, were not its glories crowned;
One thing were wanting—heav'n had yet a need
Till God shone forth!—then heav'n were heav'n
indeed!

"OUR ANCIENT INSTITUTIONS."—Freemen! one of the toasts proposed the other evening at the conservative dinner, at Covent Garden, was Our Ancient Institutions. Punch very much questions if those who drank it knew what they were drinking. By this, he means no insinuation against the wine; although he will confess, for himself, that he never dined at a public dinner yet at which he did not wonder what the port and sherry were made of. He would only ask whether, when Our Ancient Institutions were drunk, the company had any idea of what they swallowed! Because, if not, he begs to tell them, and, in case they are jolly fellows, the information may be worth having, that the said toast might be very advantageously subdivided into several others, which, celebrated with a bumper each, would go far to make any gentleman comfortable. He will just mention a few.

"The Forest Laws."

"The Feudal System; with the Power of Pit and Gallows."

"Trial by Battle and Ordeal;" which last toast might be coupled with "Speed the hot Ploughshare."

"The Application of Dental Surgery, for the increase of the Crown Revenues, to Gentlemen of the Hebrew Persuasion."

"The Statute De Hæretico Comburendo."

"Ditto, against Witchcraft."

"The Star-Chamber."

"The 'Peine Forte et Dure;' and Examination by Torture."

"Hanging, Drawing, and Quartering."

"The Penal Laws, with the Test and Corporation Acts."

"The good old Criminal Code, with its Punishment of Death for stealing a Yard of Muslin."

In connexion with the above, various accessory toasts, emblematical of the wisdom and goodness of our ancestors, so evinced in their institutions, might be proposed; as, "The Rack," "The Thumb-screws," and "The Scavenger's Daughter."—Punch.

THE GOOD EMPEROR.

Tho' shouts were rais'd for Nicholas, yet some *would* raise a doubt,
Whether he was great and good, or—only good for *knout*!—Punch.

PRIZE PREFACE.

EVEN as the farmer's wife, shaking in her apron the cereal grains, bringeth all sorts of fowl about her—now calling to cocks and hens, and now with her supper-voice charming doves and pigeons from cot and roof,—now making some distant goose give forth a hopeful gaggle, and now evoking even from ducks a hilarious quack,—even so hath Punch, shaking his purse of a hundred guineas to all men with pens—a hundred guineas, the reward of a prize preface to this his sixth volume—brought around him every sort of quill, now fluttering with hope, now tremulous for gold!

Alas! why cannot the resemblance continue? Why, like the aforesaid farmer's wife, cannot Punch shower liberal handfuls to all? Why hath he no more than one hundred guineas for one successful bird? In truth, if Punch, as his old friend Brutus once hinted, could

"Coin his heart and drop his blood for drachmas,"—he would have more than enough to satisfy all comers. His sympathies are unfathomable; but though deep, his pocket has a bottom.

Otherwise, how would he cast about him the golden grain to the quills stained to attempt the prize preface! He would throw a handful even to that gray old goose—an ex-minister. He would not withhold some recompense from yonder jackdaw, plump and glossy as he is with comfortable roosting in a church-tower; he would even scatter the grain to that flamingo, a field-marshal:—and how would he shower it down among the small birds that with timid, trembling wings, have answered to the call of—"PREFACE!" But Plutus is a tyrant, and permits Punch to give only one hundred guineas to one successful quill.

Prefaces, multitudinous as snow-flakes, have dropt into our letter-box. They have all been read by the judicial committee—whose names are given in the last page—and the prize declared. We are happy to state that we have received the permission of the writers to print the effusions herewith presented to the reader. A thousand others have passed into the purifying flames.

Each preface was sent with simply a motto, or quotation, to distinguish it. The selection being made, we now—with the consent of each writer—give his name.

LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

"Rude am I in speech."—*Shakspeare.*

Punch herewith publishes his sixth volume. If he were given to boast, amplify, exaggerate, accumulate, or heap words on words to his own glorification, he might here observe that he, above all men, has been the public's friend. That in the street or out of the street, orally or in print, sleeping or waking, eating or temperately drinking, his one, sole, single thought has been for the benefit of human nature, and never, directly or indirectly, for the base, foul, fetid soul-destroying threepence (fourpence stamped) at which his weekly sheet is given—(he may, indeed, looking at what it contains, say *given*)—to universal mankind. Punch might boast, but he never does! No; even his worst enemies—and he is proud to say *he has* enemies—the mean, the malignant, the envious, the crass, the wicked, and the corrupt—cannot lay their hands upon those hollow, burnt-out cinders, their hearts, and charge Punch with boasting. Neither can he fawn or gloze! But this he *can* do—he can, when it suits his purpose, rail at all people the same, and, like a humanameleon, forswear every shade of opinion, when for the moment he has ceased to wear it.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"I should be mad to write a Preface."—*Wellington's Speeches, slightly improved.*

"Field-Marshal Punch presents his sixth volume to the public. Field-marshal Punch believes it to be an admirable volume—his best yet. If, however, the public think differently, why, the public are welcome to do so."

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

"Master Surecard, as I think?"—*Shakspeare.*

Punch, in presenting his sixth volume to the consideration of the world, may be allowed to look proudly back at his career. If, in the course of his public life, he has now and then altered his opinion, he has never done so but, as he conceived,

for his own benefit. Neither has he, with a false and squeamish modesty, refused to avail himself of the measures of any man, or any set of men, when—time and place altered—he has deemed them conducive to his own advantage. He has levied a slight tax upon the income of the nation, which has been joyously paid. He will, whatever the nation may think to the contrary, continue to lay that impost. Having been “regularly called in” to prescribe for John Bull, he is determined to make the most of his appointment. God save the queen, and no money returned!

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, ESQ., M. P.

“Young Ben he was a nice young man.”—*Hood.*

All great deeds have been achieved by young men. Punch—as literary Punch—is, with his sixth volume, only three years old; yet what has he not accomplished! He hath taken the hearts of the nation captive! He hath, by his downright singleness of purpose—by his invincible yearnings for all that was pure, and genial, and actively benevolent in the spirit and institutions of the olden day—awakened throughout Great Britain a soul that is now wrestling with the craft, and sordidness, and miserable egotism of the mere money-changers. Under the influence of Punch, John Bull, like a wrinkled viper, will cast his skin, and—*exultans in suis viribus*—become young master England. Punch is only another of the long line of illustrious youth who, at certain seasons, have been sent for the world's health and progress. Look at Gargantua when he was only one day old! Consider master Betty when he numbered only eleven years! Forget not Hercules in his cradle! Ponder upon Clara Fisher at Drury Lane—Giulio Regondi at all the concert-rooms—and the Masters Collins, with their fiddles, at the Adelphi: Jack the giant-killer in times past—and the boy Jones of the present generation! All these names bear witness to the power of youth: and it is youth, and youth alone, that hath given to Punch the sovereignty he now holds.

It has been remarked by the surpassing author of the brilliant *Coningsby*, that the world, although it dreams not of the glory, is at the present time governed by the Hebrew mind! Punch can bear testimony to the fact. Once Punch wanted money. Who lent it him at sixty per cent.?—a Jew! Who sued him on a bill!—a Jew! Who arrested him!—a Jew! Who sold him up!—a Jew! These, however, are common events. The world, however, will be startled to learn that Punch himself—witness his nose—is a Jew! With this truth made manifest, truly, indeed, did the eloquent and deep-thoughted author of *Coningsby* declare that the world was “governed by the Jewish mind.” We shall publish our next volume in Hebrew.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

“Jack Sheppard is a thief, but he never told a lie.”—*Almsworth.*

This is Punch's sixth volume. It has cost us much labor, but the labor we take pleasure in gives medicine to annoyance. It is true we labor all the week, but how sweet is our repose on Sundays! Then with village maids we stray, where lo! the gentle lark sings most musical, most melancholy. Then returning to home, sweet home, with the pearls upon our brow, we sit us down and tell strange anecdotes of the deaths of kings. 'T was ever thus with us in childhood's hour; and, feeling that the boy is the parent of the adult animal,

thus shall we proceed. We have finished our sixth volume. To-morrow to fresh meadows and clover new! In six months more we shall say of our volumes, in the touching words of the poet,—“We are half-a-dozen and one.”

JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

“Wanted, a large house, handsomely furnished, in one of the squares.”—*Daily Advertisements.*

Punch, having finished his sixth volume, calls upon the gratitude of the public to do something for him; and, to save all confusion, will state what he wants. Namely, a house in Portland Square, his own freehold, handsomely furnished; cellar stocked with wines; an extensive library; and a liberal yearly income for condescending to accept the present. Direct to Punch's office, Strand. N. B. There must be a back attic made for Punch's dear friend, George Jones.

GENERAL TOM THUMB.

“Kings are partial to *lose* company.”—*Burke.*

This is our sixth volume. It is first-rate. It has, perhaps, one fault: it is printed, we guess, in too large a type. We shall endeavor henceforth to print it in a type so tarnation small, that it will require rather quick eyes to see its face. Having done this, Punch hopes to go ahead, and so, from his extreme littleness, to become an immense favorite at the palace.

We have now to give the names of the Reading Committee, with their verdict.

Reading Committee.

Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Denman, Lord Cottenham, Lord Campbell, Sir N. C. Tindal, Knt., Sir T. Coltman, Knt., Sir J. Parke, Knt., Sir James Follett, Knt., Sir John Patteson, Knt., Sir Lancelot Shadwell, Knt., Sir J. L. K. Bruce, Knt., Sir James Wigram, Knt.

“We, the Reading Committee, appointed by Punch to read the prefaces to his sixth volume, sent in by candidates for the prize of one hundred guineas, do hereby declare that the writer of the preface with the quotation, ‘*Rude am I in speech,*’ is, in our opinion, entitled to the prize, as containing the greatest amount of swagger in the fewest possible syllables. In testimony whereof, witness our hands:—

(Here follow the signatures.)

“Lovegroves, Blackwall, June 20th, 1844.”

Upon this, Punch immediately handed over the hundred guineas to the fortunate writer, as will be seen from the subjoined receipt:—

“LONDON, June 22, 1844.

“Rec'd of Mr. Punch one hundred guineas.
£105.0.0. BROUGHAM.”

Extract from a review in the *Athenæum*.

Excursion through the Slave States of America.
By G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, F.R.S.,
F.G.S. 2 vols. 8vo. Murray.

A SAD change has been wrought in the feeling with which Englishmen were accustomed to regard the people of the United States. Some few years ago, in spite of trifling disputes and petty jealousies, the English people felt an honorable pride in the progress of their brethren beyond the Atlantic; they saw them subdue the forest, and conquer the wilderness; they beheld them display the unequalled energies of the Saxon race triumphant over difficulties, before which every

other branch of the great human family had quailed, and they trusted that whatever of frailty and whatever of evil had intruded into their hasty institutions, would be gradually got rid of by the advance and the diffusion of knowledge and by the increase of experience. It was natural to believe that, however difficult reform might be in an old country, where the abuses that intertwine with institutions, from vested interests, which, like the parasitical plants that clasp an ancient tree, cannot always be removed without endangering that to which they have been attached; in a new country, where such abuses had not had time to take root, and where unlimited extent of territory afforded room for transplanting whatever improvement might have disturbed, the march of reformation would proceed unimpeded, and the final triumph of sound principle be ultimately secured. We have not abandoned this hope; in spite of repudiation, of slavery, of ruffian violence substituted for the administration of justice, of coward rule afraid to repress crime, and of the fatal desire of territorial acquisition, indulged in open violation of the first principles of international law, we have still confidence in the indestructible elements of the Anglo-Saxon character; we still believe that the United States is destined to work out the noblest of all triumphs, that of self-cure and self-redemption.

There is one great obstacle to such a renovation; there is a fatal element of degeneracy, which has proved the ruin of every free state that has a name in history, and which in America overmasters every other principle, and that is the insatiable craving of the people for adulation, and their demand for flattery more gross, fulsome, and extravagant than ever found place even in Grecian panegyrics. He is no friend to America or the Americans, who thus panders to the pride and prejudice of the "sovereign people;" he is no true lover of freedom who conceals the important truth that anarchy is not liberty; and he is no patriot that teaches his countrymen to be proud of profligacy. Mr. Featherstonhaugh declares himself a friend to the American nation, in which he has resided for more than thirty years; he speaks with evident regret of what he has seen to condemn, with warm eulogy of what he has found to approve; ten years have elapsed since he first began to prepare his notes for publication, and during that period he has corrected the hasty results of first observations by reflection; and a comparison of his statements with those of more recent travellers, and with the official documents issued by the Southern States, leads us to believe that his volumes contain an honest description of the condition of society in the slave-holding States south of the Potomac. Mr. Featherstonhaugh explored this country as a geologist, and the scientific results of his researches occupy a large portion of these volumes. Interesting as these are, we turn from them to his sketches of public and private life, which go far to prove the truth of the Aristophanic adage that "a self-flattered democracy is likely to turn into an aristocracy of blackguards."

It must be mentioned, to the honor of Tennessee, that it has taken the lead in patronizing science, by appointing a state-geologist and naturalist. The appointment is held by Dr. Troost, an eccentric Dutchman, whose passion for all animals of the serpent kind is carried to the wildest extravagance:—

"Everything of the serpent kind he has a particular fancy for, and has always a number of them—

that he has tamed—in his pockets or under his waistcoat. To loll back in his rocking-chair, to talk about geology, and pat the head of a large snake, when twining itself about his neck, is to him supreme felicity. Every year in the vacation he makes an excursion to the hills, and I was told that, upon one of these occasions, being taken up by the stage-coach, which had several members of Congress in it going to Washington, the learned doctor took his seat on the top with a large basket, the lid of which was not over and above well secured. Near to this basket sat a Baptist preacher on his way to a great public immersion. His reverence, awakening from a reverie he had fallen into, beheld, to his unutterable horror, two rattlesnakes raise their fearful heads out of the basket, and immediately precipitated himself upon the driver, who, almost knocked off his seat, no sooner became apprized of the character of his ophidian outside passengers than he jumped upon the ground with the reins in his hands, and was followed instanter by the preacher. The 'insides,' as soon as they learned what was going on, immediately became outsides, and nobody was left but the doctor and his rattlesnakes on the top. But the doctor, not entering into the general alarm, quietly placed his greatcoat over the basket, and tied it down with his handkerchief, which, when he had done, he said 'Gentlemen, only don't let dese poor dings pite you, and dey won't boort you.'"

The doctor's museum contains many interesting Indian antiquities, some of which tend to throw light on the connexion between the ancient Mexicans and "the people of the mounds:"—

"Amongst his Indian relics I observed some (I had seen fragments of a like kind found in the valleys near Sparta) bearing a close resemblance to the Mexican idols or Teutes. One of them was very interesting. Some portions of a large *Cassia cornuta*—a shell found near Tampico, in the Gulf of Mexico—had been broken away, and one of these images or idols was placed upon a point of the Columella as a kind of altar. This was found in Sequatchee Valley, in Bledsoe county, through which runs a tributary of the Tennessee, whose waters flow into the Mississippi. This Sequatchee Valley seems to have been a favorite resort of the Indians in old times, for it contains great numbers of their graves and monuments. When the language of the Cherokee Indians comes to be analytically examined, some affinities to the Aztec dialects may possibly be discovered; and it certainly is a fact of some importance to the inquirer after the origin of the Indians, that there are some points of resemblance between the Cherokees and Mexicans, and that the first had been seated, long before America was discovered, in warm sheltered valleys that debouched into rivers emptying into the Gulf of Mexico."

The mounds frequently came under Mr. Featherstonhaugh's notice, and he assigns strong reasons in confirmation of our opinion, (stated in the review of Bradford's "American Antiquities," *Ath.* No. 760,) that the builders of them were of the same race as the existing Indians of North America:—

"General Ashly, who perhaps possesses more practical information respecting the Indians than any other individual, assures me that he has found them in every possible situation in the remote countries adjacent to the Rocky Mountains; so that when we consider that one or more skeletons, accompanied with pottery and warlike weapons, have been found in all the mounds that have been opened, we may at any rate reasonably conclude that these structures were intended, in their origin as sepulchres for the eminent dead of the aborigines, and were to the In-

dians what the pyramids were to the ancient Egyptians, and the barrow to the races that inhabited England in times of yore. The ingenuity of the human race, before metals came into use, seems generally, and in situations the most remote from each other, to have been directed to the same contrivances; the ancient British raised the barrow over the chieftain, and placed an earthen vase slightly ornamented near the illustrious dead; the red Indian of North America did exactly the same thing; and not only are all the specimens of pottery found in these American barrows, which I have seen, whether in Tennessee, Missouri, or in the museums, made of sand and clay, and freshwater shells ground up, but they exactly resemble each other in their ornaments and form, and scarcely at all differ in the size and pattern. I possess many specimens of ancient British and American vases, that only differ from each other in the ingredients of which they are made. In the ancient British barrows the stone coffin, too, or kistvaen, is composed of six pieces of stone, just as the stone coffins near Sparta, in Tennessee. The remarkable diversity of dialects which has for a long time existed between the Indian tribes that inhabit North America, the rooted antipathy that one tribe often cherishes to another, and some striking differences which are to be observed in their customs, are facts which have led to the inference, with many persons, that the existing races have had a various origin; still their color, their skulls, and physiognomies, the close resemblance in their modes of sepulchre wherever found, the forms and materials of their vases, their mounds, their stone axes, arrow-heads, and the purposes to which they have been applied in all times, seem—independent of their traditions—to form an indelible link betwixt the ancient and existing races of Indians, and to prove that these last are but generations descended from the first; all these natural, artificial, and traditionary evidences betraying a connexion which cannot otherwise be proved in the case of savage people who have never had any permanent records."

From Major Sibley, who resided many years among the western Indians as agent of the United States, important information was obtained, which, if sufficiently authenticated, would decide this interesting and disputed question:—

"We soon got into a conversation about the lofty mounds I had seen, when he stated that an ancient chief of the Osage Indians, (corrupted by the French from *Whashash*.) informed him whilst he was a resident amongst them, that a large conical mound, which he, Major Sibley, was in the habit of seeing every day whilst he resided amongst them, was constructed when he was a boy. That a chief of his nation, who was a most distinguished warrior, and greatly beloved by the Indians, and who was called Jean Defoe by the French, unexpectedly died whilst all the men of his tribe were hunting in a distant country. His friends buried him in the usual manner, with his weapons, his earthen pot, and the usual accompaniments, and raised a small mound over his remains. When the nation returned from the hunt, this mound was enlarged at intervals, every man assisting to carry materials, and thus the accumulation of earth went on for a long period until it reached its present height, when they dressed it off at the top to a conical form. The old chief further said that he had been informed and believed, that all the mounds had a similar origin; and that the tradition had been steadily transmitted down from their ancestors, that the *Whashash* had originally emigrated from the east in great numbers, the population being too dense for their hunting-grounds."

The disorganized condition of Missouri is described in very dark colors, and is illustrated by

anecdotes of brutality and open violence exhibited even in courts of justice. We turn from these sad scenes to a description of one of the most remarkable phenomena of the Western States:—

"A new and very interesting spectacle now presented itself, in the incredible quantities of wild pigeons that were abroad; flocks of them many miles long came across the country, one flight succeeding to another, obscuring the daylight, and in their swift motion creating a wind, and producing a rushing and startling sound, that cataracts of the first class might be proud of. These flights of wild pigeons constitute one of the most remarkable phenomena of the western country. I remember once, when amongst the Indians, seeing the woods loaded from top to bottom with their nests for a great number of miles, the heaviest branches of the trees broken and fallen to the ground, which was strewn with young birds, dead and alive, that the Indians in great numbers were picking up to carry away with their horses: many of their dogs were said to be gone mad with feeding upon their putrid remains. A forest thus loaded and half-destroyed with these birds, presents an extraordinary spectacle which cannot be rivalled; but when such myriads of timid birds as the wild pigeon are on the wing, often wheeling and performing evolutions almost as complicated as pyrotechnic movements, and creating whirlwinds as they move, they present an image of the most fearful power. Our horse, Missouri, at such times, has been so cowed by them, that he would stand still and tremble in his harness, whilst we ourselves were glad when their flight was directed from us."

Western Barbary: its wild Tribes, and savage Animals. By J. H. DRUMMOND HAY, Esq.

[Second Notice.]

We left the travellers on their arrival at Larache. "We rode through the gate," says Mr. Hay, "followed by an insolent mob, to whom we gave full permission to curse and swear at the Nazarenes, whilst they were out of hearing; but I deemed it expedient now and then to warn them of the Bashaw's displeasure, if any one dared 'to burn my grandfather'"—a common curse in West Barbary. The inhabitants are described as ill-favored, and very different from the generality of the Moorish race. Here is a mixture of the negro with the native blood, and they suffer greatly from intermittent fever. Mr. Hay took up his residence at the "consular agent's *Palacio*," for so are called the wretched habitations of the Jews, whose ancestors three hundred years since were iniquitously driven out of the Peninsula:—

"Dinner being announced, our host joined us at table, and, being a Rabbi, went through the usual forms and prayers in cutting bread and pouring out the wines, and on sitting down and rising up; all which looked much like *hocus pocus* to our 'heathen' minds. It was the Sabbath-even, and he could not touch fire nor hold a lighted candle. To such an extent, indeed, does this superstition prevail among these benighted children of Israel, that a poor young woman whose clothes had caught fire on a Saturday, and this in the midst of her family, among whom were several grown-up men, was obliged to rush into the street, and would have been burnt to death had it not been for the prompt assistance of some passing Moslem. * * While at dinner, our meal and talk were interrupted by the noise of a cymbal and the shrill yell of women, accompanied by the nasal shouts of the Hebrew tribe, who were conducting a bride to her betrothed; the procession stopped beneath our window, as a compliment to the strangers, who might

wish to see the finery of the happy damsel. She was, indeed, extremely pretty, and fair as purest wax: her 'Jew's eyes' were shut, but the eyelashes and eyebrows were all a bridegroom could wish. A blaze of torches surrounded her, and she was supported by her male relations. Every muscle of her countenance seemed immovably fixed in obedience to the rigid ordinances of her race; and the poor bride looked, as she proceeded on her way, more like an automaton than a living lass just about to be married. On her head was a tiara rich in pearls and other jewelry. Her dress was of crimson and gold cloth; and a necklace, bracelets, and anklets of a very antique form loaded her slender person. Her feet were *stockingless*, but were encased in gilded leathern shoes."

Mr. Hay tells an amusing anecdote in proof of the superstitious horror which the people have against Jews or Christians entering their mosques.—

"The clock of the '*Jamaa Kebeer*,' the great mosque at Tangier, being much out of order, needed some skilful craftsman to repair it. None, however, of the 'faithful' were competent to the task, nor could they even discover what part of the machinery was deranged, though many put forth their opinions with great pomp and authority; amongst the rest one man gravely declared that a *Jim*, or evil genius, had in all probability taken up its abode within the clock. Various exorcisms were accordingly essayed, sufficient, as every true believer supposed, to have expelled a legion of devils—yet all in vain: the clock continued dumb. A Christian clockmaker, 'a cursed Nazarene,' was now their sole resource; and such an one fortunately was sojourning in Tangier—the city protected of the Lord.' He was from Genoa, and of course a most pious Christian; how then were they, the faithful followers of the Prophet, to manage to employ him? The clock was fixed in the wall of the tower, and it was, of course, a thing impossible to allow the Kaffer to defile God's house of prayer by his sacrilegious steps. * * One proposed to abandon the clock altogether; another would lay down boards over which the infidel might pass without touching the sacred floor; but this was held not to be a sufficient safeguard; and it was finally decided to pull up that part of the pavement on which the Kaffer trod, and whitewash the walls near which he passed. The Christian was now sent for, and told what was required of him; and he was expressly commanded to take off his shoes and stockings on entering the *Jamaa*. 'That I won't,' said the stout little watchmaker; 'I never took them off when I entered the chapel of the most Holy Virgin,' and here he crossed himself devoutly, 'and I won't take them off in the house of your prophet.' They cursed in their hearts the watchmaker and all his race, and were in a state of vast perplexity. The wise Oolama had met early in the morning; it was already noon, and yet, so far from having got over their difficulty, they were in fact exactly where they had been before breakfast; when a grey-bearded Mueddin, who had hitherto been silent, craved permission to speak. The kaid and the kady nodded their assent. 'If,' said the venerable priest, 'the mosque be out of repair, and lime and bricks have to be conveyed into the interior for the use of the masons, do not asses carry those loads, and do not they enter with their shoes on?' 'You speak truly,' was the general reply. 'And does the donkey,' resumed the Mueddin, 'believe in the One God, or in Mahomed the prophet of God?' 'No, in truth,' all replied. 'Then,' said the Mueddin, 'let the Christian go in shod as a donkey would do, and come out like a donkey.' The argument of the Mueddin was unanimously applauded. In the character of a donkey, therefore, did the Christian enter the Mahomedan temple."

At Laraiche, Mr. Hay saw the only wheeled carriage he ever met with in Morocco:—

"When Prince Frederick of Hesse-Darmstadt arrived in 1839 at Tangier, whither he exiled himself for some months, his Highness brought with him two carriages, which looked like those of the time of our great-great-grandfathers. Finding that the local authorities objected to his making use of a wheeled vehicle in the town, he wrote to the Sultan, offering to pave the main street of Tangier, if permitted to use his carriages. The Shereefian monarch graciously consented, on condition that the Prince's vehicles were deprived of their wheels, as without that precaution the Protector of the Faithful feared that the lives of his loyal subjects would be exposed to imminent danger. Strange to say, the Prince followed this injunction to the very letter, and one of the carriages, deprived of its wheels, was borne as a litter between two stout mules."

We leave it to the consideration of our lady readers to say whether the following ought to be ranked among the barbarous customs of the country:—

"In the district of Bemin Sooar, a mountainous country, inhabited entirely by Berber tribes, there is one place, where, during the fair, a barter of a very curious kind takes place. This fair is held only once a year, and is chiefly resorted to for the purpose of bachelors finding wives, married men adding to their matrimonial treasures, and maidens or widows getting husbands. In fact, the whole affair resolves itself into the women selling themselves: but to escape the ignominy of such a procedure, the traffic is carried on in the following manner:—Each lady desiring to enter into wedlock, dresses herself in her best and most becoming attire, and taking with her a piece of cloth of her own weaving, sits down unveiled in the market-place. The men, both young and old, who are candidates for matrimony, parade about the market, examining the texture of the cloth displayed by the ladies, and scrutinizing at the same time their looks and behavior. Should the customer be pleased with the maiden, he inquires the price of the cloth; she replies by naming what she would expect as a dowry, and the amount of this she raises or depresses according as the candidate for her heart may please her, resorting to the demand of an exorbitant sum should she be averse to the purchaser. During this barter, the enamored swain is able, in some degree, to judge of her temper and character. If they come to an agreement, the parents of the girl are appealed to; and they have the right to assent or not, as they please. Should they assent, the parties adjourn to a public notary, the contract is made, and the purchased bride is carried off to her new home. In this traffic, widows are at a low price in general, and divorced ladies sell their cloths very cheap. The wife thus purchased cannot be resold, however much the purchaser may repent of his bargain. She is his *lawful wedded wife*, and retains the purchase money, which is her jointure or dowry. It is evident that this curious system of barter has been resorted to by these Mahomedan mountaineers as a means of evading the law of the Prophet, which interdicts all courtship before marriage."

We will now introduce the reader to an Arab tent and an Arab feast:—

"At sunset we reached Ain el Khâder, or the Green Fountain, the site of an encampment of the tribe of Ibdor. At this spot we pitched our tent, and were visited by a son of the sheikh, who, on the part of his father, invited us to dinner, which, he said, was all prepared and waiting for us. We accepted the invitation, and found our host within his tent, seated on a cushion covered with the skin of a Caracal lynx

which is said to possess one property of inestimable value in this country, to wit, that a flea will never settle on it: and close to this, fine sheep-skins had been placed for his guests. 'Welcome, welcome,' said the sheikh; and when we were seated, he added, 'Are your seats comfortable? Have you all you require? Are you satisfied?' I replied by pouring out a redundancy of blessings on him and all his family and race, especially his great-great-grandfather. All further conversation was cut short by one of his slaves, Abd el Habeeb, appearing with a Moorish table beautifully carved and painted in arabesque. It was of a circular form, about two feet in diameter, and raised some six inches from the ground, which, squatting as we were around it, was a very convenient elevation. Upon this table was placed a large Moorish bowl containing a thick soup, with some kind of vermicelli in it, and highly seasoned with red peppers. In the savory mess were four wooden spoons of grotesque form, with which we set to work most heartily. The next dish was a stew of beef, accompanied with slices of melon to sharpen the appetite; and then appeared the usual conical dish of kesksou. During the repast not a word was spoken, except it were the ejaculations of *Bismallah*, (in the name of God,) *al Handoo-billah*, (thanks to God,) or perhaps a *Saffee Allah*, (may God pardon me.) At length the Don and I were compelled to give up the attack upon the mountain of kesksou, to the evident sorrow and surprise of the sheikh, who, as well as the kaid, continued for a long time to assault it vigorously. The ample dish being at last removed, the sheikh at last broke silence: 'Truly, you Christians have made but a poor feast. You require pig—that is your proper food, I am told; and without it you do not thrive. They tell me too,' he added, 'that you milk your pigs: wonderful indeed it is how the Lord's creatures err!' 'Blessings upon your beard!' said I: 'what false ideas you Moslems have regarding the followers of Seedna Asia, (the Lord Jesus.) But let me talk with you about this meat of pig.' 'God forbid!' said the Arab; 'it is a sin even to think of it.' 'Sin to think of a pig?' said I, taking him rather quickly: 'Sin, do you call it? Tell me, O follower of the Prophet, who made the pig?' 'God,' replied the sheikh. 'Then,' said I, 'according to your account, God created sin.' The old sheikh reflected for a moment, and turning to the Mallem, said—'Of a truth the young Nazarene has entrapped me; I never heard it put in that way before.' * * Upon this he fell into a brown study. I had not, however, any great idea that I had made a convert, and, indeed, if I had, his next words would have dispelled the illusion. For still harping upon the 'father of tusks,' he said, almost with a sigh, 'I am told that there is only one part of the pig which is forbidden; but, unluckily, our prophet forgot to mention which. May God have mercy on us all!' 'Amen,' I responded; and we changed the conversation."

Mr. Hay has devoted a chapter to poor Davidson, who lost his life in the attempt to reach Timbuctoo. His speculations on the possible success of future travellers, confirm, on the very best authority, what has been often stated in the *Athenæum*—that the only chance is to go as a small trader:—

"Davidson started from the very first in a manner which tended to throw impediments in his way. He had published to the world his intended journey, and the fame of his coming was bruited about at Gibraltar long before he appeared, and that famous rock has always been a hot-bed for engendering mischievous reports, which, if connected in any way with Morocco, are sure to find their way over the Straits, and thence to the court at Morocco, in an exaggerated

and distorted form. He had been received at Gibraltar with great kindness by the authorities and inhabitants, and fêted during the time he was there, a compliment which the enterprising traveller well deserved; but such hospitality was ill-timed and unfortunate, for the greater the importance given at Gibraltar to his character and proceedings, the more impediments was he certain to meet with on the other side of the Straits: and thus it proved, for from that time he was looked upon by the Moors as an agent sent by the British government to inquire into the state of the country, its productions and capabilities, and it is more than probable they suspected that his mission was connected with plans of future conquest. Davidson brought with him a letter of recommendation from his Majesty William IV. to the Sultan of Morocco, stating that the object of his travels was purely scientific. The delivery of this letter to the Sultan was in itself an unwise measure, for it stamped the bearer as an agent of the British government, and consequently Davidson was looked upon with a jealous and suspicious eye by the Moorish court. The Sultan of Morocco little knows or cares about scientific pursuits. It would never enter into the mind of a Moor, not even the most enlightened, that any man would expose his life by travelling through the wild tracts of West Barbary, or attempt to penetrate into the land of deserts and death, solely for the love of travel and science. Gain, the Moor would argue, must be his object, and for this alone, would he conclude, the Englishman was travelling in countries where he exposed his life. To a like course of reasoning among the wealthy merchants of Fas and Táfilet may the death of the unfortunate traveller be attributed: these traders, and others of the principal towns of Morocco, have long held in their hands the monopoly of the trade of Northern Africa, consisting in gold-dust, ivory, ostrich feathers, &c. With what eyes must they then have viewed the man whom they considered the emissary of a great commercial nation, with whom these goods have long been an object of traffic! The natural inference of these Moors would be—This man is going into the interior to enter into an arrangement with agents there for sending the productions of the country to some more direct port of export than those of Morocco; and if he succeed in this object, he will destroy our trade. Impressed with views such as these, and callous in the commission of crime, it is easy to suppose that these traders would have endeavored to prevent, either by fair means or foul, the return of such a traveller to his own country, as his success might ensure their ruin."

So satisfied were those best able to judge of the dangers and difficulties of the journey, from a long residence in Morocco, of the impossibility of Davidson succeeding, under the circumstances adverted to, that they strongly advised him to return to England; to give out that he had abandoned the attempt, and remain quiet until it was forgotten; then to change his name, embark at London direct for Mogadore; there to start as a petty trader, and, having then established commercial relations with the traders of the interior, join a kafilá for the purpose of purchasing goods. "Had Davidson," says Mr. Hay, "prudently adopted measures such as these, he could have penetrated into the interior to Timbuctoo, or even farther if he had pleased; nobody would have heard of his journey, or if they had, they would not have thought it worth while to murder a mere petty trader of Mogadore, who did not interfere in any way with them, and who had every appearance of being a needy man, and of having, on that account, undertaken the journey himself, instead of sending an agent. * * I attribute the failure of all

our travellers in their attempts to penetrate into the interior of Africa to the notoriety with which their perilous journey has been undertaken, thus exciting the jealousy of both *natives* and *foreigners*. I have not much faith in Caillie's accounts: he may have been at Timbuctoo, but if he has accuracy as a draftsman, it does not appear to have been his forte. I showed to a native of Timbuctoo the sketch he gives of that town, and the man neither recognized the forms of the houses nor the situation of the town itself; although, on being shown other drawings of cities and villages with which he was also acquainted, he at once named the places which they represented."—*Athenæum*.

Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte Duchess of Orleans, &c.—[Briefe, &c., an die Raugræfin Louise.]

(Second Notice.)

WE cannot open our second notice better than with a sketch of Louis the Fifteenth, in the bud of promise:—

Our little king here is in perfect health, thank God! and has never been ill, indeed. He is very lively and never remains a moment in one posture. To tell the truth, he is quite an untamed child. They let him have just his own way in everything, for fear they should make him poorly; I am persuaded that if he was corrected, he would not be so passionate—but every one wishes to be in the king's favor, young as he is. * * He has a smart figure and a clever wit, but is quite a bad child; loves nobody except his former governess—no one else in the world—takes aversions to people without any cause, and loves to say something piquant. I am not in his favor; but that does not trouble me, for by the time when he will come to reign, I shall have left this world, and be independent of his caprice. * * When I tell my son to beware of ill-disposed people, he answers me with a smile, and says, "Vous savez bien, Made., qu'on ne peust eviter ce que Dieu vous a le tout temps destines, ainsi si je le suis a perir, je ne le pourrais eviter; ainsi je feres ce que qui est raisonnable pour ma conservation, mais rien dextraordinaire." My son has studied well, has a good memory, and knows how to talk on all subjects, speaks remarkably well in public; but he is a man, and has his faults, like others; yet all that is bad in him is only against himself, for towards everybody beside himself he is only too good. To your wishes for him I say, with all my heart, Amen.

Madame de Berri's style of diet is curious, and may find admirers:—

Madame de Berri eats little at dinner; but how is it possible that she should? for she lies in bed and eats a load of cheesecakes, of all sorts, and never gets up till twelve. Then, about two o'clock, she goes to the dinner-table, eats but little, withdraws about three, but takes no walk. At four they bring her salads, cheesecakes, and fruit; then, about ten, she goes to supper, and eats until twelve, goes to bed about one or two o'clock, and, to help her digestion, she drinks the strongest brandy.

To return to the promising young king:—

Our young king pays me every year a couple of visits, much against his own will; for he cannot bear me. I believe it is because I have twice said to him that it does not beseem a great king like himself to be so mutinous and opinionated. * * I don't believe there can be found such another clever and comely child in the world as our little infant princess: she has the reflections of a person of thirty. Yesterday she said, "On dit que quand on meurt à mon âge

qu'on est sauve et va droit en paradis; que je serois heureuse donc si le bon Dieu me vouloit prendre." I fear the child has too much understanding, and will not live long. One is quite frightened to hear her talk so. She has the prettiest manners in the world, is very fond of me, &c. &c. I am not on bad terms, just now, with the young king. I played a rare joke on his jealous tutors the other day. He had a fit of the windy colic, so I slipped a little billet into his hand. Marshal de Villeroi looked quite embarrassed, and asked me, very seriously, "Madam, what billet have you given the king?" I replied, that it was a recipe against the colic. "But none must prescribe remedies save the king's physician," said he. "Oh," said I, "Monsieur Dodart will approve of this, for it is only a little song. You can read it, if you like." So he read it.

We have often to take off the point from the anecdotes of the duchess—a process not very favorable, certainly, to a spirited translation.

Her love of gossip remained till her last days; and after her journey to the coronation of Louis the Fifteenth, at Rheims, when rapidly failing in strength, she still promises more news: "If God spare me till to-morrow, I will send you a full description of the coronation—nothing in the world could be more beautiful!" We regret that we cannot treat our readers with a richer banquet of the good things in this correspondence; but the honest duchess has not the art of giving to her stories those neat and innocent turns for which Autolycus was so famous in his songs. Instead of the graceful periphrases which the French supplies, the duchess preferred the use of German as plain and blunt as herself. We may take a few more specimens of gossip at random:—

It is a droll story this of the Duke de Chartres' marriage; but I must not send it by the post. By the bye, I have heard a story told, that at Metz, in the Reformed Church, a lady came to be married to such a mere boy that the parson said to her, "Pressentes vous cest enfant pour estre pabtisses?" So might it be said to the Countess of Limburgh with her eighteen-years-old husband.

Here we have a short notice of the widow of James the Second of England:—

I write to you to-day with a troubled heart, and all yesterday I was weeping. Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, the good, pious, and virtuous Queen of England died at St. Germain. She must be in heaven. She kept not a dollar for herself, but gave all away to the poor, maintaining several families. She never in her life did wrong to any one; and when you would tell her a story about anybody, she would say, "Si c'est mal de quelqu'un je vous prie ne me le ditte pas; je n'aime pas les histoires qui attaquent la réputation." She bore her misfortunes with the greatest patience, and not from simplicity, for she had a good understanding, was very agreeable in conversation, could laugh and joke very pleasantly. She often praised our Princess of Wales. I loved this Queen much, and her death has caused me much sorrow.

Whenever the duchess touches upon the character of Mad. de Maintenon, her German becomes energetic beyond our powers of translation:—

Such baseness as we have here was never known before in the world, I believe. It verifies the old German proverb, "Where the devil cannot get in, he sends an old woman;" for all the evil comes from that old Maintenon, who is eighty-four years old, and the Princess of Ursin, who is seventy-seven. These two old witches have made a conspiracy for my son's

destruction; the first because she would like to have her pet, the Duke de Maine, on the throne, and the second for no reason whatever, unless my son has told her that she is old. I am sure he has done her no other wrong; yet these two, with all their set, persecute my son detestably, and as long as they live he must expect no peace in the world.

"From gay to grave" the duchess makes easy transitions:—

A lady of quality, of the name of Henderson, fell ill at Maestricht, and lay in such a deep lethargy that she could neither move hand nor tongue, nor give any sign of life, only she could see and hear. They placed a great crucifix before her bed, with silver candlesticks, hung the room and her bed in black cloth, all according to Catholic customs with the dead; but when she heard them giving orders for the coffin to be brought, she made such an effort that her tongue was loosened, and she cried out, "Away with all this, and bring me something to eat and drink!" All who were in the chamber were so terrified that they tumbled over one another in a heap. The lady lived three years afterwards.

Here is a hasty outline of a domestic tragedy:—

I have known this woman of the name of La Persillie, who comes of good parentage, and had good property. You might easily see that she had been well educated, and she played very well upon the guitar. Even in her greatest fury of distraction, when she was for murdering everybody, if you could put the guitar into her hand, as soon as she began to play she recovered herself, and was calm again. The poor woman was crazed with sorrows, for she has had terrible misfortunes. Two brothers, whom she heartily loved, were assassinated in her presence. She had a husband, too, whom she loved, but he ran away with a worthless companion. She followed him as far as Copenhagen, but there he drove her from him, pretending that she was not his wife, but a crazy woman. These troubles, coming so closely one upon the other, made her crazy indeed. I pity her greatly. She was fond of me, and used to address me as "*Mon aimable*;" but whenever she came to see me I always had a guitar ready for her. Before she lost her senses, she suffered from severe head-aches, fancied that some one with the head of an ox ran against her head, and often exclaimed, "*Ah que cette teste de veau me fait mal*," &c.

The duchess suspected that the postmaster intercepted her letters. She might well be nervous about them:—

The Abbé Dubois (she says) declares that he has nothing to do with the post, but that it all belongs to the Marquis de Porcy: that is just like a change from rotten eggs to stinking butter, for one is as bad as the other, and both of them would be better on the gallows than at court. If he has the curiosity, now, to read this letter, he will find his own praise; as the old proverb says, "Listeners hear no good of themselves." They tell me that our good Germans are sadly corrupted, that nothing of the old German faith is left in the country, but that all the vices of foreign people have been imported: that grieves me exceedingly. They who have been in Holland find our Germans dirty, but to find Germans quite cleanly and agreeable, you have only to come to Paris, for nothing can be more swinish and offensive than the mode of living here. All the time I was at Heidelberg, I read no romances, but since I have been here (at St. Cloud) I have read many—"Astrée," "Cleopatra," "Alefie," "Cassandre," "Poliscandre," and many little romances beside—"Parcis et Cælie," "Lissandre et Caliste," "Amadis"—but in this last, I have got no further than the seventeenth volume, and there are twenty-four to complete the work. "Le Roman

de Roman, Theagene et Cariclée," has some great curiosities in it.

An atmosphere of hatred seems to have surrounded the French court, and almost to have mastered the German good-humor of the duchess. She writes bitterly of the report which was spread abroad, that the Regent had poisoned the Dauphin Louis, and his son, who both died within a year:—

My son has not contented himself with proving his innocence, but has had all the informations laid before the Parliament to be preserved. He would like me to make myself comfortable here, but it is impossible; it is only to be hoped that I may have a fever soon, for I have promised not to leave Paris till I am ill. Headache is not reckoned an illness, for without that I can never live at Paris; but if I have a fever I shall get away to our pleasant St. Cloud. My son has, indeed, other things beside my comfort and pleasure to occupy his attention. I believe, if he had his own way, he would support the oppressed; but to show you that he does not rule according to his own fancy, he has one council for political affairs, another for ecclesiastical matters, another for foreign affairs, and so on. I have resolved never to mix myself with the affairs of the world, for (between you and me) France has been too long governed by women.

Our extracts can give but an inadequate idea of the contents of this thick volume, but they may serve to indicate its character. Though the correspondence here published contains less of historical interest than might be found in the letters to the Princess Sophia, (if they still exist,) it gives us many of those minute touches of portraiture which, as Menzel says, "often reveal more of the physiognomy of an age than its greater matters of public history." As to the publication of some of the letters, with the names of English and French families, we are disposed to dissent from the editor's opinion of its propriety. The letters give us a very full and clear idea of the character of their writer, whose descendants have played such prominent parts in modern history. Of her second son, the notorious Regent of France, she gives us (allowance being made for her maternal indulgence) a fair portraiture. Louis, the son of the Regent, married the Margravine Maria of Baden, and died in 1752. His son, Louis Philip, died in 1785, but left a son to sustain the reputation of the family. This was the well-known Egalité of the Revolution, and the father of the present king of the French.

The portrait of the duchess stands out in bold relief from amid the crowded figures of her canvas, and presents to us a hearty German dame, not beautiful in person, but of a fair complexion, with light hair, (of that mysterious shade styled auburn,) an eye of some penetration, a mouth of some humor, and a plump inelegant figure. Her natural disposition would have led her to a simple and cheerful style of living, in perfect contrast to the dissipated court in which she felt herself imprisoned. She loved a good hearty, coarse laugh, was a "good hater," (witness Madame de Maintenon and her friends,) and a good friend; had a good memory (though often complaining that it would not carry all she wished) for all sorts of gossip, for comedies and tragedies, jests, or "things horrible and awful;" and, on the whole, possessed a mind superior to its surrounding topics, endowed with good common sense and no logic. She cast her net into an ocean of gossip, and drew up fishes of every sort. Her style is the steeple-

chase style, never hesitating a moment for such trifles as stops, capitals, or parentheses. Her gossiping mood did not leave her even in her last illness. Her letters, dated November, 1722, show a disposition to maintain her threads of narrative, if time would allow. "I would be heartily willing to entertain you with more news," says she, "but my weakness will not let me."

St. Cloud, 12-21 November, 1722.—I hope, to-morrow morning, to send you the great account of the coronation. I know nothing new just now, except a report which has delighted my heart, viz., that my son has cast off his bad companions, and begins to think that such a life as he has led is too bad an example for the young king. May God assist him, and turn all things to his advantage and happiness, and give me also what will be profitable and comfortable for me! * * Dear Louisa, I waste away hourly, suffer night and day, and all that is done for me seems of no avail. May the Almighty give me patience, for I have great need of it. Do not be too much troubled if you must lose me, for it will be for my happiness.

We have found some passages in these letters closely resembling others that have been collected and published, addressed by her to the Princess of Wales, but, in such a systematic course of writing, the duchess could not avoid self-repetition. So faithful was she as a correspondent, that when her right arm was fractured by a fall from her horse in wolf-hunting, she contrived to scrawl a tolerably long letter with her left hand. Her time and all her best thoughts were expended upon this epistolary intercourse. At church, as she confesses, she slept; but sometimes, at least, read her Bible industriously in private. There seems to have been no sentimental poetry in her constitution. All her views of places and scenery are personal. She talks of "pretty," "pleasant," "comfortable," places, but never "babbles of green fields," like Falstaff, dying, and many authors and authoresses living. Her fault was certainly the manifest pleasure with which she told scandalous stories; but we must remember her circumstances.

Athenæum.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 24. The subject was "The Application of Geology to Land-draining," by Wm. Ogilby, Esq., Sec. Zool. Soc. Mr. Ogilby commenced by stating some of the more prominent injuries inflicted on the soil by stagnant water. He explained more especially how the land was rendered cold and late by the *great capacity of water for heat*, as compared with clay or sand; the same quantity of heat which is sufficient to raise the temperature of earth or mould four degrees of Fahrenheit, and of common air five degrees, being only sufficient to raise that of water one degree, the residue being absorbed by the water and rendered latent. Consequently, when the land is saturated by water, the sun's rays, instead of being expended in heating the soil, are absorbed and rendered latent by the water which it contains, and the soil derives but one fourth of the warmth which it would do were it filled with common air instead of water. Other injurious effects were, that it soured the land, and gave rise to the formation of substances hurtful to vegetation. These were caused by the exclusion of common air and the oxygen which it contains from the pores of the soil. Vegetable and animal manures thus re-

mained imperfectly decayed, or decay was converted into putrefaction, and acetic, malic, tannic, gallic, and other acids, substituted for carbonic acid and ammonia, the products of simple decay, and which, with the elements of water, are now recognized as the chief agents in the nourishment of plants. Superabundant moisture, likewise, rendered the climate of a country insalubrious; but its injurious effects were more immediately recognized in supplying the roots of growing plants with a greater quantity of moisture than they are able to digest, and thus rendering them weak and dropsical. Mr. Ogilby next proceeded to explain how these injuries might be remedied by efficient draining: and observed that land was rendered wet and unproductive from two sources: first of all by rain falling on the surface of a stiff clay soil, or stagnating within the pores of a loamy soil, incumbent on an impervious subsoil; and, secondly, by springs overflowing the surface from some higher ground, or oozing up from beneath the soil itself. These two different forms of disease required different modes of treatment; the system which would accomplish a radical cure in the one case, might, indeed, alleviate the effect, but could never remove the cause in the other; and Mr. Ogilby stated that the great error of modern writers on draining consisted in not being aware of, or at least not sufficiently distinguishing, these different causes of wetness in land, and the different modes of treatment which were applicable accordingly. The common method of *surface draining*, which was so much in vogue at present, and which was necessary and efficient for the discharge of rain water, would produce but a partial effect in alleviating the injuries caused by subterranean springs; and that too at an enormous cost, compared with the expense of simple and more appropriate modes. High-lying arable soils, especially in Ireland, Scotland, and the West of England, were frequently injured by both causes; but the greater part of the mischief commonly arose from the rains which fell so abundantly in these localities, and it was to such lands that the system of *furrow draining* was peculiarly applicable. The principles of this system consisted in cutting parallel drains at equal distances of from fifteen to thirty or forty feet asunder, according to the tenacity or lightness of the soil, and leading them all into one or more main drains, according to the inequalities and size of the field. Great differences prevailed among practical drainers as to the distance, depth, width, fall, and direction of the parallel drains, which Mr. Ogilby ascribed to the different circumstances of soil, climate, and situation in which the several observers had found particular modes most efficient, and deprecated the idea of any one system or set of rules being universally applicable to all circumstances and localities. The distance of the drains he stated to depend entirely on the nature of the soil, of which it should vary inversely as the tenacity; in the stiffest soils experience proved that the drains were perfectly efficient at fifteen feet apart, and in very light soils at from thirty to forty feet. The depth was not subject to much variation or controversy; from thirty to thirty-six inches was generally sufficient, it being always understood that the main drain should be at least six inches deeper than the parallel. The width of the parallel drains should depend on the quantity of water they had to carry off; if the flow be insignificant the drain should be cut very

narrow, generally not more than two or three inches wide at bottom, otherwise the water will stagnate, instead of running freely off; if the flow be more considerable, the drain must be made wider in proportion, to prevent a too rapid current from tearing up the bottom, and in time choking the drain. As to the fall and direction of the drains, it was stated that great differences prevailed, especially where the land lay on the face of a hill, and had a considerable slope; one party maintaining that they should be run perpendicularly up and down the face of the hill, another that they should be run diagonally across it. Mr. Ogilby believed both opinions to be right, under particular circumstances, but that neither of them was a correct expression of the actual principle upon which the direction of the drains depended, which he stated to be that the parallel drains should cut the different strata of the land perpendicular to the line of strike, whilst the main or leading drains should be in the direction of the dip. This position was illustrated by a large section of the Isle of Wight, and strengthened by the well-known geographical fact, that it is consonant to the system which nature presents in the direction of large rivers and their tributary streams. After explaining the various methods of filling these drains, by tiles, broken stones, wood, straw, &c., Mr. Ogilby proceeded to consider the case of land injured by subjugent water contained in the bowels of the earth, and forcing itself up in springs from beneath, or trickling down from the tail or outcrop of some overlying strata. This was stated to be the cause of all the great bogs, fens, and morasses, which covered so large a surface of Ireland, Scotland, and some parts of England, and which, when laid dry, produced some of the finest land. This part of the subject was illustrated by numerous geological sections, explanatory of the formation of springs, and the origin of the fens and bogs to which they gave rise. The proper mode of draining such land was discovered and practised extensively during the latter half of the last century, by J. Elkington, a Warwickshire farmer, who had the merit of perceiving the relation which this species of wetness, and the origin of springs in general, bears to the geological stratification of the surrounding country, at a period when the knowledge of stratification was yet in its infancy, and confined to a few inquirers. The great success which attended Elkington's practice, attracted the attention of the government of the day, and a Parliamentary grant of 1,000*l.* was voted to him, on condition that he should impart his secret, as it was then considered, to certain individuals appointed by the Board of Agriculture. This was done; and the result, published by Johnstone, one of the persons appointed, displays one of the most beautiful and important applications of scientific principles to practical purposes within the whole range of human knowledge. Yet, strange to say, the very memory of Elkington's system seems to be lost at the present day, or remembered only to be condemned as inefficient, though it rests on indubitable scientific principles, and the works of Arthur Young and the various County Reports are filled with testimonies of its efficiency and success. The truth, however, is, that its application requires a more extensive and scientific acquaintance with the origin of springs, the laws of hydrostatics and the principles of levelling, as well as a more practical knowledge of the stratification of the

earth, than common land-surveyors, or most writers on this subject, can be expected to possess; and of all the practitioners of the present day, Mr. Ogilby stated, that Mr. Stephens, of Edinburgh, was the only individual whom he knew to be aware of the real importance of Elkington's system, or to have practised it extensively. The principles upon which this mode of drainage depends are purely geological. Elkington divides the different strata, which compose the globe, into two great classes, those which, like sand, gravel, &c., are of a porous nature, and permit water to sink into and percolate freely through them; and those which, like stiff clay, compact rock, and that species of gravel cemented by iron, which is commonly called till, are impervious to water. Suppose, as in the case of the plastic clay, and other geological formations, numerous alternations of porous and impervious strata occur, the rain-water which falls on the outcrop of the porous strata will percolate down through its substance till it arrives at the lowest point, where it will lie upheld by the subjacent bed of impervious clay, and confined by a similar bed above. The porous bed will thus resemble a bent tube, into one or both ends of which water is poured: if one or more holes be bored in the upper wall of the tube at its lowest point, the water will spout out of them like a little fountain; or, if the tube be filled, it will at last overflow at the ends. This is the cause of the wetness which gives rise to bogs and morasses. These swamps always rest immediately on a till or clay bottom, incumbent upon a stratum of sand or gravel filled with water, and cropping out on some high ground in the neighborhood from which the water descends. The rains of hundreds or thousands of years gradually fill these porous strata, till they at length trickle over the lower edge of the outcrop, forming a continuous line of springs which overflow all the surrounding low lands, or burst up at the lowest point through accidental crevices or weak points of the superjacent clay beds, and give rise to the green welles, and shaking quagmires so frequently met with in fens and turf bogs. The former case happens along the edges of the London Basin, where the clay comes in contact with the subjacent sand beds of the plastic formation; in Kent and Sussex where the weald clay meets the Hastings sand on the one side, and the chalk ranges of the North and South Downs on the other; the latter is almost universally the case in the bogs and fens of Ireland and Lincolnshire. To cure the former species of wetness, it is only necessary to draw a trench along the line of the springs at a short distance below where they burst out, and sufficiently deep to cut into the porous stratum containing the water, and thus intercept it before it rises to the surface or overflows the land. The line of the drain is determined by the application of the spirit level, upon the principle that water always stands at the same elevation in the same reservoir or in reservoirs communicating with one another; and in cases where the porous stratum containing the water lies too deep to be reached by the bottom of the drain, wells are sunk at intervals, or a large auger is used to make bore-holes in the bottom, up which the water ascends, and of course lowers the spring or reservoir to the level of the bottom of the drain. In the second case, where the bog lies nearly level, and the springs burst up at intervals through accidental crevices in the till or clay bed on which it rests, one or more deep trenches

are cut across the bog, in the proper direction to secure a good fall, and wells or bore-holes sunk, as in the former instance, through the subjacent clay to let the water escape: its level will consequently be reduced to the height of the bottom of the trench, which it is always better to cut down to the clay or till, where the bog is not more than ten or twelve feet deep. Sometimes when the bog lies perfectly landlocked or surrounded on every side by hills which afford no outlet, the water may still be carried off by sinking a well or bore-holes into a dry subjacent stratum of sand or gravel, and thus letting the water escape beneath. These principles, Mr Ogilby stated, were applicable to many districts, and afforded the only cheap and efficient system for lands injured by subjacent water.

May 31.—Professor Daubeny gave a lecture “On the Provisions for the Subsistence of Living Beings evinced in the Structure of the older Rocks, and in the phenomena which they exhibit.”—He began by observing, that as the attention of philosophers was that evening directed to the moon by the eclipse, he thought it might not be inappropriate to illustrate the line of his argument by reference to the supposed structure and condition of that satellite. Supposing then a human being to be transported to the surface of the moon, and to contemplate her in that condition in which astronomers represent her to us as existing—namely, as destitute both of seas and of an atmosphere, with vast cup-shaped mountains, the craters of volcanoes vomiting forth steam and smoke, and emitting volumes of noxious gases, would he not conceive the globe in question abandoned to those destructive agencies which he saw in such intense activity, rather than that it was in a state of preparation for the abode of beings constituted like himself? Yet what the moon now is, geology leads us to infer that the earth has formerly been; and from the phenomena now presented to us by it, we may infer a train of events to have occurred which, whilst they must have been at the time utterly destructive to all kinds of life, nevertheless prepared the earth for the reception of living beings, and rendered it a more agreeable abode to those which, like man, possessed a feeling of the sublime and beautiful. The professor then proceeded to point out the provisions for the future existence of living beings which were made in those earlier stages of the history of our globe, when it appears to have been in a condition as chaotic as that of the moon at present. Those ingredients of the crust of the earth which seemed designed more especially for the purposes of living beings, may be distinguished into such as minister to some object of utility for man in particular, and such as are essential to animals and vegetables in general. The former class, being commonly more or less poisonous, occurs in veins for the most part existing in the older rocks, being stored, as it were, out of the way, before living beings were created. Such are copper, tin, lead, mercury, and other of the metals. The latter, on the contrary, are more generally diffused through the strata of the globe, although, for the most part, in comparatively minute proportions. Amongst the latter are the fixed alkalies, which are present in all felspathic and other rocks of igneous origin, from which they are slowly disengaged by the action of air and water, in proportion as they are required for the necessities of living beings; whereas if they had been present in a readily soluble form in the earth,

they would have been washed into the sea before they could have been made available for such purposes. Another essential ingredient in the structure of animals is phosphoric acid, which appears peculiarly suited for entering into the organization of a living body, by the readiness with which it undergoes changes in its properties, by the character of its crystallization, and (in the case of the bone-earth phosphate) by the association of the *basic* with the *tribasic* salt, in equal proportions, which causes each to counteract the tendency to crystallize in the other, and thus renders it more capable of accommodating itself to the delicate texture of the animal fibre. The question then is, whence do animals and vegetables obtain this necessary ingredient? Professor Daubeny and others have detected minute proportions of it in many of the secondary rocks, but as these are derived from more ancient ones, it ought to be present likewise in them. Now we know at least of one instance in which this material occurs in considerable abundance in a rock which, so far as our observations at present extend, seems to have been formed antecedently to animal life. This is the slate rock of Estremadura, in Spain, where, near the village of Logrosan, it had been pointed out as existing many years ago. Exaggerated reports had, however, been spread as to its extent, for Prof. Daubeny, in a visit he had paid last year to the locality, found that it formed only one solitary vein, generally about ten feet wide, and extending along the surface for about two miles. It also contains a considerable per-centage of fluete of lime, and as this ingredient appears, from recent experiments of the author of this paper, to be present generally in bones both recent and fossil, it would seem that it was treasured up by nature, as one of the requisite materials for the bony skeletons of animals. Provision seems to have been also made for supplying living beings with their volatilizable, as well as with their fixed ingredients. The attraction of all porous and pulverulent bodies for gases, may explain the manner in which the latter are brought into contact with the secreting surfaces of plants; but it must be remembered, that of the four elements which together constitute those parts of a living body which are dissipated by heat, oxygen alone can be directly absorbed. Of the three remaining, hydrogen must be presented in the form of water, nitrogen in that of ammonia, and carbon in that of carbonic acid. Now volcanoes appear to have been the appointed means of providing both of the two latter in quantities sufficient for the food of living beings, for both ammonia and carbonic acid are evolved in immense quantities from all volcanoes, as the professor showed by appealing to the case of Vesuvius and its neighborhood, as well as to that of other volcanic vents. The production of ammonia in the interior of the earth might, he contended, be readily explained upon the principles of that theory of volcanoes which he had for many years adopted, and which was founded on the great discovery of the metallic bases of the earths and alkalies, which we owe to the genius of Sir Humphrey Davy. Once admit that those substances which we see brought up to the surface, in the shape of lavas and of ejected masses, exist in the interior of the globe wholly, or partially, in an unoxidized condition, and that first sea-water, and afterwards atmospheric air, gradually find access to them through certain crevices, and all the phenomena of a volcanic eruption may be shown to follow; namely, the in-

tense heat, the escape of muriatic acid, the copious deposits of sulphur, the volumes of carbonic acid, and, lastly, the salts containing ammonia; for if nascent hydrogen, disengaged from water decomposed by meeting with the alkaline metals, were brought in contact with nitrogen under a high pressure, there is every reason to believe that ammonia would be the result. Thus, the very agents of destruction, which seem at first sight to be antagonist forces to every kind of creative energy, have been, in fact, the appointed means of supplying the materials out of which all organized beings are fashioned. But though the materials for our subsistence are thus provided, it does not follow that man is not to exert himself in order to obtain larger supplies than are naturally placed before him. On the contrary, his business is to husband his resources, and to apply them to the best account. Alluding to a late work of Professor Liebig's, he contended that this eminent chemist could not have meant to discourage the preservation of the volatile ingredients of our manure-heaps, whilst insisting on the paramount importance of supplying those which are fixed. It is true that nothing is lost, for the excrementitious matters which are washed into the sea increase the luxuriance of the marine vegetation, which affords food for a larger number of fishes, which again encourage a greater amount of sea-fowl, which finally deposit, what had been originally derived from the depths of the sea, on the islands of the Pacific, as guano. Thus England contrives, by means of her navies, to bring back from the opposite extremity of the globe the very material which she originally wasted by the defective arrangements of her large towns. This, however, is a very circuitous mode of proceeding, and the true secret of all agricultural improvement is, to apply the means at our disposal, so as to produce a return for the toil expended in the shortest possible space of time.

June 7.—Mr. Faraday "On recent Improvements in the Manufacture and Silvering of Mirrors."—Mr. Faraday's subjects were: 1. The manufacturing of plate-glass. 2. The ordinary mode of silvering mirrors. 3. The new method of producing this result, lately invented and patented by Mr. Drayton.—1. Mirrors are made with plate glass. Mr. Faraday described glass generally as being essentially a combination of silica with an alkaline oxide. The combination, however, presents the character of a solution rather than of a definite chemical compound, only it is difficult to affirm whether it is the silica or the oxide which is the solvent or the body dissolved. From this mutual condition of the ingredients, it follows that their product is held together by very feeble affinities, and hence, as was afterwards shown, chemical reagents will act upon these ingredients with a power which they would not have were glass a definite compound. Mr. Faraday noticed, that as glass is not the result of definite proportionals, there are many combinations of materials capable of producing a more or less perfect result. Each manufacturer, therefore, has his own recipe and process, which he considers the most valuable secret of his trade. It is, however, well known, that the flint-glass maker uses the oxides of lead and of sodium, the bottle-glass maker lime, (an oxide of calcium,) and the plate-glass maker, in addition to soda, has recourse to arsenic. Mr. Faraday then adverted to the corrosions which take place in the inferior qualities of glass, owing to the feeble affinity with which their ingredients are held together. He

stated, that from the surface of flint glass a very thin film of soluble alkali was washed off by the first contact of liquid, leaving a fine lamina of silica, the hard dissoluble quality of which protected the substance which it covered. If, however, this crust of silica chanced to be mechanically removed, the whole of the glass became liable to corrosion, as in ancient lachrymatories and other glass vessels. Mr. Faraday illustrated this by the corroded surfaces of two bottles, one obtained from a cellar in Threadneedle street, where it had probably remained from the period of the great fire of London, another from the wreck of the *Royal George*. A still more striking instance of the instability of glass as a compound was exhibited by formations in the interior of a champagne bottle, which had been filled with diluted sulphuric acid. In this case the acid had separated the silica from the inner surface of the glass, and formed a sulphate with its ingredient, lime. The result was, that the bottle became incrustated internally with cones of silica and sulphate of lime, the bases of which, extending from within outwards, had perforated the sides of the bottle so as to cause the escape of the liquor it contained. Mr. Faraday referred to the long period of annealing (gradual cooling) which glass had to undergo as a necessary consequence of glass wanting the fixity of a definite compound. He concluded this part of his subject by describing the mode of casting plates, and the successive processes which gradually produce the perfect polish of their surface. 2. Mr. Faraday next exhibited to the audience the mode of silvering glass plates as commonly practised. He bade them observe that a surface of tinfoil was first bathed with mercury, and then flooded with it. That on this tinfoil the plate of glass, having been previously cleansed with extreme care, was so floated as to exclude all dust or dirt; that this was accomplished by the intervention of 1-8 in. of mercury (afterwards pressed out by heavy weights) between the reflecting surface of the amalgam of the mercury and the glass; and that when the glass and amalgam are closely brought together by the exclusion of the intervening fluid metal, the operation is completed. 3. The great subject of the evening was the invention of Mr. Drayton, which entirely dispenses with the mercury and the tin. By that gentleman's process, the mirror is, for the first time, literally speaking, *silvered*, inasmuch as silver is precipitated on it from its nitrate (lunar caustic) in the form of a brilliant lamina. The process is this: on a plate of glass, surrounded with an edge of putty, is poured a solution of nitrate of silver in water and spirit, mixed with ammonia and the oils of cassia and of cloves. These oils precipitate the metal in somewhat the same manner as vegetable fibre does in the case of marking ink—the quantity of oil influencing the rapidity of the precipitation. Mr. Faraday here referred to Dr. Wollaston's method of precipitating the phosphate of ammonia and magnesia on the surface of a vessel containing its solution, in order to make intelligible how the deposit of silver was determined on the surface of clean glass, not (as in Dr. W.'s experiment) by mechanical causes, but by a sort of electric affinity. This part of Mr. Faraday's discourse was illustrated by three highly striking adaptations of Mr. Drayton's process. He first silvered a glass plate, the surface of which was cut in a ray-like pattern. 2d. A bottle was filled with Mr. Drayton's transparent solution, which afterwards exhibited a cylindrical reflecting

surface. And 3d. A large cell, made of two glass plates, was placed erect on the table, and filled with the same clear solution. This, though perfectly translucent in the first instance, gradually became opaque and reflecting; so that, before Mr. Faraday concluded, those of his auditors who were placed within view of it, saw their own faces, or that of their near neighbors, gradually substituted for the faces of those who were seated opposite them.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—June 4.—The President in the chair. The applicability of the system of the propulsion of railway carriages, by the pressure of the atmosphere upon a piston, travelling within an exhausted line of pipes, has occupied a portion of three meetings; and although much time has been devoted to the discussion, it cannot be said that any positive conclusion has been arrived at. Indeed, when it is considered that the system has only been tried upon a line peculiar in its locality, in its steep gradients, in the engine having only to exert power in drawing the carriages in one direction and their descending by their own gravity, and in the trains being only required to run a distance of a mile and three quarters, without stopping at any intermediate station, it may be argued, that although, as is evident from the testimony of the several speakers, great results have been obtained, it is scarcely possible to infer what the results would be on lines with gradients in both directions, with a great number of heavy trains at short intervals, and under all the varied circumstances of ordinary traffic. It appeared, however, to be the opinion, that the present system of atmospheric propulsion, although susceptible of much improvement, was in a more advanced state than the system of traction by locomotives, at a corresponding period from the date of the introduction of the several systems. The various previous plans of Medhurst, Vallance, and Pinkus, for somewhat similar systems, were explained; and it was shown that the system had been taken up by Clegg and Samuda, where the former speculators had abandoned it, and, as usual in such cases, the practical improvers had been more successful than the inventors. The principal improvement is in the continuous valve, and the mode of closing it by a mixture of tallow and beeswax, which, under all variations of temperature, remained unchanged, and enabled a good vacuum to be formed. Many other alterations in the mechanical details were also described. Mr. B. Gibbon, engineer of the Dalkey line, stated his satisfaction with the manner in which it worked; thirty-five trains per day had at times been conveyed without danger, and with regularity; the train was enabled to be started in one minute after the engine commenced working to form a vacuum. Mr. Samuda detailed the progressive trials at Wormwood Scrubbs during two years and a half, until it was laid down at Dalkey, where a load of 50 tons had been propelled up gradients averaging 1 in 115; and a maximum velocity of nearly 50 miles per hour had been obtained, with an engine which was stated to be 100 horse power, using as a divisor, 66,000 lb., raised one foot high in a minute. This deviation from the ordinary calculation of Boulton and Watt, who used 33,000 lb., was justified on the plea, that steam-engines were now made in such a superior manner, that their effective nearly doubled their nominal power, and that the usual

acceptation of the term "horse power" was no longer to be relied upon. This position was combatted by several members, who argued that the commercial question should not be mixed up with the scientific inquiry; and that for the latter purpose the accepted divisor of 33,000 lb., for the horse power, should have been used, when the power exerted would have appeared nearly double what had been quoted, which would materially affect the question of the cost of first laying down, and the expense of subsequent working. In considering the comparative merits of traction by locomotive engines, by fixed engines with ropes, and propulsion by the atmosphere, it was argued, that in the two former cases, the weight of the moving power must be carried along the rails at a corresponding cost and loss of power, added to which was the loss resulting from the slip of the driving wheels in the one case, and the friction of the rope against the pulleys in the other; the destruction to the rails, resulting from the beat of the driving wheels, being put out of the question. Against this it was argued, that with the atmospheric system, the whole power of the engine must be used,—whether for heavy or light trains; that a power capable of pumping out the leakage, stated at 10 horse power per mile, must be always provided, although it was only exerted for a part of the length of each section; and that the real power employed at Dalkey, if calculated by the usual standard of Boulton and Watt, was shown by indicator diagrams to be nearly double what had been stated, and that consequently a greater outlay was required than was imagined. The additional security in traversing the rapid curves of the railway at high speed appeared to be admitted. A curious circumstance was mentioned, which deserves more attention—it was, that the temperature of the air, on leaving the exhausting air pump, was increased to upwards of 200 degrees; and that there was a certain absorption of power consequent upon this increase of temperature. Although much time has been devoted to the discussion, the question was not fully examined, nor were all the necessary data clearly stated, so that for all practical purposes we shall only arrive at the comparative value of the new system after it has been applied to such a line as the Epsom. The papers read were—A description, by Mr. Rankine, of a simple safety drag, which has been applied to the carriages of the Edinburgh and Dalkeith Railway for preventing accidents, in case of the fracture of the rope by which they are drawn up the incline plane of 1 in 30. The drag consists of two cheeks of iron, united by rivets; it is attached at the end of an iron bar, and is suspended at the back of the carriage, behind each hind wheel; when a retrograde motion commences, the drag falls beneath the wheel, and turning over, acts as a wedge between the wheel and the rail, and by skidding the wheel, stops the downward progress. A description was also given by Mr. G. P. White, of the mode of raising the *Innisfail* steamer, which was sunk in the river Lee, near Cork. It was accomplished, by making a slight coffer dam against one side of the vessel, and by pumping this out the leak was arrived at; which being temporarily repaired, the vessel was enabled to be floated at an expense of £350. A description was also given, by Mr. W. Evill, of the corrugated iron roofs over the terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway. Messrs. H. Tonbridge Wright, I. Reid, and J. L. Manby were elected as associates.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—May 29.—W. H. Bodkin, Esq., M. P., V. P., in the chair. The Secretary read a paper by Mr. Hutchinson, on his "Pneumatic Apparatus for valuing the respiratory powers, illustrated by diagrams and tables." The apparatus was also placed on the table. It consists of two instruments, the one called the "Breathing machine" for measuring "Volume," and the other called the "Inspirator" for measuring "Power"—by which the three principal observations for arriving at correct results are taken, viz., the number of cubic inches of air thrown out of the chest—and the power by which that air can be drawn in and given out. The "Breathing machine" consists of two vertical cylinders, one within the other,—the outer one contains water, while the inner one, being inverted, is intended to receive the breath, and hence is called the receiver; this receiver is raised in proportion to the quantity of air given out of the lungs of the person under examination. The receiver is counterbalanced by two leaden weights working in two vertical hollow brass perpendicular tubes. To each of the weights is attached a cord, which, working over a pulley at top, passes down another brass tube or column and connected with the cross-head of the receiver, which cross-head with the receiver works up and down by means of slots formed in the inside column. In order to determine how much air is given out, a scale is connected with the receiver, which ascends and descends with it; on this scale the figures represent cubic inches—calculated according to the contents of the receiver, which contains 388 cubic inches of air. The level of the water is the datum or standard line from which the number of cubic inches is to be determined. A bent glass tube is connected with the water in the reservoir, so that the level of the water in the reservoir is readily ascertained by an inspection of the tube; the divisions on the scale on the same level as the surface of the water, indicate the number of cubic inches contained in the receiver, at any elevation. The breath enters the receiver by a tube passing up through the reservoir of water, and when the experiment is concluded and the receiver is to be drawn down again, the air is discharged by a valve cock at bottom. Three taps are fixed in front of this machine, the one for drawing off the water when necessary; the second for discharging the breath through; and the middle one, called the drain tap, for draining off water that sometimes by accident is forced into the vertical tubes. The "Inspirator" is constructed on the principle of elevating by the power of the muscles of inspiration and expiration, a column of mercury, and according to the elevation of the mercury to determine the relative power exerted by these muscles. It consists of a dial plate, graduated with inches and tenths, and is divided equally by a perpendicular line. The left side is graduated for measuring inspiration, the right half for expiration; certain words are engraved in each division expressive of different degrees of strength, thus—

Graduation of Power.

Inspiration.		Expiration.
1.5 inches.	Weak	2.00 inches.
2	Ordinary	2.50
2.5	Strong	3.50
3.5	Very Strong	4.50
4.5	Remarkable	5.50
5.5	Very Remarkable	7.00
6	Extraordinary	8.50
7	Very Extraordinary	10.00

These expressions of power are obtained from re-

sults of nearly 1,200 observations. The mercury is contained in a bent tube, one end of which is surmounted by a flexible tube, which is terminated by an Indian rubber nose-piece, through which the person under trial draws in or blows out to the extent of his power. Several persons, including fire-brigade men, wrestlers, gentlemen, and particularly Robinson, the well made dwarf, thirty-six years of age, standing 3 feet 9 inches high, were subjected to the trial of Mr. Hutchinson's apparatus—and it was observed how accurately these cases agreed with Mr. Hutchinson's table of heights, by which it appears that the capacity of a man's lungs increases in an arithmetical progression of 8 cubic inches for every inch of his actual height.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—June 4.—Mr. W. Dunsford sent from Mr. Everett's garden at Enfield, specimens of a new sort of kidney bean, the *Dolichos sinensis*, with young eatable pods, two feet long; they were described as being of an excellent quality when cooked like kidney beans, which is also the reputation they bear among Europeans in India; but to procure them they must be grown in heat, (those exhibited were from the trellis of a cucumber house,) and, therefore, the plant being a climber, and occupying a good deal of room, they could only be regarded in the light of a curiosity. Among various things from the garden of the society, was a French watering-pot, for watering plants in sitting-rooms or small thumb-pots, where great nicety in the application is required. It consisted of a hollow spindle-shaped tube, open at both points, one point being small, the other larger. When used it is plunged into water, which drives all the air out; the thumb is then placed over the wider aperture, and the lower is presented to the plant that is to be watered; so long as the thumb is pressed upon the upper aperture, the weight of the atmosphere is kept off, and no water will run out; but as soon as the thumb is lifted up, a stream descends upon the plant, and will continue to do so till the thumb is replaced. It was an ingenious adaptation of a well-known principle.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—June 3.—One of the first papers read was from M. F. Maurice, on Celestial Mechanism. It was not of a nature to interest the general reader.—A paper by M. Wronski, on what he calls true spontaneous locomotion, excited the astonishment of some, and the hilarity of other members. M. Selligie, an engineer, to whom science is indebted for several valuable discoveries, presented a paper on the application of the force of expansion in explosive mixtures as motive power. The idea is not new, but it has generally been regarded as chimerical, and believed that practically it would be attended with great obstacles. According to M. Selligie, however, it would be very easy to work a large ship with an engine of small cost and space, as compared with the steam-engines now in use, and at an economy of fuel of nearly five sixths.—A letter was received from M. F. Robert, announcing the discovery, in the south of France, of a fossil man. The Academy appeared to be rather sceptical on this subject, but refrained from expressing any opinion until M. Robert should have sent more ample information.

TEXAS AND ENGLAND.

As respects Mexico and other powers, which is our own main concern in the question, it is currently reported, and we are enabled to say upon sound grounds, that the policy and line of our own country will be this. It is the purpose of our government, in brief, to offer our mediation between Mexico and Texas to procure Mexico to recognize the independence of Texas, upon the single condition, as regards Mexico and Texas, that Texas shall retain its independent existence, so as not to preclude Mexico from the right of war if any future incorporation with America should be attempted. The only further point here is,—and this indeed is a most important one,—the acceptance by Mexico of these terms, to be accompanied with our own guarantee that we should carry it out; that is, enforce it in the first instance upon Texas if refused; and secondly, bind ourselves to defend and maintain it if accepted by Texas. Under present circumstances we are not enabled to answer this question in point of fact: our own opinion is, that however politic it may be to procure this amicable agreement between Mexico and Texas, and thus to effect our purpose by raising a difficulty in the way nearly insurmountable to the accomplishment of this annexation at the present time, if we can induce Mexico and Texas to make this treaty between themselves, still that it would not be prudent and politic for us to become a third party to this treaty in the way of a guarantee to enforce and maintain it, since the immediate effect of such guarantee might be to involve us in war with the United States. In plain and brief words, whatever we can do by negotiation, and by raising a fair and reasonable apprehension in the American government of the probably serious consequences to the United States in pursuing this measure, let us do it. But let us not go so far as to commit ourselves, and, for an object not worth the cost and peril, become needlessly a party to an American war.—*Bell's Weekly Magazine.*

THE FIRST WHALER FROM HAMBURG.—A Hamburg letter states,—“The first whaler ever fitted out at this port has just sailed for the South Polar Seas. She is called the *Ansent*, and measures 650 tons. The crew have engaged to abstain from spirituous liquors, and to be content with two rations of coffee a day. It appears that temperance is much more necessary on board whalers than any other ships; it having been proved by experience that nine tenths of the diseases and deaths on board the Danish and Swedish whalers have been caused by the excessive use of spirituous liquors.”

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

WHEN we consider the magnitude of the parts played by England and Russia in the history of the world, and their influence upon the progress and future destinies of modern civilization, it is scarcely too much to designate them as, *par excellence*, the two great nations. France, Germany, and the other nations of Europe, are comparatively stationary, and exercise but little influence beyond their own frontiers. England and Russia, again, are in a state of the most rapid growth and development, and carry along with them in their train the populations of whole continents. Within the last century England has conquered India, peopled

America, laid the foundations of a new empire in Australia, shaken to the foundations the old monarchy of China, and at the same time carried every mechanical art and useful invention to perfection, covered the ocean with her navies and steamboats, and accumulated an amount of wealth far surpassing the fabled treasures of Ormus and of Ind. Russia, during little more than the same period, has grown from an uncivilized Asiatic community, whose weight was scarcely felt in the balance against such second-rate powers as Poland or Sweden, into an empire of sixty millions of souls, the mightiest military monarchy of the world. Her frontiers have advanced in every direction with a rapidity scarcely paralleled by the history of the Roman Republic in the days of its greatest splendor. She rules without a rival over the vast territories and varied population from the Vistula to the frontiers of China, from the Arctic Ocean to the shores of the Black Sea and Caspian. Nor has the progress of Russia been less rapid in the development of her domestic resources. The pure Russian population, independently of the acquisitions by conquest, has more than tripled itself since the days of Peter the Great. The impulse given by his mighty genius has been followed up in every direction; and towns, villages, schools, churches, hospitals, manufactures, and arsenals, have sprung into existence throughout the wide extent of European Russia, with a rapidity which is only surpassed by the achievements of the Anglo-Saxon race in the Western States of America.

It is evident, also, that in the case of England and Russia the destinies of the two nations are as yet not half accomplished. The continual expansion of our population and commerce is forcing us every day more and more into contact with the old forms of civilization and of religion in the East. Our steamboats and commercial travellers are so many missionaries preaching zealously against the traditions of Brahmin and Confucius. A mighty change is evidently at hand among the vast masses of population, who are by the daily progress of events becoming more and more subject to the influence of England and of English science, religion, and civilization. Nor is it less evident that the seeds which we are sowing in Australia, New Zealand, and all over the southern hemisphere, contain the germs of empires, in many cases likely to exceed the parent State, while the vast continent of North America is being rapidly occupied by a population of English descent, governed by English laws and speaking the language of England.

It is equally evident that the destinies of Russia are as yet far from being accomplished. Every day shows more clearly the unpopularity of continuing to bolster up much longer the Mahometan governments which crush beneath their iron yoke so many of the fairest provinces of the ancient world. That Russia will in due course of time become the instrument for drilling the greater portion of the East into order and civilization can scarcely be doubted. The fall of Constantinople may be delayed by diplomatic combinations, but sooner or later it must eventually fall into the hands of Russia, or become subject to her absolute control. Such, also, must evidently be the destiny of Roumelia and all the northern part of Asia Minor. The sympathies of religion alone are sufficient to insure a predominance to Russian influence wherever the mass of population adheres to the Greek church, and the progress of events is

every day increasing the enormous disparity in strength and resources between the rising empire of the Czar and her decrepit rivals. In another generation Russia, by the natural development of her internal resources, will be an empire of 120,000,000 of souls, with a revenue of 50,000,000*l.* or 60,000,000*l.* sterling. The conquest of Turkey will be hardly a more difficult achievement for her than that of Scinde or Gwalior was for the might of Britain. Diplomatic combinations cannot forever contend with destiny, and protocols are powerless to reverse the decisions of Fate. Russia will drive Mahometanism back to its native desert, and reconquer for Christianity and civilization the ancient empire of Constantine. There can be no more reasonable doubt of this than that English will a hundred years hence be the native language at Sydney and New York.

With such vast destinies before them, and entrusted with such mighty missions, let us hope that the two nations may long continue to observe the relations of mutual amity, and to entertain sentiments of mutual respect. There is no reason why they should quarrel; each has work enough of its own to do without interfering with the other. Should the visit of the emperor to this country, and his personal intercourse with its sovereign and leading statesmen, have operated beneficially in confirming these sentiments, it will not have been thrown away.—*Atlas*.

GOLDEN OPINIONS.

HIS Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias has, it appears, won golden opinions amongst us; which means—*golden* opinions. He has not, hitherto, enjoyed a very high reputation in this country; but it is an accepted saying, that everything has its price; and his Imperial Majesty having, besides his hereditary dominions, an estate in Poland, has a great deal of money to lay out in the purchase of opinion, or anything he may take a fancy to; and he is understood to have bought a large public here. The daily papers inform us, that he did not take leave of the illustrious lady, whom he had been visiting, without giving something handsome to all the servants—that is, to hereditary peers and distinguished soldiers of England; munificently presenting to each of the principal lords of the queen's household (six in number) a magnificent gold snuff-box, elaborated with a beautifully executed enamel portrait of his Majesty, surrounded by diamonds—to the equerries and grooms in waiting, boxes of similar description, surmounted by the imperial cipher, set in brilliants, with other gold boxes given to the officers of the Royal Mews, or left at the disposal of the Master of the Household, in addition to the sum of £2,000 to be divided among the servants of the departments under the control of the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Master of the Horse. His Majesty, has, likewise, given £500 a year for life, towards the aristocratic sports of the country, a contribution to the Ascot Race Fund—and the Society for the Relief of Foreigners in Distress has received 1,000 guineas from the same source of bounty—and the poor of St. George's parish are to have 200 guineas divided among them, because his Majesty resided a few days at Ashburnham House. But there is one of this prince's benevolences on which much

stress is laid—"sure," we are told, "to be gratifying to Englishmen"—which, without desiring to be ungracious, has, we confess, less of our gratitude than it really deserves: the record of it, indeed, reads less pleasantly in our ears than it seems to do in those of our contemporaries. The Emperor, it appears, passing through Trafalgar Square, "observed the unfinished and dreary appearance" of the Nelson Monument, and inquiring the cause, was providentially informed, that it was "want of funds"—whereupon his Majesty, compassionating the struggle between England's desire to honor her illustrious dead, and her very limited means, once more put his hand into his imperial pocket, and made the nation a present of a sum of money towards illustrating her capital and her history. "Having ascertained," say the papers, "that the funds for the erection of the national tribute to our greatest naval hero were inadequate to its completion, the emperor immediately directed Count Orloff to inclose a draught for £500 to the Duke of Wellington. The draught was accompanied by a letter from the count, written by command of his Majesty, and expressive of the pleasure the emperor felt in contributing towards the erection of a testimonial to so great a warrior." So we shall have the monument completed at last—but we do wish it had been finished at our own expense. The point of our dissatisfaction is directed, certainly not against the emperor, whose act was unquestionably a liberality for which it would be most unjust not to be thankful, so far as shame will let us; but is it not a little strange, that, while funds are readily forthcoming for accumulated statues to living lions, a wealthy capital like this cannot defray the cost of one public monument to the man to whom England is indebted, perhaps more than to any other, for her present altitude among nations? and still more strange, that a proud one should choose to exhibit herself in the aspect of a pauper before the Northern Cæsar? We are of those who have always admitted monuments to the illustrious to be good state-arguments, but they are not state-necessities; and we should not have columns and statues if we cannot afford to pay for them. It is not many weeks since we gave a hint to our Edinburgh friends, in reference to their Scott Monument, which, we fear, they will return to us somewhat emphasized. We say nothing about a further and consequent contribution of £500 to the Wellington Testimonial; because that is a mere addition to the thousands and tens of thousands already received by Mr. Wyatt—and the monument will be a long time before it rises up in judgment against us.—*Athenæum*.

From the Court Journal.

THE IMPERIAL VISITOR.

THE Emperor of Russia is said to be the handsomest man in his own dominions. That is a great thing to say, considering the mighty sweep of the northern empire. To be sure the races over whom he rules are not particularly distinguished for their beauty. The Tartar and Mongol tribes are not cast in the "mould of form." Neither the Croats nor the Wallachians, the Woldavians nor the Poles themselves are very handsome; and you might travel from Odessa to Tobolsk, from republican Novogorod to imperial Moscow, without having your enthusiasm very

dangerously awakened by visions of fine faces flitting past you on the high-road. If his Majesty had succeeded in annexing Circassia to his domain, the compliment to his personal attractions would have been something more to the purpose.

Fortunately, however, the praises of the imperial beauty are not packed up into so narrow a phrase. By degrees the compliment has expanded, and as his Majesty moved from one country to another it came to be discovered that he was really the "handsomest man" in each; until it was pronounced at last, by the most competent authority, that he was the handsomest man in Europe. There wanted but one step to complete the charm, and his Majesty has secured it within the last week. He is now declared to be the handsomest man in England. We take it for granted that his Majesty, on that score, is satisfied.

We believe his imperial right to this imperial distinction is generally accorded—by the ladies. His Majesty seems to realize in perfection the female ideal of an emperor. He looks like an emperor. That is half the battle in a country subject to constant revolutions against the throne. The divine right is blazoned on his Majesty's commanding forehead. His air is thoroughly majestic. In fact, he could not be mistaken for a subject, or for a man born to obey any other will than his own. Whatever effect this may have in vanquishing the tenderness of one sex, it is of still greater importance in vanquishing the turbulence of the other. It seems like a special dispensation of Providence to build an emperor of Russia after this stupendous and awful fashion.

His Majesty is upwards of six feet high. Many men are upwards of six feet high; but his Majesty is broad, muscular, active in proportion. His face is finely shaped—with a grave and earnest aspect, indicative of great strength of purpose, and displaying in its settled, immobile expression, the stern habit of authority. The grandeur of the head and figure strikes you at once; you feel you are in an uncommon presence. It is neither love nor fear he inspires—but awe. You are chilled by his icy towering splendor; he brings a freezing atmosphere with him from the dreary north, and it is around him wherever he moves.

But then, in the midst of all this frost-work, there sometimes breaks a smile over his features, which is perfectly enchanting; it is like a rose bursting into life on the surface of a glacier. This smile radiates from his mouth, plays sunnily round it for a moment, and vanishes, leaving his face like marble, as it was before. *His eyes never smile.*

It is a gracious thing for the autocrat to smile at all. Time was when autocrats never smiled—except very grimly; and we accept it as a mark and proof of signal advancement in Russia, that he who holds the destinies of that wondrous hive at the point, as it were, of his sword, should make such a concession to society.

So far as society is concerned—we mean, of course, society out of Russia—nothing can be more affable than his Imperial Majesty. He enjoys everything he sees—shakes hands with the Duke of Wellington—talks familiarly wherever there is information to be obtained—and appears to be absolutely impatient to make himself popular in England. This is another good sign; it is cheering to see the Autocrat of all the Russias trying to get up a little popularity. It

shows, at least, that he knows the value of it elsewhere, even if he places no value upon it at home.

But we must not judge hastily upon this point. Perhaps his Majesty is willing enough to be popular at home, even in Serbia and Poland, if circumstances would admit of it. But the puzzle is how to be popular. His Majesty unfortunately is born to the natural hatred of millions of human beings. He cannot help that. It is his inheritance. He is not the carver of his own fortunes. To be sure, it has been thought possible to mend all this ill-will and deep sense of historical wrongs, and century upon century of accumulated vengeance. But the philanthropic people who think this possible know very little about the state of Russia, its yawning chasms ready to swallow up every man who attempts an innovation, from the boyar to the serf; (if innovation, even in imagination, were practicable in the latter case;) its wide-stretching and thinly-peopled wastes; its various tongues and wants; its necessity for external conquest; and its insatiable thirst after Eastern acquisitions. These elements can be controlled only by a great, decisive, and crushing despotism, which possesses the felicitous power by its weight and indiscriminateness of reducing all things to one level, or to what the Americans poetically designate "universal smash." The emperor comes into this despotism just as a young earl at one-and-twenty comes into his estate. He finds it all ready farmed to his hand. He has nothing to do but to receive the rents; and as to ameliorations towards his tenantry, he may do as he likes in his own person, provided he does not interfere with the settled system of the iron hand.

The anomaly that is so often spoken of between the man and the emperor is really, therefore, no anomaly at all. When people say that the emperor is the centre of this gigantic tyranny, they ought to discriminate between the individual and the office. He is the centre of it, because in him all its powers are concentrated and condensed. But he is not the creator of it, and his heart may stand aloof, while his hand performs those mechanical functions by which dismay is carried to the uttermost ends of his grisly regions of eternal winter. It is possible that the emperor of Russia may be a kind and benevolent man—a wise and good man—a beneficent and great man. It is possible, just possible; and the advocates and friends of Russian emperors generally dwell with exulting satisfaction over their amiable domesticities, showing that whatever else they may be, they can, at all events, be excellent family men, fond of nursing their children, of drinking tea with their wives, and getting up early in the mornings. So much stress does the world, with all its gauds and vanities, place upon the in-door, fireside affections! All this is very possible, although it is not very easy to understand how the mind could keep itself long pure—how the heart could keep itself free from corruption—amidst all the temptations of the will and the passions to which the irresponsible power of the Russian emperor daily expose them. Great must be one's faith in the stubbornness of virtue to enable one to believe this, except as a marvellous exception to the rule. And we believe the most honorable exception is his Imperial Majesty, now for the second time on a visit to this metropolis. Things are changed since he was here last. He will no longer find any extraordinary war enthusiasm—but we hope

he will have discovered before this, that whatever other changes we may have undergone, we have suffered no diminution of national power. We hope he will carry back to Russia a distinct impression of this fact—THAT ENGLAND IS A GREATER COUNTRY NOW, AFTER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF PEACE, THAN SHE WAS WHEN HE LAST SAW HER, CROWNED WITH A SERIES OF VICTORIES.

SILENT LOVE: a Poem, by the late James Wilson, Esq.—James Wilson was, it appears, an apothecary at Paisley, who retired from business, and after residing with his mother for about four years, took to travelling, apparently, to divest himself of some mysterious melancholy. He died in 1807. In a sealed letter the cause of his eccentricities was explained by means of the above poem, which, however, still leaves the name of his passion's object a secret. His mother survived him, and kept the document as a sacred deposit, which sometimes she mentioned, but never exhibited. On her death, in 1832, it fell into the hands of the author's nephew; and when published, seems to have excited the admiration of the Scotch critics. This could not have arisen from any peculiar novelty of imagery or boldness of expression, for simplicity and truth are its only claims to originality. That the poet loved, and never told his love, either to its object or to any one else, is all its story. Hypochondriasis, or worse, madness, comes of such suppression of primal instincts, and perhaps, but for this poetical diversion, the worm preying at the heart might have proved an inappeasable torment. It is soothing to imagine that the melodies uttered in this little book might have turned away the thoughts of the desolate writer from deadliest suggestions—that as the overflowings of a mind, tried and tempted, they were such relief as tardy tears are to the sorrow that was at first too deep for them, but which at length the sufferer weeps as fast

"As the Arabian tree
Its medicinal gum."

The poet was born of and for love. Then came "the inexpressive she," who at once won his heart. Henceforth, doubt and darkness blended with contemplation, and brought sickness and sadness, misanthropy, suspicion, and vain fears. The following passage is one of the best in the small volume:—

I knew her home, and often passed that way,
Sure as the sun performed his course each day;
Then at her lattice, beaming like the morn,
I saw the maid that made my heart forlorn;
Though by this heavenly hope the spell was reared,
Our mutual prudence declaration feared;
Yet could I mark her straining, longing eyes,
Beam like twin stars through partly-shrouded skies.
Scoff not—for years I still pursued this art,
In hopes to wile the angel to my heart;
In hopes to meet, to breathe the latent spell,
And if unkind, to sigh and say farewell!
Such things, I said, have been, and still may be—
And so I sighed—no man e'er loved like me!
O! if the gods live on ambrosial food,
By mortals named, nor seen, nor understood—
So hope unseen by any eyes save mine,
Fed my young heart with nutriment divine!
Rear'd me to feel with glowing soul of joy,
The charms of love, though otherwise a boy.
The cup was sweet, I drank its deepest drop,
And still relied on never-dying hope.

O Hope! thou sweet deceiver of the world!
Thy banner is too temptingly unfurled—
How many seek thy phantom form to trace,
Till sorrow clouds the sunshine of the face!
Led on and on by thy delusive sway,
Till youth and beauty languish both away,—
Till undeceived, we murmur but in vain—
For who can turn to youth's gay morn again!
Ah me! if I should own thy sov'reign power,
Who dares to blame? See buds in every bower,
Whose lives are like to man's, a fleeting day—
Nursed up in hope to blossom and decay!
Rear'd by the dewy smiles of laughing morn,
Behold the rose adorn its native thorn,—
At mid-day throwing forth its rich perfume,—
At evening bending sadly o'er its tomb,
Yet in its death a fragrance leaves behind,
Like retrospective thoughts within the mind!

She was a child when first our glances met,
Now womanhood upon her brow had set;
Still look'd she lovely, lovelier than before!
A creature every eye might well adore,
At least I thought so—love may have the power
To make the meanest weed appear a flower,—
Look through a medium always soft and kind,
Like distant landscapes pictured on the mind!
Love gazes through a focus of its own,
To other eyes unseen and all unknown;
So, if she still was lovely to my eye,
What should I care though all her charms decay,
I scarcely wished that other eyes should see
Her chastened worth. No man e'er loved like me!

But we must forbear, else we might present the reader with the lover's apostrophe to love—his reverential determinations to maintain his secret—the feelings which he experienced whenever the name, which his own lips might never pronounce, was mentioned in his hearing—with the spell which he found belonged to absence, and with other evidence of the "soul-consuming and unspoken pain," which made such platonic and unconfessed affection one long delicious agony.

Athenæum.

WHY THUS LONGING?

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearning it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of hope or joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal and wo.

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voice can answer to thine own,
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win thee crowds' applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily effort, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give:
Thou shalt find, by hearty striving only
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

From the Quarterly Review.

THE WRITINGS OF BISHOP BUTLER.*

THEY were sad times that succeeded the civil wars. It was not the court only that was stricken, but the country. "That was an age not less degenerate in spirit than corrupt in manners; when all wisdom and virtue, and religion, were almost, in most places, grown ridiculous; when the serious use of reason became, in vulgar opinion, the most impertinent and insignificant thing in the world; when innocence was reputed a mere defect of wit, and weakness of judgment; integrity, a fond pertinacity of humor; constancy of mind and gravity of demeanor, a kind of sullen morosity or uncouth affectation of singularity; and all strict practice of Christian duty incurred the imputation of some new-found opprobrious name one or other." So spake Barrow from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey in the year 1663, when one great coming event had not as yet cast its awful shadow before. But if the physical world be so governed as to be subservient to the moral, (which it probably is,) and if it be lawful to intrude into the secret counsels of the Most High, (which it may not be,) it might be thought that to call the people back to a better mind, to sober them once more in the midst of these delirious follies, nothing less could suffice than some national scourge which should make them remember that they were mortal, and that accordingly the plague was commissioned to desolate the land. The moral effect of such a visitation must for a time at least have been great, when every man had to walk with his life in his hand, and when some, foreseeing that the chance of surviving was little, and the chance of decent interment after death less, dug their grave with their own spade, and thus saved themselves from being buried with the burial of an ass. Still the plague does not appear to have whipped the offending spirit out. Like Pharaoh's plagues, it was probably felt, feared, and forgotten; for, during the century which succeeded it, both infidel and heterodox abounded; and whilst a Chubb and a Tindal were laboring to destroy the foundations of the Christian creed, a Whiston and a Clarke were maintaining tenets at variance with some of its most essential doctrines. It was an age of reason, and in one respect, at least, rightly so called; for it was at this period that the faculty acquired fresh force by a more skilful application of its powers; and the method of induction, which the great Bacon had struck out nearly a century before, was now adopted with signal success to every department of knowledge. To argue from points established to points undetermined—to advance, from data not to be disputed, to conclusions which would not otherwise be obvious, seems a very simple process, requiring no *Oedipus* to discover and propound. Yet the want of this rule (simple as it is) had involved mankind in errors innumerable, for it had occasioned a world to be

built on mere hypothesis. Now, however, a new order of things arose; experiment was substituted for fancy. Sir Isaac Newton, instead of indulging his imagination in freaks about the Iris, let the ray of light through the aperture of his shutter, and divided it into its component colors by his prism of glass, and traced its course through the vessel of water on which it fell; and upon the substantial observations thus made, constructed his sublime system of optics, and unravelled the mysteries of the rainbow. Locke, pursuing the same course in metaphysics as Newton in physics, emancipated mankind from the doctrines of reminiscences, innate ideas, and the like consecrated lumber; and diverting them from speculative conjectures to the actual examination of their own faculties, founded a fresh era in the philosophy of the human mind; by the application of this same principle, medicine was made to supersede magic, and chemistry to take place of alchemy; and, in a word, science, which hitherto, like the architects of Laputa, had begun to build at the wrong end—in the clouds instead of on the earth, from the chimneys downwards—henceforward laid its foundations on a rock, and only reared such a superstructure as those foundations would warrant. A principle thus wholesome in other investigations was no less so in that which concerns us most of all; and as Newton had profited by it in his natural system, and Locke in his intellectual, so did Bishop Butler (in his own province equal to either) avail himself of it in his system of theology.

It may well be imagined from what we have already said, and it will be still more clearly seen from what we shall have occasion to say by and by, that few persons were of a temper in those days to take God's word on trust. On the contrary, so fastidious were the times, that it was not even considered a subject of inquiry, but a mere fiction, agreed so to be by all people of discernment, a good thing for the poor, and a topic upon which a man of parts might very properly make himself merry.* Butler saw the evil, and projected the remedy. He well knew he had those to feed who were not fit for very strong meat; and, accordingly, he proposed, in his own characteristic language, to show—what? that Christianity was true to a demonstration?—no, but "*that it was not so clear a case that there was nothing in it.*" Here was certainly no great flourish of trumpets. "*Quid feret hic dignum tanto promissoris hiatu,*" was a reproach that no man would cast in his teeth. He gives such a pledge as he feels that he can not only redeem, but redeem an hundred-fold; and the augmented effect of reasoning conducted in this spirit can only be appreciated by those who have felt the dissatisfaction (especially in dissertations upon sacred subjects) occasioned by a contrary process—when a good argument (it may be) is crushed under an unlawful load of conclusions, and a crowd of angels is made to dance upon a needle's point. It is a great secret in the art of reasoning not to go for too much; and, above all, in dealing with sceptics or unbelievers, is it important to drive the sharp end of the wedge first: seeing this, they may by and by "*see greater things than these.*"

That there is such a thing as a *course of nature* none can deny. This, therefore, is the ground on which Butler takes his stand, whereon he fixes a lever that shakes the strong holds of unbelief even

* 1. The Works of Bishop Butler. Oxford, Clarendon Press.

2. The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature. By Joseph Butler, late Lord Bishop of Durham. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington. London.

3. An Essay on the Philosophical Evidence of Christianity; or the Credibility obtained to a Scriptural Revelation from its coincidence with the Facts of Nature. By the Rev. Renn Hampden, M. A., late Fellow of Oriel College. London.

* Advertisement to the Analogy.

to their foundations; for, on comparing this scheme of nature with the scheme of revelation, there is found a most singular correspondence between their several parts,—such a correspondence as gives very strong reason for believing that the author of one is the author of both.

“What if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?”

The argument, indeed, does not amount to proof, but to presumption. It is as though the parentage of a foundling were to be made the subject of inquiry: now that it is the child of such or such a parent—of the one or other of the two women, for instance, that strove before Solomon—can indeed only be *made out* effectually by the production of certain matters of fact in evidence; but at the same time, if it manifestly resembles an acknowledged son of a parent in question—“one face, one voice, one habit, and two persons”—this circumstance, though it would not of itself *prove* the point in dispute, would very greatly *corroborate* the proofs derived from other and independent sources, and would overcome many scruples which might otherwise arise in the mind of judge or jury, as to any supposed deficiency in the proofs themselves. Such is the value of the argument from analogy.

Thus, revelation declares that we are to live hereafter in a state differing considerably from that in which we live here. Now the constitution of nature in a manner says so too. For do we not see birds let loose from the prison of the shell, and launched into a new and nobler state of existence? insects extricated at length from their cumbrous and unsightly tenement, and then permitted to unfold their beauties to the sun? seeds rotting in the earth, with no apparent promise of future vegetation, yet quickened after death, and clothed with luxuriant apparel? Is not our own solid flesh perpetually thawing and restoring itself, so that the numerical particles of which it once consisted have by degrees dropped away, leaving, meanwhile, the faculties of the soul unimpaired, and its consciousness uninterrupted for a moment? Is not the eye a telescope, and the hand a vice, and the arm a lever, and the wrist a hinge, and the leg a crutch, and the stomach a laboratory, and the whole frame but a case of beautiful instruments, which may accordingly be destroyed without the destruction of the agent that wields them? Nay, cannot that agent, when once master of its craft, work without the tools, and are not its perceptions in a *dream* as vivid as when every organ of sense is actively employed in ministering to its wants? What though the silver chord be loosed and the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher broken at the well, and the wheel broken at the cistern, still may not the immortal artist itself have quitted the ruptured machinery, and retired to the country from which it came? What though the approach of death seem, by degrees, to enfeeble, and at last to suspend the powers of the mind, will not the constitution of nature bid us be of good cheer, seeing that the approach of *sleep* does the same? Of sleep, which, instead of paralyzing the functions of the man, is actually their

“second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.”

And if, in some instances, death does lie heavy on the trembling spirit, in how many others does it seem to be only cutting the chords that bound it to

earth, exonerating it of a weight that sunk it—so that, agreeably to a notion too universal to be altogether groundless, at the eve of its departure it should appear

“to attain
To something of prophetic strain?”

Here, then, the constitution of nature and the voice of revelation conspire to teach the same great truth, “*non omnis moriar.*”

Well, then, such future state asserted, revelation next affirms that our happiness or misery in it is in our own keeping; that the Deity, having warned us thereof, leaves us to make our own choice.—What says the constitution of nature to this?—Even that here again (to use the remarkable words of the author of *Ecclesiasticus*) “all things are double one against another;” * for it is evident that pain is annexed to this object, and pleasure to that, in this *present world*, with no other view, as far as we can see, than to direct our goings in the way; that our path is made to lie, *even as regards the affairs of this life*, amongst burning ploughshares, through which we are left to thread our course, till, by repeated sufferings, we learn to refrain from treading awry; and that everything above us, and beneath us, and around us, proclaims in accents not to be misunderstood, that, to refuse the evil, and choose the good, rests with ourselves. Nay, the details of the two systems are singularly alike. Thus, punishment is in *this life* often foreseen as probable, and disregarded—often the full and certain expectation of it is withheld—often it admits of being intercepted up to a certain point, but not beyond that point—often it is risked for present profit—often it is greater than seems commensurate with the gain—often it tarries very long behind, *pede claudo*—still comes at last, suddenly, with the clamorous violence of an armed man—the cause of it, perhaps, forgotten—poured forth as if from a treasure-house of wrath awaked. Now, all this is clearly not accident, but a system; not caprice, but design; pointing out, as with the finger of God itself, that it is the will of the great Contriver that thus it should be. Such is the constitution of *nature* in this world; yet, is it not a literal transcript of the doctrine of *revelation*, with regard to the *next world*, that our warning is given us; our neglect of it to be at our peril—our punishment, sooner or later, to follow our neglect? When the constitution of our nature tells us beforehand, that, if we are determined to pluck our treasure out of the fire, we must put up with burning our fingers—the case is strictly analogous to that of revelation, when it tells us beforehand, that, if we are determined to seize on present pleasure, we must put up with suffering future pain. Surely these two witnesses agree together, in a manner so remarkable as to leave ample room for apprehension, even on principles the most sceptical, that the latter, like the former, may be bearing God's message.

Further—Revelation affirms this natural government of the world to be a *moral* one too: a government under which men are not only rewarded and punished, (for this is consistent with the most capricious tyranny,) but rewarded and punished with a strict reference to the *good* or *evil* of their deeds. What does the constitution of nature say to this?—Does it again furnish the counterpart? Here, it is true, the heathen poet was for a moment

* Chap. xlii. v. 42.

staggered. The passage is well known; curious, however, as showing how instinctively the argument of analogy suggested itself to a reflecting mind, though showing, at the same time, the difficulty of following it out with success till revelation came to hold up the torch:—

"Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,
Curarent superi terras, an nullus inesset
Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu.
Nam cum dispositi quæsissem fœdera mundi,
Præscriptosque maris fines, amnisque meatus,
Et lucis noctisque vices; tunc omnia rebar
Consilio firmata Dei, qui lege moveri
Sidera, qui fruges diverso tempore nasci,
Qui variam Phœben alieno jusserit igne
Compleri, totosque suo; porrexerit undis
Litora, tellurem medio libraverit axe.
Sed cum res hominum tantâ caligine volvi
Aspicerem, lætosque diu florere nocentes,
Vexarique pios, rursus labefacta cadebat
Religio, causæque viam non sponte sequebar
Alterius, vacuo quæ currere semina motu
Affirmat, magnumque novas per inane figuras
Fortunâ non arte regi: qua numina, sensu
Ambiguo, vel nulla putat vel nescia nostri."

Claudian: in Rufin.

Which, for the benefit of mere English readers, we translate thus:—

Oh have I ponder'd, still perplexed to know,
If there be gods who govern her below;
If there be gods—or, if all gods denied,
Chance must be thought to rule, nor ought beside;
For, when contemplative, I traced the plan
Of all material things apart from man—
The ocean's bound, the stream's appointed way,
The sweet vicissitude of night and day:—
These when I saw, I sooth'd my laboring breast,
For God's all-wise dominion stood confest:
Stars in their courses seem'd his voice to hear;
His fruits in just succession crown'd the year,
The inconstant moon, His sovereign pleasure known,
Dispensed her borrow'd light—the sun his own;
His shores the billows of the deep controll'd,
And earth, self-balanced, on His axle roll'd,—
Then look'd I upon man; but now beset
With darkness and with gloom was all I met:
The base triumphant, and the righteous spurn'd.
This shook my faith again, and doubt return'd—
Return'd to cast me on the thankless creed,
That darkling floats along each random seed;
That through the void immense new forms combine,
And Chance, sole arbiter, supplants Design—
That still to this our choice must be confined,
No gods—or gods that care not for mankind.

The Psalmist himself was for a while troubled with these thoughts that would arise in his heart, seeing, as he did, that "the ungodly came into no misfortune like other folk, neither were they plagued like other men." But both the poet and the prophet, on further deliberation, came to a just conclusion, and "absolved the gods." For, indeed, whatever speculative difficulties there might be in the way of such a notion, still a practical belief there is, and ever has been, amongst all nations and languages, that man lives under a *moral government* after all. "Who is he," exclaim the ancients of Thebes, "who is he whom the Delphic rock of prophecy hath denounced as the doer of deeds unutterable; the man of the bloody hand! Time it is that he should flee, with a foot swifter than the horses of the winds; already hath the son of Jove taken arms against him, even hot thunder-bolts, and the fearful Fates follow after,

and who shall escape them?"* Daring was reckoned the spirit of that man who would sojourn under the same roof, or sail in the same boat, with the profaner of the mysteries of Ceres. "And when the *barbarians* saw the venomous beast hang on the hands of Paul, they said among themselves, no doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet *vengeance suffereth not to live*." Why, but that this belief is so strong in man, would such a trifle have been left upon record, as that the pen and ink, with which Charles signed the death-warrant of Lord Strafford, was the very same with which he signed his own, in the bill for the Long Parliament? Or why, but for this, would the remark have been so general, that the families who despoiled the monasteries rarely continued to prosper; "the brand, which the eagle stole from the altar (as the good old Izaak Walton says,) and with which she thought to make her nest, serving only to set it on fire." "About the year, I suppose, 1615 or 1616," writes Sir Henry Spelman, in his curious treatise on the "History and Fate of Sacrilege," "I described, with a pair of compasses, in the map of Norfolk, a circle of twelve miles, the semi-diameter, according to the scale thereof, placing the centre about the chief seat of the Yelvertons; within this circle and the borders of it, I inclosed the mansion-houses of about twenty-four families of *gentlemen*, and the site of as many *monasteries*, all standing together at the time of the dissolution: and I then noted that the gentlemen's seats continued at that day in their own families and names, but the monasteries had flung out their owners, with their names and families, (all of them save *two*), thrice at least, and some of them four, or five, or six times, not only by fail of issue or ordinary sale, but very often by grievous accidents and misfortunes."—A very singular fact, to say the least of it: but the bare disposition to note it is enough for our purpose—as, indeed, is the disposition in general to construe calamities into judgments: for it can only arise out of a confirmed belief that we are living under a *moral government*, whatever may be said or seen to the contrary. Cases might occur to stagger this opinion, as we have said, and must have occurred, so long as a future state of adjustment was only partially taken into the estimate. Still, the opinion itself has universally prevailed; nor can any other account of it be given, than that the tendency of the constitution of nature was felt to be such as established and supported it.—And this who can deny? Who can deny, as a matter of fact, that of whatever kind the invisible sovereignty may be to which we are subject, prudence does, upon the whole, bring its appropriate reward in this world, folly its appropriate penalty?—That crimes are punished as injurious to society, virtues recompensed as beneficial to it; the punishment or the recompense, no doubt, conveyed through the instrumentality of human means, but not on that account the less faithful expositors of the will of God—society itself being evidently of his appointment, and the arguments, both moral and physical, being amply sufficient to show that he did not intend "man to be alone!" Who can deny that vice carries along with it strong symptoms of being a violation of the principles according to which the world is governed?—that a lie, for instance, entails embarrassments without end upon its author, and makes him feel that he has

* *Cæd. Tyr.* 463.

entangled himself in the machinery of the system in which he lives! Who can deny that there is a principle within him which leads him to befriend the good, to thwart the evil doer; a principle acting thus, without any selfish object, but as instinctively approving what is right, and condemning what is wrong! Can anything be conceived more monstrous than a scheme where the reverse of all this should take effect! Is not the existence of such a principle the key-stone of social order itself!—so that, as Milton argues,

“if this fail,
The pillar’d firmament is rottenness,
And earth’s base built on stubble.

Without it, we know not how Christians could have become such, or to what a gospel could have appealed within the breast for a right of admission into the world. “If ye believe not me, believe the works”—not merely as exhibitions of power, for an evil spirit might be supposed capable of doing works of power, if that were all, but of goodness also. Still less can we understand how heathen society could have held together for a single week; how, in its discordant elements, it could have escaped self-destruction, dashing itself in pieces like an ungoverned and ungovernable engine, and expiring at length in the midst of an universal anarchy. But such a moral nature having been given us is in itself a proof that the Deity intends we should be subject to a moral rule: and his having placed us in such a situation at present as affords scope for the exercise of this nature, nay, as actually demands its exercise in a considerable degree, is a present earnest that he will be finally true to this rule, and act upon it strictly.

Dark as the ways of God may be, there is enough to satisfy a reasonable man that He is on virtue’s side: the *tendency* of things proves it. For instance, who can set bounds to the prosperity of a nation of perfectly righteous individuals—a nation in which every man would literally do his duty! The wisest of the land would be sent to her Parliament—the national Senate would be a conclave of sages,—no unworthy motives would influence the electors—no political gratitude, arising out of a strong sense of good things to come—no fear or favor would warp a vote—*detur digniori* would be the uncompromising motto, in the choice of a man to whom the property, the liberty, the honor, the morals, the religion of the empire were to be consigned, and whose solemn charge it would henceforth become, to see that in none of these great interests the commonwealth should take damage at his hands. “Politicians who would *circumvent* God” would subside into plain men, who would *fear* him. Faction would be at an end. The public weal would never be put in jeopardy for the purpose of embarrassing a minister, nor would principles reel under party struggles for place and power. New laws would be made, for circumstances might call for them, but perhaps they would be few—(Rome foundered beneath the multitude of her laws, *legibus laboravit*)—for patience to investigate, practical experience to understand, and wisdom to redress an evil, would not fall to the lot of all; and they who failed in these qualities would feel it, hold their peace, and honestly confess, that “they had nothing to draw with, and that the well was deep.” Old laws would be abrogated or adjusted—for this, too, circumstances might require: but perhaps it would be done with fear and trembling, with a *nolimus*;

for it would be considered that it is more easy to discover the mischief which an existing law does, than the mischief which it prevents—that in the application of a theory, (especially on so complicated a subject as political economy,) the most sagacious calculator may overlook some item in the reckoning, which may be fatal to the success of his measure, however well meant—that, in the actual business of life, it is scarcely possible to make too much allowance for friction—and that it was a grave authority (for Lord Strafford’s was said to be the wisest head that stood on any pair of shoulders in England) which declared “how advised we ought to be of any innovation, considering that inconveniences are rather found by experience than foreseen by judgment.” Debates, it is indeed to be feared, would, in such an assembly, be tame; for pleasant sneers at the stupid prejudices, antiquated notions, ecclesiastical bigotry of former generations, (those dead lions at which it is natural that many should kick,) would probably be suppressed by one thankful recollection—“*sic fortis Etruria, crevit.*” Above all, such a body would have the cordial confidence and support of the country, because, however they might err, (as still err they would,) they would be known to act from public spirit and in singleness of heart, as senators sitting under the eye of the great Taskmaster. Then with what promptness would their laws be executed, appealing, as they would, to a people united in their favor as one man; with what spirit too, should it be needful, would arms be taken up in their defence, conscious, as the nation would be, of the righteousness of their cause, nothing doubting but that God would go forth with their host, covering their heads in the day of battle, or taking them to himself if they fell. Then again, how would the fame of so peculiar a people spread into all lands; how would they be chosen by strangers far and near as the arbiters of their differences, the peace-makers in their quarrels, the counsellors to whom they might repair without a suspicion of treachery. Thus would the necessity of all subtle and crooked policy be spared, and the balance of the world fall naturally and innocently into their hands. This, alas! is but an Utopian picture; but such is the *tendency* of the essential constitution of things, to give virtue the preëminence; of righteousness to exalt a nation; a tendency which must be very strong indeed, to preserve the world even as it is, when we call to mind how vastly more *easy* it is to do evil than to do good, how the hand which cannot rear a hut may demolish a palace. Nor will the value of this concurrence between nature and revelation be thought a trifle, if it be remembered how perplexed we should be, had we found that vice, instead of virtue, possessed *essentially* the advantage in this world; and whilst revelation declared that God would eventually give the triumph to the good, nature asserted that present appearances were all the other way.

Thus, therefore, a future state—a future state of rewards and punishments—a future state of rewards and punishments dispensed according to a moral rule, or, in other words, according to the virtue or vice of the parties concerned,—is written in the volume of the book of nature itself, in characters legible enough when they have been brought to the light, though it may be that revelation was wanted to hold up the candle. But our parallel does not end here; for if these rewards and punishments are to be measured out hereafter

according to merit here, then must this world be a state of probation, in which such merit is expected to develop itself. Accordingly, revelation so represents it. And again, the constitution of things, when unfolded, tallies with the representation. For man is an unformed, unfinished creature, when he begins his being, though we refer him only to the character he has by and by to support upon earth. His *early years* are but a season, wherein he has to shape himself for the portion of his *riper age*—he is not born qualified for the part in *this life* he has to play; he must fit himself for it by much patient previous discipline—*multa tulit fecitque puer*. If we look upon an infant in its cradle, how much, must we think, is to be done, before it can become the judge, or the statesman, or the great captain of the next generation! What a drilling must Barrow have gone through, when, from a child who delighted in fighting and setting his playfellows to fight, regardless of his book—of such uncomfortable promise, as to make his father devoutly wish that if it should please God to take any of his children, it might be Isaac—he grew up in temper fit to win all hearts; in science, fit to fill with honor the mathematical chair in which Newton succeeded him; in learning, fit to stand in the very foremost rank amongst the most profound and universal scholars of his country! Such are the subsequent effects of early discipline in this life—of that scheme of probation, which requires opportunities to be seized as they occur; gratifications to be foregone in the hope of approaching recompense; miscarriages to be risked as well through the fault of others as of ourselves. Thus *nature* represents the years of the boy ministering to the condition of his manhood, just as *revelation* represents his whole threescore and ten years as ministering to his condition in eternity. The former scheme is in miniature, just what the latter is in large; and if the one be certain, surely the other may be probable.

Nor is this all; one feature there is in the plan of revelation more prominent than the rest,—that mankind are to be saved *not directly* but through a *mediator*. Now, nothing can be more strictly analogous to the constitution of nature than such a provision as this. For is it not through the mediation of others, that we live, and move, and enjoy our being? Are we not thus brought into the world, and for many years sustained in it? Is there a blessing imparted to us, which others have not, in some measure, contributed to procure? Nay, more, (for even the details of this dispensation are singularly coincident with our actual experience,) when punishment follows vice as a natural consequence, is not a way opened for escape very commonly by the instrumentality of others? Is not a shield thus mercifully interposed, more or less, between the transgression and the extreme curse which would have otherwise alighted upon it? For instance, a drunkard is on the point of falling down a precipice, and breaking his bones;—had he done so, it would have been a very natural consequence of his wilful folly, in “putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.” But a sober man steps in and rescues him from his peril. Here, then, is the case of a mediator mitigating the just severity of the ordinary wages of intemperance. Or, nobody happens to be at hand to interpose for the protection of the delinquent, and, accordingly, down he goes and fractures a limb. But now, in

his turn, comes the surgeon, and once more snatches him from the ulterior ill effects of the righteous accident. Here, again, is the case of a mediator again lightening the curse. But the man is lame and incapable of earning his daily bread, and if abandoned, must, after all, perish of hunger. And now in comes his parish, or his benefactor, with present food and promise of more, and once again is a part of his heavy sentence remitted. The mediator is still upon the alert. Nor, indeed, can the universal practice of vicarious sacrifice be easily explained, unless it be allowed, that (howsoever originating) there was something in the constitution of nature, which unobtrusively, perhaps, and in secret, cherished its continuance,—so that nations who retained little else of God in their thoughts, retained this.

Such are some of the bolder features of the two schemes of Nature and Revelation, which answer as face to face; and the argument once opened, it is easy to pursue it (as Mr. Hampden has actually done, and often with great success) “into a thousand similes;”—for wisdom will be crying out in the streets. It is easy, for instance, to see physical and moral events playing into one another’s hands, as it were, in a marvellous manner, in the administration of *this world*; rain or drought working out famine, and famine working out national demoralization;—and thus the virtue or vice of mankind greatly determined by vapors, precipitated or held in solution. Why then should it be thought a thing incredible that the fall of man should be connected with the tasting of an apple; or, that *physical* causes, of various kinds, operating the dispersion or temporary migration of the Israelites through almost every part of the known world—Egypt, Arabia, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome,—should have been the appointed means whereby a nation of priests, a host of reluctant missionaries, were sent forth to spread far and wide a knowledge of the true God, and to promote the *religious* welfare of mankind?

Again, it is easy to see, in the administration of the world, a beautiful *uniformity* throughout—a thousand things, great and small, influenced by one common cause, and tending to one common centre;—the meanest individuals thus linked to the universe itself,—“the chicken roosting upon its perch, to the spheres revolving in the firmament.” And in the scheme of revelation, it is obvious to remark, that the construction is the same. There it will be found (so we persuade ourselves, and were we at liberty to pursue the subject, we think we could persuade others) that the great principle of the redemption pervades Scripture no less thoroughly, in all its parts, than the principle of gravity pervades our system;—that, either in prospect or retrospect, it is hinted, shadowed out, prophesied, typified, commemorated, in the entire scheme of Old Testament and New. So that, withdraw it, and we can discover little but a series of incidents, some nugatory, some offensive, all disjointed;—trifles, light as air, detailed with a circumstantial pomp altogether foreign from them;—historical transactions of the last importance (according to man’s judgment) overlooked in a most unaccountable and contemptuous disregard;—in a word, a rude and indigested mass of heterogeneous materials. Bear this principle in sight, and all these jarring elements subside into their proper places, so as to compose one harmonious whole; and the domestic detail, however trivial, the mere household word,

has still its weighty and appropriate meaning ; and the light-hearted mockery of an aged woman, for instance,* becomes as real an instrument for telling forth the Almighty's plan, and bears upon it as effectually, as the tongue of the seer itself, which was touched with living coal from the altar.

It is easy to see again, in the administration of this world, causes and effects, running up into one another with a most evasive intricacy—nobody venturing to say where the regular confusion ends. The building of a church at Rome, for example, is coupled with the sale of indulgences—the sale of indulgences with the exasperation of a Luther—the exasperation of a Luther, with the immediate downfall of much, and perhaps, the ultimate downfall of all spiritual tyranny throughout the world.—A soldier has his leg broken at the siege of Pampeluna, and, till the limb is healed, he occupies himself with establishing a religious order, and this eventually governs the destinies of a great part of mankind ;—these cases may suffice of a million. Still is the mechanism of precisely the same character in the scheme which revelation exhibits :—the daughter of Pharaoh goes to the Nile to bathe ; on this hangs the preservation of the infant lawgiver ; on this, again, the release of Israel, the overthrow of the Egyptians, the promulgation of the Levitical law, the preparation of the gospel of peace. Or, to take a more mysterious case, which we will do in the words of a much better philosopher than ourselves, who is speculating, however, upon quite another subject :—

“ It is not difficult to show that the miraculous conception of our Lord evidently implies some higher purpose in his coming than the mere business of a teacher. The business of a teacher might have been performed by a mere man, enlightened by a prophetic spirit ; for, whatever instruction men have the capacity to receive, a man might have been made the instrument to convey. Had teaching, therefore, been the sole purpose of our Saviour's coming, a mere man might have done the whole business, and the supernatural conception had been an unnecessary miracle. He, therefore, who came in this miraculous way, came upon some higher business, to which a mere man was unequal. He came to be made a sin-offering for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.”

So remarkably do the doctrines of Scripture (even where they are apparently least practical) look into one another—reciprocally giving and receiving support.

There would be no difficulty, as we have observed, in pursuing this parallel to almost any extent ; and though we doubt not that persons who have been unused to this peculiar method of argument, will look upon much that we have said, or may have to say, as fanciful, yet we have no fear of the result, if they will make the subject of analogy a vade mecum in their ordinary walks through life, and note the wide compass within which it is capable of application. If we know ourselves, we are not apt to be betrayed into visionary views of religion ; but this question is one that has lain in *soak* in our minds (so to speak)

* Gen. xxi. 6. *Vide* Allix's *Reflections upon Genesis* and the four last books of Moses,—where this subject is pursued in a manner not more ingenious than satisfactory.

these many years, and has acquired fresh authority in every one that has passed over our heads. At the same time, it must be remarked, that we have not been contending for the analogy of the constitution and course of nature, as a *proof* of the truth of revelation ; the *proof* must be supplied by those many and various matters of fact to which Scripture appeals for a testimony, and which retire from the most inquisitorial scrutiny without a reproach or a suspicion. To these, revelation fearlessly refers us. But of the argument of the analogy, this, at least, may be said, that it is a very singular and strange circumstance, how a few Galilean peasants (unlearned men, as their own writings demonstrate) should have struck out a scheme professing to come from God, which, when tried by the test of “ the course and constitution of nature,” (a scheme indisputably from God,) should be found to harmonize with it so remarkably. It is the more singular, when it is remembered, that these rustic contrivers evidently contemplated no such principle of investigation, so that they might square their work accordingly. On the contrary, that they do not even propound their instructions as a *system* at all, but rather throw out certain loose facts and doctrines, fragments rather than forms, which have to be actually arrayed, disposed, reduced into order, before they fall into what divines call a *system* of theology. Surely this is a problem worthy of a solution ; and such as ought to make an unbeliever pause at least, and lead him to examine the positive evidence for that, of which the presumptive evidence is not at any rate despicable. It may be said, indeed, that the evidence, furnished by analogy, would have been little, had not revelation told us where to look for it. And this is true ; but it is a truth not at all affecting the value of that evidence when we once have it. A Harvey was wanted, to apply the anatomical fact of the different directions in which the valves of the arteries and veins open, to the development of the theory of the circulation of the blood ; yet the circulation of the blood would have been just as real, if no Harvey had lived to make it known. The Newtonian System, as it is called, might have been hidden to this day, if Newton had never been born ; but it would not have been, on that account, the less certain that the system existed. The “ Constitution and Course of Nature” has been dug up,—revelation telling us where to dig, in order to find it ; but, on coming to the light, its testimony to the truth of revelation is not, on that account, the less worthy of all acceptance. In the Acts of the Apostles, we read, “ A certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us.” (ch. xvi. 14.) Now, suppose this passage had induced a search to be made into the ruins of Thyatira ; and that, in consequence, a stone had been brought up, bearing a mutilated inscription to a worthy of that city, from a company of *dyers*, (*δυσαντες**)—the discovery of the stone would help to corroborate the assertion of the writer of the Acts,—not at all the less effectually, because it happened to be some hundred years after the Acts were written that the discovery was made,—and that it was only made then, because the mention of the place had stimulated curiosity, and suggested the search.

On the whole, if we pass the several particulars

* *Vide* Wheeler's *Journey into Greece*, iii., p. 233.

of this argument rapidly in review, and reckon their cumulative value, that which answers to what in architecture is called the *effect*, cannot be inconsiderable in the judgment of any sober and dispassionate inquirer after truth.

But, whatever may be the importance of the argument from analogy, when regarded under this aspect, it is not that under which Bishop Butler contemplated it with the most satisfaction. Whether he was first put upon his inquiry by the remark of Origen, which he quotes as though it had struck his mind with the force of a new thought, that "he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the author of nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it, as are found in the constitution of nature;" whether, we say, this was the text from which he set out, and which gave a complexion to his subsequent thoughts throughout, the obvious tendency of it being to lead him to consider the argument chiefly as an *answer to objections* against revelation; or whether he thought that to silence objections was in itself to add to the positive evidence in the most effectual of all ways, by making it carry (to use a profane phrase) less weight; or whether, in wielding his two-edged weapon, he was naturally disposed to strike on the side that cut keenest,—for, as a smiter down of the high imaginations of the infidel touching the *scheme* of Christianity, it is not only powerful, but altogether restless; or whether, in an age like his own, so "very reasonable" in its religious notions, he felt a righteous zeal to foil the wise with their own weapons, and to suggest to them, with all becoming humility, that there might be, after all,—and even on admission of their difficulties,—more things between heaven and earth than their philosophy dreamed of: however this might be, certain it is, that it is as an *answer to objections* against revelation, that Butler regards the analogy, rather than as a witness of its truth;—that he does not so often speak in the spirit of St. Paul, when that apostle urges "The invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made," as when he retorts upon the deistical antagonist, "Thou fool! that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die;"—that he sometimes employs it in conjunction with revelation, but much more often in opposition to unbelief.

Here, indeed, the argument of analogy is the golden branch, before which obstacles fall and phantoms vanish. Thus: there is a presumption against miracles. So there may be, but is there not also a presumption against such a combination of circumstances as go to make up the history of Cæsar, meeting in any one individual, prior to the event? Yet the presumption, (however great,) yields before a very small matter of evidence. We have an impression on our minds, that it was the avowed intention, a few years ago, of a great living poet to write a life of Napoleon, not on the plan he adopted, but on one in which not a single incident should be probable, yet all strictly true; and no doubt the thing might have been achieved. The presumption must have been great against the phenomena of electricity, galvanism, or many other arcana of nature, yet they were soon established on evidence not to be gainsayed. We suppose, that had Palinurus been told, when he was beating about in the Mediterranean three days and three nights, neither sun nor stars appearing, that the time would come when a little needle's point

would "prate of his whereabouts" with most miraculous organs, and to the merest nicety, he would have been hard to be persuaded.—Yet so it was. And though we think the presumption at present strong against the existence of future flying philosophers, yet only a certain degree of testimony would be wanted to work our conviction that, having been long volatile, they were become volant. The course of nature, therefore, very easily disposes of the question of presumption. But it does more. To those who believe in a *particular* Providence ever actively superintending the affairs of this world, great and small, miracles can present no cause of offence; for then, perpetual interposition being the order of things, it is credible enough that it should sometimes manifest itself in striking and unusual effects.

But the administration of this world, it may be said, is carried on according to *general laws*. Still there is much on foot to which those laws do not seem to apply—*faults*, as it were, (to use a miner's phrase,) in the constitution of things. What are the laws, for instance, by which a hurricane, or a pestilence, or a famine, pounces upon mankind, (σκηψας *ἐλαυνει*,) scourging one place and sparing another; so hard to be reduced to any principle, as to be called (what is another name for our utter ignorance of their nature)—*accidents*? May it not be that times and seasons proceed by rules prescribed, till some accumulation of inconvenience requires the interposition of a hurricane, or a pestilence, or a famine, and still that the interposition itself occurs according to a general law too, not to be considered as an item in a system of expedients, implying defect or effort, unworthy of the contriver, since to change implies no more of this than to create,—for, if there was a defect before the change, so must there have been before the creation, creation itself being a change; and if an effort is required to alter, so it must have been to produce,—but rather is the natural effect of *causes* set at work from the beginning. And in like manner the *moral* world may proceed, according to general laws, till an accumulation of inconvenience demands the interference of a miracle; this, too, according to a general law, a law by which it was appointed when the foundations of the world were laid, that, under such and such circumstances, miracles there should be,—a law which we might, very probably, trace out and determine, if we had but other moral systems wherewith to make a comparison. And if it be objected that this is to deprive miracles of their value as tokens of a commission from God, as credentials of his ambassadors, we answer that no such consequence would ensue; for that as a mere man could never calculate upon such an interposition occurring in his favor, unless he had been in communication with the Deity, so its actual occurrence would be thought enough to prove such communication, or, in other words, to certify the authority by which he spake. Moses, for instance, could not be supposed to have lifted up his rod by a happy coincidence at the very moment when the "universal plan" required that the waters of the Red Sea should be divided before the Israelites; but the phenomenon happening as he waved his wand, it would be at once concluded that the Deity had been with him, and let him into the secret. And, after all, what is a miracle, but an apparent deviation from the established course of nature, with a view to a *moral* effect? But (as we have had frequent occasion to remark, in the progress of this argument) nothing

is more usual than to see events in the natural world made subservient to moral ends; indeed, so usual, that it may be doubted whether every individual event is not intended to produce finally some moral purpose. There may be difficulties in either case, both in the peculiarities of nature and of revelation—that we dispute not; but our argument is this—that whilst we see in God's natural government apparent interruptions of general laws, or phenomena, which, if assignable to general laws, are not assignable to such as we can discover, and are, therefore, classed under the head *accidents*, (which, like *sundries*, mean just what we can give no account of,) we have no need to be staggered at the same or similar mechanism in God's moral government, the presumption being rather the other way, that irregularities were to be expected in the scheme of revelation, there being actually such in the physical scheme.

But is it not strange that mankind should have been suffered to live so long in the dark—that the world should have been left to drag on four thousand years, before Christianity was revealed? Here, again, analogy steps in, exclaiming, not at all strange; on the contrary, it is the most common case in nature. How is it, for example, that herbs have been allowed to run to waste for centuries, upon centuries, of which the virtues, when they were once discovered,

“sae fortified the part,
That when Death looked to his dart,
It was so blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierced the heart
Of a kail-runt.”

Indeed, it is not till within these very few years that a whole class of medicines, and a class, now, we believe, considered the most efficient,—minerals, have been transferred from the bowels of the earth to the bowels of the patient, to the great advantage of human life. How is it, to revert to what we have already touched upon, that mankind were left to blunder about upon the ocean, in perils of waters, for so long a period, without the knowledge of the compass? Or to live in gross ignorance of many most essential truths, during a number of generations, for want of the simple art of printing? There is no end to this—the world, like Prospero's island, is full of strange sounds.

But revelation has been communicated *partially*; if it was really from God, and of the importance alleged, would it not have been *universal*? Yet which of God's gifts is not imparted thus? Health, and strength, and intellect, and property, are all distributed in unequal proportions—one man has his lot cast among the snows, and seals, and *tripe de la roche* of a polar sky; another on the vine-clad banks of the Loire. It is not for us to reconcile these things; but it is idle to raise an objection against revelation upon a ground which would equally deprive the Almighty of any hand in the government of the universe.

But the *evidence* for the truth of revelation is not *demonstrative*;—was it not to be expected, that principles which were not for speculation, but use, and for *such* use too, should have been set forth with a perspicuity which could not be misinterpreted, and supported by testimony which could not be refused? Yet what reason was there for expecting this? None, certainly, from the condition of man in this world. He has been left to shape his course through things temporal, not with *demonstration* for his guide, but with *probability* only. For can he do more, even in the most criti-

cal step that he takes, than sit down first, endeavor to count the cost, and then plant his foot where there seems *most* cause to think he can plant it safely?—musing, like the suitors of Portia, on which of the caskets contains his treasure, and often, like them, greatly perplexed. Practically speaking, it is *probability*, in a degree very much lower than that which pleads for the truth of revelation, that supplies the rule of human actions, even where life itself is involved. What else launched the boat of Columbus? He sought a new heaven and a new earth, under much doubt, and discouragement, and danger—the very existence of his object never clearly revealed to him, till it actually rose upon him from the deep, his weary voyage done. Up to that hour, he could only read it in the direction of a current, in the casual floating past of a spar, in the sea-weed, in the land-bird, in the breeze; yet these signs he laid up in his heart, and following them in faith, found the world he longed for: which things are an allegory. Why, then, should a rule, which thus obtains for the present, be abandoned for the future? more especially as the *very uncertainty* (whatever may be the amount of it) may constitute an essential part of the trial of all, and the most essential part of the trial of many. But, in truth that uncertainty is very much less than many persons suppose. People are apt to see the force of evidence or of argument only as it makes for their own prejudices—“The wish is father to the thought.” The wolf, when he was learning to read, could make nothing out of the letters, whatever they might be, that were set before him, but “lamb.” Cudworth suggests that even geometrical theorems, (that the three angles of a triangle, for instance, are equal to two right angles,) if connected with offensive moral truths, might possibly become the subject of doubt and controversy. And Mr. Le Bas, who adopts this sentiment in his valuable Essay on Miracles, adds in a note, somewhat after the manner of Warburton's illustrations, “If the Pythagorean proposition (Eucl. i. 47) were to impose on mathematicians the *Pythagorean* maxim of a strict vegetable diet, what carnivorous student of geometry would ever get to the end of the first book in Euclid? Or if we could conceive the doctrine of *fluxions* had, somehow or other, been combined with an obligation to abstain from the use of wine; does any one believe that it would have gained its present undisputed establishment throughout the scientific world?—Should we not at this very day have many a thirsty analyst protesting that he was under an absolute inability to comprehend or to credit the system?”

But what, if miracles, the foundation of the Christian scheme, should not always be found agreeable to the commands of God?—What, if the power of working them should have sometimes fallen into bad hands, and have been used for evil purposes?—What, if a wonder could be worked in confirmation of the duty of idolatry?—Or in defiance of a message of the Most High?—Or in establishing the pretensions of a false Christ?—What, if those who were outcasts themselves, should have prophesied and ejected evil spirits?—Would not this render the worth of miracles themselves in evidence of revelation equivocal? Many of our divines would here deny the premises; would not allow that any confusion of this kind was permit-

* Deut. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

† Exod. vii. 11.

‡ Matt. xxiv. 24.

§ Matt. vii. 22, 23.

ted, and explain, accordingly, the texts which may seem to imply the contrary. If, however, we admit this objection of the Deists to be well founded—if we admit that such abuse of supernatural gifts was sometimes allowed, and that, being allowed, it caused many to doubt; still are not *great abilities* very often suffered in these days to do the same? Such a prophet, or worker of miracles, as we speak of, would but have been playing a part similar to that which a Tindal, or a Bolinbroke, or a Paine, has played since, and lived. They would but have been applying high talents to base ends. The truth is, the possessor of rare endowments, of whatever kind, if he prostitutes them to the object of making "one of the little ones" to offend, will have to answer for it; but then the little ones themselves, upon this as upon other occasions, are expected to exercise their own understanding ("that *candle of the Lord* within them,"*) upon the tendency of the conflicting evidence, which, no doubt, Providence will always take care shall *preponderate* on the side of the truth; and the perplexity may constitute a part of their trial,—it may be the Master's pleasure that the "*wise servant*" shall have his discretion subjected to this very test.

But the *severity* with which the Deity is made to act in Scripture, is another lion in the way; a nation is to be cut off, not in its guilty members only, but in all that belongs to it,—ox and sheep, infant and suckling, camel and ass. Is not this a hard saying? Yet, hard as it is, it is just what the course of nature confirms. A flood, for instance, now acts under precisely the same orders, as a Joshua or a Saul did heretofore,—making no greater distinction of persons or things. When Catania, or Lima, or Lisbon was destroyed, no reservation was observed in favor of women, or children, or cattle. The earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, whatever was their innocence. Yet

"Plagues and earthquakes shake not heaven's design."

Or, again,—must not vast numbers miscarry under a dispensation like that of Christianity, where so much is exacted from beings so frail? Can that be a faithful representation of the Author of the universe, which portrays him under the character of an austere man,—or, can that scheme belong to the merciful God which describes the gate of his kingdom as strait, the way narrow, and the incomers few? Are there so many beings to be born only to perish? Here we feel that we are entering on "thoughts abstruse," which warn us, with Eve, to withdraw. But still, appalling as the consideration may be, it is nevertheless very true, that in the actual constitution of things, there does seem to be a prodigious waste both of animal and vegetable life—that of the seeds sown, few grow into plants—that of the animals which see the light, few are born to enjoy it—that we give a corporal pang to many a poor beetle as we walk across the field—that we boil water for our food, and destroy myriads of animated atoms. The objection thus viewed, ought, indeed, to stimulate our exertion, but certainly ought not to shake our faith. Or, further still, that punishment, having *no end*, or next to none, should be assigned to sins committed during the brief span of three score years and ten, seems to be hard measure, difficult for flesh and blood to believe. Yet the constitution

of nature appears to uphold the dismal doctrine; for how often does a single act of folly or guilt entail upon the offender a whole life of suffering, sorrow, or shame!—the chastisement out of all proportion (as might be supposed) to the sin. It was the unwise or unjust exaction (call it which you will) of a sum, not exceeding thirty shillings, from one of his subjects, that inflicted upon a king of England the downfall of his throne, the loss of his head, and the exile of his children. It was a single act of carelessness (if we are to believe Shakspeare) in putting into another king's hands, by mistake, a schedule of effects, that excited the monarch's cupidity, and wrought the plunder, the disgrace, and eventually the death of a Wolsey.

But the method by which revelation represents the Deity to effect the recovery and salvation of man is very *roundabout*. From a Being whom nothing can let or hinder, a more direct and expeditious course was to be expected. Yet why so? Certainly the system on which this world proceeds argues no such precipitation of plan—quite the contrary. You may say, God might command the stones to be made bread, or the clouds to rain it; but this he does not. He chooses rather to leave mankind to till, to sow, to reap, to gather into barns, to grind, to bake, and then to eat—a process not only very long, but in some respects, *à priori*, very unpromising, very unlikely to answer its end. But, as one of our old divines quaintly remarks, the Almighty "not unusually looks the contrary way to that he moves; and while men love to go the nearest way, and often fail, God commonly goes about, and in his own time comes safe home."

But the whole apparatus of Christianity is *mean*, unworthy its magnificent pretensions;—its seat, the bosom of God—its voice, the harmony of the world. Be it so: join, if you will, in the querulous cry of that mighty man, the captain of the host of the king of Syria,—still the argument of analogy demolishes the objection, whatever may be its force; for what is more common in the constitution of nature than for prodigious consequences to flow from apparently mean beginnings? Lady Mary Wortley Montague rambles into a Turkish village, and what comes of it?—She sends to England the secret of inoculation, thereby, perhaps, contributing more to the welfare of her countrymen, than all the conquerors of the East. Dr. Jenner observes that the milk-maids of Gloucestershire escape the small-pox altogether; and what is the result?—that vaccination is discovered, and the uncleanly flux of a cow mitigates still further that noisome disease, and economizes life more successfully than a whole college of physicians.

But the scheme of atonement, as developed in revelation, seems to exhibit the Deity as regardless whether the innocent or the guilty suffer, provided suffering there be: is this credible? It may be a difficulty, (for all the objections we have touched are real difficulties,) but it is a difficulty of precisely the same kind, as that which the scheme of nature presents, and neither greater nor less. "*I have done wickedly, but these sheep what have they done?*" is not an exclamation fitted for David only. Napoleon determines upon an invasion of Russia,—the unjust act is not immediately visited upon himself; he *coolly* puts on his fur cloak, gets into his traineau, and flies to his faithful city; but his innocent followers (innocent of planning the enterprise, we mean) are called to

pay the price of his iniquity, by being frozen to death round the ashes of their own watch-fires. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*, is an adage of very old standing. As a matter of fact, therefore, the arrangement is not at all incredible.

But why an atonement at all!—Why should not *repentance* alone suffice to reconcile us to the Deity! We are not bound to tell why; but this we can tell, that in the world in which we live, sorrow for offences does not in general remove the evil they entail upon the offender—it does not “trammel up the consequence;” it does not, for instance, acquit the deceiver of his contempt, or the libertine of his disease, or the rogue of his halter.—Affliction there may be, but there must be fine too; and the natural feelings of mankind bear witness to this, for (as we have already hinted) if sorrow had been thought enough by the heathens, why should they have added sacrifice! There is one consideration, however, suggested by analogy, which is an answer to this, and to almost all objections both against natural religion and revealed—*our very imperfect knowledge of either*. We erect ourselves into judges whilst we are not in possession of nearly the whole case;—we decide upon a piece of very intricate mechanism, whilst we are acquainted with very few of its parts;—we pronounce dogmatically upon a move at chess, whilst we do not see all the positions of the men. The constitution of nature is evidently a *scheme*. Thus the relation of the different parts of a watch to one another is not more certain than that of the several parts of the animal frame. The spring, the barrel, the chain, the wheels, are all proportionate and adapted each to each, but with no greater care than the bones are articulated; the hinges of the joints made double or single; the vitals protected, the head by a strong box, the heart by a basket of ribs; no one member being able to say to another, “I have no need of thee.” Here, then, is relation of parts in the *individual*—indicating that the constitution of nature is a *scheme*. Let us extend our circle, and we may observe that the lungs of animals are made with a reference to the air they have to breathe, their eyes to the light whereby they are to see; for the former could not play in such an element as water, nor the latter be useful for vision, if the rays of light impinged with the momentum of a hail-storm. Indeed, nothing can be more obvious than the *symmetry* with which all things are constructed; quadrupeds and birds bearing some proportion to man and to one another in size; vegetables only suffered to attain a height suitable to those who have to live among them or upon them. With what alarm should we contemplate the growth of grass, if there was no assignable limit to its elevation—if it threatened to bury us alive, like Gulliver in the corn of the Brobdingnags; or how should we be dismayed on observing the advance of a blight, when the insects composing it might severally assume (no law forbidding) the size of a behemoth! Here, then, we have the relation of the *individual to the place* he lives in—still a *scheme*. Once more let us extend our circle, and we find the air standing in due relation, not only to the lungs of animals on the earth, but to the sun in the heavens, receiving his rays, not as upon a bed of wool, but upon a transparent, subtle, elastic substance, through which they may be readily drawn by “a team of little atomies” to the place of their destination. Here we have the relation of *nearer to more remote parts*—still a *scheme*. Yet more:—

the sun to which we have thus traced up, stands in his turn related to other planets besides ours; the law by which he attracts them, and the quantity of matter he contains, being no less nicely adjusted than the minutest of the subordinate elements which we have been examining; and if we could explore the abyss beyond, we should probably perceive that this system itself, of which the sun is thus the centre, holds a relationship no less complete to other systems as great and glorious as our own; and thus, that the mutual dependencies of things are unbroken throughout the entire universe, and that all conspire to one vast and incomprehensible *scheme*. Then again, the several parts of such a system are not to be regarded under one relation only, (as we have been hitherto chiefly considering them,) but under *many* relations, involved and interwoven in a manner the most complicated—one principle answering many ends. Thus, the construction of the body is, in its essential features, the same, whether the animal is to be adapted to the earth, the ocean, or the sky. So again, the air which supplies the lungs is equally fitted for the propagation of sounds, the conveyance of scents, the mitigation of heat, the aliment of vegetables, or the impulse of vessels—the constitution of nature hereby exhibiting itself, not merely as a *scheme*, but as a *scheme* of extreme complexity, full of wheels within wheels,—if touched in one place, trembling under the touch in a thousand other places. Now, this being the natural constitution of things, would it not be idle in any professor in the world to get up and say, “such a particular in this mechanism is defective; it would have been better thus: the air, for instance, would have been far less objectionable, if it had not been of a density sufficient to blow down my castles.” It might be an advantage to you that your castles should have stood (would be the obvious answer;) but supposing the change, how would the system at large be affected by it,—the lungs of animals, the passage of light, the aliment of plants, and numberless other matters, of which we know nothing! It is possible that this alteration for which you plead would have involved the derangement of the universe. Your suggestion (saving your professorship) might be, after all, (as Horsley would have said,) only “a rude jog from the clumsy fist of a clown, who knew nothing of the component parts of the machine.”

The *natural* government of God, then, being evidently a *scheme*, and a very elaborate one, it is probable from analogy that his *moral* government is a *scheme* too; indeed, there is further cause for believing this, in the circumstance that the physical world seems to be itself in relation to the moral, just as the vegetable is subordinate to the animal, and the animal to the intellectual kingdom; but if a *scheme* at all, then one having a multitude of bearings, very few of which come within our cognizance. To raise objections, therefore, against what we may fancy irregularities in it, whether we look to the *general* plan of Providence, or to Christianity as a *particular* scheme under that plan, is to charge God foolishly, because it is to charge him ignorantly. “Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth!”—it may still be justly replied, as it heretofore was, to such puny assailants,—“Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea! hast thou walked in the search of the depths! Have the gates of death been opened to thee, or knowest thou the ordinances of heaven!” It may not, therefore, be more unphilosophical to

find fault with the physical order of things, on the score that where there is such air as ours there may be hurricanes, than to reproach the moral order of things with the existence of evil, the partial diffusion of good, the imperfect evidence for the truth of revelation, or the extraordinary nature of it; the true answer in both cases being one and the same—that we are quarrelling, not with independent matters, standing alone or on their own merits, but with parts of a very intricate scheme, subservient to it in how many ways, and with what propriety, he only who can survey the *whole* can tell. This is a portion of his great theme on which Bishop Butler delights to dwell; his sermons, as well as his essays, are full of it. Nor can we picture to ourselves a more instructive lesson than that which is afforded by the grave example of such a man; that he, so acute, so patient, so profound, so fruitful in anticipating objections, so candid in estimating, so triumphant in repelling them, so gifted with powers of combining and developing the hints of God's secret counsels, which lie scattered over the face of things,—that he, a man thus endowed, a giant even in days when giants there were, should ever be reminded, and should ever be reminding us, of his ignorance; that the incomprehensible, the Eternal, the Infinite, sets all the pride of our understandings at nought, and by intricacies which He gives us to unravel, and contrarieties which He gives us to reconcile, and depths which He gives us to fathom, and shades which He gives us to illumine, forces from us a confession unfeigned, that the wisest are but as fools when measuring themselves against Him whose ways are past finding out, and who oft, amidst

"Thick clouds and dark
Chooses to dwell, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Circles his throne."

Such an example cannot be lost upon an age in which any modesty is left—rebuking the superficial scoffer, as it does, after the manner of Newton to Halley, "Mund, Mund, talk not of this question; you have not considered it, I have."

Such is the argument from analogy; the most effectual, perhaps, that can be urged against the unbeliever; for many of his objections, being indisputable difficulties, do not always admit of a ready answer, and an abortive attempt at one would only strengthen his prejudice and harden his heart. But, to retort his own objections upon himself, to drive him (if he would be true to his principles) from unbelief to atheism—from a philosophy which stumbles, to be sure, at the foolishness of a confession of the faith, to a philosophy that reposes in the wisdom of a confession, that there may be contrivance without a contriver, and governance without a guide,—this is to take him in his own toils, and to goad him into the necessity of reconsidering a verdict which saddles him with conclusions so monstrous.

We cannot close our paper without adverting to a dissertation by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, prefixed to his cheap edition of the *Analogy*. We do it with the most entire good will to its author, (however we may differ from him,) whose desire to give increased circulation to such a work, at such a period, can be viewed with no other feelings than those of unmingled respect. And here we may observe in passing, that this revival of a taste for the writings of Bishop Butler, indicated by the

several publications of which the titles stand at the head of this article, is one of the best signs of the times; for, whether the demand for those writings originated with the laity themselves, who would satisfy their own scruples, or with the clergy, who would supply them with the best means of doing so, no better choice could have been made—none more candid, more discreet, more according to knowledge. It is only justice to Mr. Wilson to say, that he shows every disposition to pay suitable homage to one of the greatest men of our church; and that his epitome of the *Analogy* is faithful and luminous. Still he has some fault to find with the Bishop of Durham. The learned prelate is not sufficiently scriptural in his language, nor elevated in his views of Christianity.

"It is impossible (says Mr. Wilson) to calculate the additional good which the *Analogy* would have effected, if its unnumbered readers had been instructed more adequately by it in the spiritual death and ruin of man in all his powers by the fall; in the inestimable constitution of special grace established by the gospel; in the gratuitous justification of the sincere believer in the sacrifice of Christ; in the divine nature and properties of true faith; in the mighty operations of the Holy Ghost in illuminating and sanctifying man; and in the consolation and obedience which are the fruits of faith."—p. 143.

Now, to the opinion here expressed we cannot altogether subscribe; for to whom was the *Analogy* chiefly addressed? Not to believers, though to them it does indirectly minister, confirming them in their acceptance of that religion which the constitution of nature bespeaks to be a twin-sister of its own; but it was for sceptics, or unbelievers, that it was principally meant; and it is probable that, had not such abounded in the days of Bishop Butler, the *Analogy* would never have been heard of. For he lived at a time, as we learn from himself, when "the licentiousness of the upper classes, combined with the irreligion industriously propagated amongst the lower," was tending to produce "total profligacy;" when a "levelling spirit upon atheistical principles," was to be apprehended, as it had before been actually experienced on principles of enthusiasm;* when "religion was become so very *reasonable*, as to have nothing to do with the heart and affections, if such words signify anything but the faculty by which we discern speculative truth;"† when it was thought needful to propitiate the hearers of a sermon on the "love of God," by protesting at the outset that the "subject was a real one, nothing in it enthusiastic or unreasonable;"‡ when, "in every view of things, and upon all accounts, irreligion was the chief danger;"§ when to preach the love of our enemies was called "*rant*;"|| when "there was a general decay of religion in the nation, observed by every one, for some time the complaint of all serious persons—the influence of it more and more wearing out of the minds of men, even of those who did not pretend to enter into speculations on the subject, whilst the numbers of those who did, and who professed themselves unbelievers, increased—and with their numbers their zeal, *zeal for nothing, but AGAINST everything that was good and sacred amongst men*;"¶ when "the signs of God's coming" were believed to be "but too apparent;" for

* Sermons, vol. I., p. 347, Oxford.

† p. 228.

|| p. 146.

† p. 227.

§ p. 300.

¶ p. 426.

that, "as different ages had been distinguished by different sorts of particular errors and vices, so the deplorable distinction of that was, an avowed scorn of religion in some, and a growing disregard of it in the generality."^{*}

These were the times for which Butler had to provide; and we cannot but think that he acted like a wise builder, when he laid the foundation, and left others to build thereon. Besides, it was not Butler's object to expound the doctrines of Scripture, but to prove its credibility: he was not its interpreter, but its advocate. With the doctrines, in their full extent, the constitution of nature (which was his concern) had comparatively little to do. It was applicable, indeed, to the gross features of Christianity, and to these he applied it, but to the nicer details it was not. The element was of a quality fit for injection into the main trunks and arteries, but was not subtle enough to insinuate itself into all the minuter parts of the vascular system. It was applicable, for instance, to the great dispensation of a Mediator, but not to his metaphysical nature, or to the degree of ruin (whether total or partial) from which He restored mankind; and, indeed, nothing can be more remarkable than the pains Butler takes to avoid all questions which might immediately or remotely minister to strife—all questions which might narrow the sphere within which his book would be suffered to walk with effect. He does not wish to speak to Calvinist or Arminian, to philosophers of this school or of that, but he wishes to speak to men in general—to plead the credibility of Scripture in general; and, for that purpose, to use (as the algebraists would say) *general expressions*. Hence such terms as "faculties of perception and action," "living powers," "living agents," "the living being each man calls himself," which, to be justly estimated, (as Mr. Hampden properly observes,) must be regarded as exclusions of any particular theory concerning the soul. In like manner, he speaks of "the unknown event, death;" and, what is perhaps even more remarkable still, he will not shackle himself (logical as he is) with a definition of the sense in which he uses the word "miracle," contenting himself with saying that "the notion of it, considered as a proof of a divine mission, has been stated with great exactness by divines, and is," he thinks, "sufficiently understood by every one." Moreover the *obscurity* of Bishop Butler, which has been sometimes complained of, arises, as far as it exists, chiefly out of this very mode of treating his subject; for he was hereby sometimes "obliged to express himself in a manner which might seem strange to such as *did not observe the reason for it*;" and the secret operation of the same principle probably caused him to be so very sparing of his examples—his mind still delighting to read nature with a broad eye, and "scarce bringing itself to set down instances." Persons not familiar with the analytical nomenclature are often puzzled with a proposition, where the numbers are expressed in letters, who would readily understand it if a particular case were taken, and figures substituted for them.

Nor is this all: so determined is Butler to cast his net as wide as possible, "to gather of every kind," that he frequently argues upon the principles of others and not his own; proving his point, to be sure, not *from* those principles, but *notwithstanding* them, "omitting what he thinks true,"

(and we beg attention to this, as bearing very closely on the question in debate,) "and of the *utmost importance*, merely because by others thought unintelligible or not true."^{*} Now, Mr. Wilson will not deny, that some of the propositions which he would willingly have seen adopted into the work of Bishop Butler, were, at least, matters of much debate in Bishop Butler's time. Mr. Wilson believes them to their full extent: he finds them (so he expressly says†) perfectly compatible with the plan of "the Analogy;" then can he still profit by "the Analogy;" and add to it that which he thinks lacking. Another man may believe them only to a more limited extent: he also finds his opinions compatible with "the Analogy,"—he therefore can profit by it too. A third may not as yet believe them at all (and amongst the motley multitude for which Butler had to cater, this was a very common character: (he, therefore, is to be won, not by overwhelming him at once with the whole mystery of the gospel, but by submitting to him that the gospel is not a thing *incredible*, and leaving him to draw his own conclusions. "A narrow-necked bottle," says Quintilian somewhere, "must be humored; pour gently, or you spill instead of fill." "Reculer pour mieux sauter," is not the worst of French proverbs.

But, indeed, "the *entire* corruption," or "the *total* moral ruin" of man, or the "alienation of his *whole* moral nature from God,"‡ which Mr. Wilson would have had introduced by Butler, is a doctrine which that profound inquirer did not hold; and, moreover, is a doctrine, which, if established, would in our opinion, shake his argument to its foundations. In his sermons, which abound in elements of his greater work, and in some cases may serve as a commentary upon it, he is chiefly occupied in determining the inward frame of man; and his own search and experience lead him to think that his form had not yet lost *all* her original brightness; that in addition to those passions which he shares in common with brutes, there is another principle peculiar to him, even a conscience, a moral sense, a something,—call it by what name we please, whereby we respectively assign to right and wrong, approbation or blame; that this principle is felt to speak like one having authority—*authority* as distinguished from mere *power*, for this any baser principle may possess; that it seats itself above the other constituent parts of our nature,—inspects them, pronounces on them, nothing within us meanwhile denouncing this as an act of unbecoming usurpation; that however the rabble rout of disorderly passions may attempt to set it at nought, it is still acknowledged as a sovereign (in this instance at least) by *divine right*; that the Author of Nature, by planting such a monitor within us, answering to virtue or vice by a corresponding pleasure or pang, after the manner of a gratified or violated sense, now recognizing, as with the feelings of the enchanter,

"the pace

Of some chaste footing near about this ground,"
and now again perceiving, as with those of the witch,

"By the pricking of the thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes"—

that the Author of Nature, by endowing us with such a faculty, declares himself for virtue and

^{*} Sermons, vol. I., p. 422, Oxford.

^{*} Sermons, vol. I., p. 403.

[†] Dissert., p. 145.

[‡] Dissert., pp. 131—144.

against vice; declares, therefore, in his present government not to be arbitrary but *moral*, and thereby declares, (as Butler argues) that a future state of rewards and punishments, dispensed according to a *moral* rule, shall be the final consummation of all things. It is therefore, ultimately, upon the basis of a sense of right and wrong implanted to a certain degree in the heart of man, that Butler builds his high argument: deny it, that is, assert the *total* corruption of man's nature, and his foundations sink under him. Nor does Mr. Wilson himself, in some places, fail of being aware of this. It seems to us, indeed, to be a source of embarrassment to him; for he elsewhere expressly asserts, that "all the evidences of revealed religion appeal to our *moral nature*, and meet precisely the faculty of judging which we still possess; and would have no medium of proof, and therefore no authority to convince, if this *moral sense* should be denied."* Now this is just what Butler would contend; but how is it consistent with that doctrine of a "*total moral ruin*," which it is made a matter of charge against him that he did not sufficiently inculcate? To allow a "*moral sense*," and yet to insist on a "*total moral ruin*," appears to us as incongruous as to allow some sense of hearing, and yet to insist on a total deafness. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not undertaking to draw human nature into line, but only to draw it out of coal dust—to shelter it under those principles which a Hooker or a Barrow has delivered to us, who, whilst they maintained the existence of a law of reason, "a law comprehending all those things which men, by the light of their natural understanding, evidently know, or at least may know, to be befitting or unfitting, virtuous or vicious, good or evil for them to do,"† were at the same time ready to confess that it would be in vain "to search all the generations of men, since the fall of our father, Adam, to find one man that hath done one action which hath passed from him pure, without any stayne or blemish at all."‡ No man can be farther than Bishop Butler for advocating, with the schoolmen of old, the integrity of our nature. The supposition that the "world is in a state of ruin" seems to him the very ground of the Christian dispensation, and if not provable by reason, at least not contrary to it.§ No man can vindicate more nobly or more thankfully the merciful scheme of the atonement, (if there be any one part of his book more satisfactory than another, it is where he handles this vital question;) but that does not entail upon him the necessity of *effacing* the image of its Creator altogether from the soul of the unregenerate man, as a preliminary step—thereby confounding the nature of virtue and vice, the charity of a Titus with the cruelty of a Nero, and making such appeals as these, of which Scripture contains many, unintelligible. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work: there is neither speech nor language, but their voice is heard among them." The creation, therefore, was qualified to preach, and man (the natural man) had a certain corresponding capacity to receive what is taught. "The gentiles which have not the law do by nature the things written in the law." The gentiles, therefore, were not wholly lawless; "na-

ture" was in some sense a guide to them in morals. God, even in the times of the gentiles, "left not himself without witness in that he did good." Man, therefore, must have been in some measure fitted to approve the good, to apply it to its Author, or where was the witness? "If ye love them which love you, what thanks have ye! for sinners (*i. e.* heathens) love those that love them"—a very low degree of benevolence this assuredly, but something nevertheless. "If a man provide not for his own, he is worse than an infidel." Infidels, therefore, were capable of this act which is enjoined Christians as commendable. "Yea, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" asks our Lord. In themselves, therefore, was lodged some capacity of doing this, or why the question? And the instinctive aversion which is felt to accept, in the literal meaning, such a text as "he who *hateth* not father and mother, cannot be my disciple," does not surely arise from its being directly in contradiction to other texts, (for if there were no others to qualify it, there would still be no doubt about the matter,) but simply from that sense of right and wrong in a man's heart, which tells him at once that the Almighty cannot intend what the words in their strict acceptation imply.

Possibly some ambiguity may have arisen in the notions entertained by religious persons of the *nature* of man, from the different senses in which that term is used in Scripture: for when the apostle says that the gentiles "were by *nature* the children of wrath," it is plain that he could not employ the word in the same sense as when he says that the "gentiles do by *nature* the things contained in the law." In the one case, man is spoken of as the creature of his natural appetites; in the other, as the disciple of his natural conscience. And perhaps this distinction would be found the key to the other seeming discrepancies in the language of holy writ. Suffice it, however, to say, that St. Paul leaves the question of the *degree* of human corruption undetermined; and that we, therefore, may safely do the same. That it is very great, no man who knows his own heart can doubt. But it is the practice of that apostle, when he would humble his disciples, to make his appeal rather to their sense of the evil they have done, than to their sense of the evil they have inherited—the former they feel to be their *fault*, the latter their *misfortune*. It never can be well to exalt one part of a system at the expense of another; to magnify the mercies of redemption, in themselves too great and glorious to need exaggeration, by sinking the subject of that redemption below the brutes, and holding up to him as a reflection of himself a monster from which he instinctively recoils as a hideous caricature. "Let God have his own," says Bishop Hall, (whose authority is often abused on this point,) "*in the worst creature*; yea, let the worst creature have that praise which God would put upon it."* The covenant of mercy Bishop Butler founds in this, even in the incarnation, sacrifice, and intercession of Christ, together with promised assistance of the Holy Ghost, not to supersede our own endeavors, but to render them effectual.† But having thus assigned to the two latter persons of the blessed Trinity their respective shares in the salvation of man, he is unwilling to rob the Father himself of the honor due in turn to Him also, and accordingly,

* Dissert., p. 110.

† Eccles. Pol., B. 1, § 8.

‡ Hooker's "Discourse of Justification." See also, Barrow, vol. I. fol., Ser. xxvi.; vol. II., Ser. vii.; as compared with vol. II., Ser. i.

§ Analogy, p. 237.

|| Dissert., p. 107.

* Contempl., B. ix. 5.

† v. II. 441. Orf.

he cautions us "not to charge God foolishly, by ascribing that to him or the nature he has given us, which is owing wholly to our own abuse of it:" adding, "men may speak of the degeneracy and corruption of the world, according to the experience they have had of it, but *human nature*, considered as the divine workmanship, should, methinks, be treated as sacred, for in the image of God made He man."* And this image, he might have continued, must in some degree have survived the fall, for the murder of a man, of a *fallen* man, is forbid, expressly on the ground of its being an outrage against that image.—Gen. ix. 6.

This is the creed of Bishop Butler; and before we condemn it, we shall do well to bear in mind that the Socinians of the present day are in many cases the lineal descendants of the Puritans of the days of Cromwell; that not "high imaginations" only, but "voluntary humility" also, may put true religion in jeopardy; its history, in this country, from the Reformation downwards, bearing ample testimony to both positions; and that whilst it has alternately suffered under a dead calm or an euroclydon, according as extravagant notions of human perfection or human depravity have prevailed for the season, the church of England, holding that middle way, which, in most cases is the safest, content to leave some ground still debatable, and laying herself out, in her Articles and Liturgy,† over a broad and comprehensive basis, as it becomes a national church to do, has exercised the most wholesome influence over the rationalist and fanatic, in their turns, bringing both back to a better mind, by "making her own moderation known unto all men."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LITTLE LEONARD'S LAST "GOOD NIGHT."

"GOOD-NIGHT! good-night! I go to sleep,"‡
Murmur'd the little child;—
And oh! the ray of heaven that broke
On the sweet lips that faintly spoke
That soft "Good-night," and smiled.

That angel smile! that loving look
From the dim closing eyes!
The peace of that pure brow! But there—
Aye—on that brow, so young! so fair!
An awful shadow lies.

The gloom of evening—of the boughs
That o'er yon window wave—
Nay, nay—within these silent walls
A deeper, darker, shadow falls,
The twilight of the grave—

The twilight of the grave—for still
Fast comes the fluttering breath—
One fading smile—one look of love—
A murmur—as from brooding dove—
"Good-night."—And this is Death!

Oh! who hath called thee "Terrible!"
Mild Angel! most benign!

* Vol. II., p. 134. Oxf.

† We refer our readers on this subject, to Archbishop Lawrence's Bampton Lectures, particularly Ser. iii., and Notes 10, 18; and to Bishop Sumner, "Apostolic Preaching Considered," p. 108 *et seq.*

‡ These were the dying words of a little child, related to the author, uttered at the moment of its departure.

Could mother's fondest lullaby
Have laid to rest more blissfully
That sleeping babe, than thine!

Yet *this is Death*—the doom for all
Of Adam's race decreed—
"But this poor lamb! this little one!
What had the guiltless creature done?"—
Unhappy heart! take heed;

Though He is merciful as just
Who hears that fond appeal—
He will not break the bruised reed,
He will not search the wounds that bleed—
He only wounds to heal.

"Let little children come to me,"
He cried, and to his breast
Folded them tenderly—to-day
He calls thine unshorn lamb away
To that securest rest!

THE BROOKLET.

FROM "SACRED POEMS," BY SIR ROBERT GRANT.

SWEET brooklet, ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
Whither away?
"With pilgrim course I flow,
Or in summer's scorching glow,
Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,
Nor stop nor stay;
For oh, by high behest,
To a bright abode of rest
In my parent Ocean's breast
I hasten away!"

Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy mass,
Thy feeble force must pass;
Yet, yet delay!
"Though the marsh be dire and deep,
Though the crag be stern and steep,
On, on, my course must sweep.—
I may not stay;
For oh, be it east or west,
To a home of glorious rest
In the bright sea's boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee,
Sweet brooklet, stay!
"I taste of the fragrant flowers,
I respond to the warbling bowers,
And sweetly they charm the hours
Of my winding way;
But ceaseless still, in quest
Of that everlasting rest,
In my parent's boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

Know'st thou that dread abyss?
Is it a scene of bliss?
Ah, rather cling to this,
Sweet brooklet, stay!
"Oh, who shall fitly tell
What wonders there may dwell?
That world of mystery well
Might strike dismay;
But I know 't is my parent's breast—
There held, I must needs be blest;
And with joy to that promised rest
I hasten away!"